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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
143-153 University Avenue, TORONTO, CANADA

LONDON, ENG. THE MACLEAN CO. OF GREAT BRITAIN, LTD. 88 FLEET STREET, E.C.
BRANCH OFFICES: Montreal, Southam Building, 128 Bleury Street; Winnipeg, 1207 Union Trust Building; New York, Room 626, 111 Broadway; Chicago, 811 Peoples Gas Building; Boston, 733 Old South Building.

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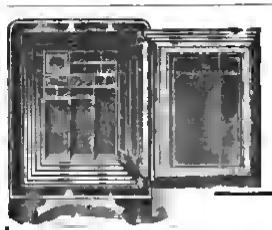
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The Business Outlook

Commerce Finance Investments Insurance

New Factors in the Business Situation

THERE are new factors entering into the business situation in Canada but the outlook remains the same. Business is good, although there are some evidences of a tendency toward reconstruction. For instance, it seems certain that in most lines there is hardly as much business being done now as there was a year ago. This is due more than anything else to the amount of money invested in the war loan. People who contracted to pay so much per week or so much per month have simply had to draw in on personal and household expenditures. When it is figured that hundreds of thousands of people are buying war bonds on this basis it will be seen that a certain measure of retrenchment has become pretty generally necessary. Of course, this money stays in Canada and ultimately will come back into circulation, and the situation it has created will cure itself. There are other factors contributing to the slackening of business, the chief one being shortage of materials. This is beyond cure and will continue so until after the war.

The slowing up process in business is very slight, however, and can be attributed to the fact that the manufacturers are facing most unprecedentedly trying conditions. There is no evidence of hollowness. Business could be immediately speeded up if the facilities for increased manufacture were available. The groundwork for business activity is still as solid as ever. The making of munitions, which has become the pivotal industry, is going to continue. No official statement has been made recently from Ottawa but the impression gathered there is that activity in munition making is assured for some considerable time yet. British orders may fall off—it is certain that they will fall off considerably in some lines and cease entirely in others—owing to tonnage difficulties chiefly. Whatever diminution there may be from this source, however, will be more than made up for by increased orders from the United States. Uncle Sam has decided to make use of our capacity up here for the rapid production of war supplies.

With a continuation of war orders assured it will be seen that business cannot fail but remain healthy. The deterrent factors already noted are not sufficient to effect any marked change.

SIR Robert Borden's visit to Washington and New York has stirred up considerable comment. It is generally understood that he went to confer with the United States Government with a view to improving our balance of trade with the United States and our position with reference to exchange. At first it was rumored that he would attempt to negotiate a loan but this suggestion was abandoned in favor of the idea that he would suggest an embargo on certain American goods coming into Canada. The latter suggestion seems based on sound grounds and, from all information available, it can be stated very definitely that the matter is under consideration. Necessarily, the matter would be proceeded with cautiously and, in concert with the trade authorities at Washington. Under no circumstances could anything be done to arouse antagonism among American business men. If any embargoes were placed the lines selected would be possible of classification under the head of "luxuries." Just what effect such action would have on trade in Canada is problematical but certainly it would serve to keep more money at home.

It is interesting to note, in this connection, that the committee appointed at Washington to determine the industries that are essential and those that are non-essential have been forced to the conclusion that there are no industries which can be termed non-essential. When they came to look into the fabric of business they found that it consisted of a multitude of industries closely co-related and built up by an overlapping system. To summarily stop a certain number of these industries was, they found, impossible. No industry could be stopped without hurting, directly or indirectly, a great number of other lines of business. In fact, they found that business was built on the principle of a brick wall. If bricks were plucked out from a wall indiscriminately here and there, the wall would be seriously weakened and probably crumble up in short order.

The conclusion reached was that conditions would right themselves. As conditions change certain lines of business will be affected. If, for instance, money became generally scarce in the United States as a result of war conditions, certain industries, which on any arbitrary division, would to-day be classed as non-essential, would automatically be forced to contract operations and in some cases to stop. This, it is contended, is the only way that the stoppage of non-essential industries can be operated without giving business generally a serious body blow.

UNQUESTIONABLY at the present time Canadian manufacturers have a magnificent opportunity to improve their hold on the home market and it is gratifying to state that in most lines they are gripping the opportunity and making the most of it. It consists, of course, in the fact that supplies from abroad cannot now be obtained and demand has literally come knocking at the door of the home manufacturer. Take, just for instance, the matter of men's hats. There has always been a good demand for Canadian made hats but the market in the higher priced lines was so completely taken up by the old established Continental and American makes—Christys, Borsalinos, Stetsons and Mallorys—that the Canadian manufacturer necessarily turned out the cheaper grades. To-day the home maker is putting out an article that compares with the most expensive hat imported from abroad. They have been literally forced into the raising of their standards by the fact that hats from abroad have been procurable for the Canadian market in very limited quantities only. The American makers are too busy with Government war orders to pay much attention to the Canadian field now. The U.S. army ordered 1,500,000 sombrero hats and the manufacturers have been almost at their wits' ends to meet this demand. It is said, for instance, that there is not enough fur of the variety needed for these hats obtainable on the markets of the world. In all probability the difficulty is one of tonnage rather than of supply. The fact remains, however, that American hat people are not able to do much on the Canadian market.

This rule applies to a more or less extent to all lines. The home manufacturer is finding it necessary to supply all grades of demand and in many cases is finding it possible for the first time to get a firm grip on the best trade. The higher priced, best quality goods from outside are not reaching the market and the home manufacturer is filling in with improved lines of his own. He has the opportunity, therefore, to consolidate his gains to "dig himself in" and make good his newly acquired position against the onslaughts which will come later.

Several years ago there was a certain firm with headquarters in the United States doing a big business in Canada. The last time they sent a travelling representative over he spent six weeks in Canada and went back with orders for $40,000. To-day this firm fills only such orders in Canada as are forced on them and the home manufacturers are taking up the trade as far as they can in view of the shortage of materials faced. They are offering as good a line at a slightly better figure. Nor in this particular case does the tariff account for the ability of the home factories to accomplish this. The duty on the finished article is 42½ per cent., and all the raw material has to be imported into Canada on a 40 per cent. duty basis.

"I fear," said Lloyd George—and we lacked the comprehension to grasp what he spoke of—"I fear the disciplined people behind the German army, the patienced family and the del cumulation of those at home to stand and starve so that their fighting men may be fed—I fear it more than the Imperial army itself."

Even now the effort in Britain to make the food hold out means little to the majority of Canadians. We read in a detailed kind of way that the nation is now on rations. What is it that puts a whole free people of 40,000,000 on measured meals? Why cannot they have a "second helping" if they can pay for it? We do it in Canada; in fact some in Canada thanks to British money paid over for shells are doing it to-day where they never did it before.

Food control is not charity, it is war. The Allies have a right to demand it. They have a right to resent the offer of only what is "left over". Canadians must get the right ethics of war-time Food Control.



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The Investment Situation

This is the idea of investment that MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE *desires to present. That men and women should save carefully, putting their money in the bank, should carry endowment and life insurance, should make a will, naming some good trust company as executor. When these matters have been taken care of, the surplus income should be invested in good Government and municipal bonds. To these might be added good real estate mortgages, but the average man or woman who is not in close touch with values would be unwise to put money into mortgages at the present time, except indirectly through investment in some of the good loan companies' shares. Men and women, and particularly young men, whose incomes are above the average, who are not dependent upon a sure income from their investments and who are willing to take risks to secure a larger return on their money, may buy shares in financial and industrial companies. MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE does not care to advise readers on any particular securities, but with the aid of the editor of "The Financial Post" will gladly give regular subscribers opinions on their investments.*—THE EDITORS.

Strengthening the Position of Municipal Bonds

THE restrictive measures adopted by the Dominion Government in requiring approval of bond issues has resulted in a considerable limitation in the number that are being brought out for public subscription, although the first impression that the Order-in-Council would act virtually as a prohibition of all except Government war bonds has proved to be unfounded. Already issues have been made by the Cities of Ottawa, Outremont, Montreal, London, St. Lambert and many others, and Provincial Government bonds amounting to $6,630,000 have been disposed of, this last equaling in amount similar issues during the whole of 1917. In the case of Saskatchewan, $630,000, the yield to investors was 6½%; Manitoba, two of $1,000,000 each at 6¼%, New Brunswick, $1,000,000 at 6¼%, and Ontario, $3,000,000 at a flat rate of 6 per cent. The largest issue of all has been that of the City of Montreal for $6,000,000 5 year bonds, which work out at about 6½% to the investor. These figures are indicative of the prevailing prices for these issues.

At the same time while there is this activity, the number of municipal bond issues undoubtedly will be curtailed. A leading Canadian firm that has made a canvass of the situation in Eastern Canada reports that the average number will be much lower this year, partly on account of local economies, partly from the fear of a rejection by the Minister of Finance unless there were a good reason behind the issue.

Hand in hand with the tendency to limit debenture issues to purposes that may be regarded as essential to the well being of the municipality is a movement, fostered by the Canadian Bond Dealers' Association to bring pressure to bear on all municipalities to observe standard regulations in regard to sinking funds, and other details connected with the debentures. Forty years the Municipal Act of Ontario has been held up as the strongest piece of legislation in Canada along this line, this past month in the creation of a Special Department of Municipal Affairs in the direct charge of one of the ministers and the erection of numerous safeguards for the investors in municipal debentures the Province of Quebec may be considered now to stand in the forefront. The frank purpose of the new legislation is to prevent municipalities from injuring their credit in the money markets. Among the provisions are that serial bonds shall be issued with coupons covering not only the interest but the year's proportion of the capital so that at the expiration of the life of the bonds the funds for meeting them will be available. The municipalities may be compelled to deposit these sinking fund payments with the Provincial Government. When the bonds are due, the government will pay the money over to the bank, not the municipality. Provision is made also to limit the term of the issue to conform more with the life of the work in question, 10, 20, 30 or 40 years. A uniform system of accounting for municipalities is also provided for in the bill. This is a movement that will be welcomed by actual and prospective investors in municipal bonds as tending to make this investment absolutely safe and otherwise a desirable one.

How high will the cost of money go? Apart altogether from disturbing factors in the war that would militate against them industrially, the average security has been forced down on the stock market in proportion as the average rate of interest obtainable by investors has risen, and indeed, more so. In the United States a strong movement is developing to prevent any inflation in the "cost of money" that can be influenced. Originally the banks paid no interest to their depositors, but the competition of trust companies gradually led to a low interest rate. Then 2 per cent. became a general rule, and now there has been a tentative renewal of the practice of allowing different rates, some running as high as 2½ to 3 per cent. Governor Harding of the Federal Reserve condemns the practice rather from the tendency it will have to increase deposits, and to reduce the financial support of the government when depositors should be encouraged to buy treasury certificates and government bonds "even though there be some shrinkage of deposits as a consequence." While the banks in Canada have been paying higher rates than in the United States, there has been no attempt here to protect the lessening of deposits that purchases of Victory bonds have made by increased rates of interest.

Canadian Securities are Healthy

THE past month has witnessed a slight improvement in the general condition of the security market, a continuation of the gradual movement upwards that set in definitely in January. At first there was no organized trend, one stock would break away from the moorings occupied when the "minimum" price was fixed, then another would start soaring, and, usually, retain the gain that was made. In the spasmodic burst away from the "fixed" price, they might almost be compared to nestlings that, at the first, were too weak for flight, but one by one, without concerted plan but through individual impulse fluttered and rose and held their place in the upper air.

Usually, and fortunately for public faith in the market and its general tone, it was some substantial progress from an industrial point of view that was in the main responsible for the advances. There was little evidence of an effort to "bull" the market, for the opinion of would-be bulls seemed to be that it would be wasted effort. For days the market would be sluggish, softening up, perhaps, for a fraction of a point, but there has been surprisingly little evidence of slumps worthy of that name. The very large proportion of securities that have left behind the minimum prices, the past month or so might serve to swell the pride of the controllers of the Canadian stock exchanges at their foresight in knowing just when and where to check the downward movement effectually, and provide—at the same time—a suitable starting point for recovery.

The stability of the present market has been demonstrated on a number of occasions. It is true that no big news of success or disaster has swept across the sky in the past few weeks, but events of profound significance, such as the humiliating collapse of the Bolsheviki in Russia, might have been expected to exert a depressing influence on quotations, even although it, fortunately, came upon us by degrees, working as a conviction into our inner consciousness rather than striking us by a single blow. Bolshevik or not—Russian peace or war—Canada's stocks seemed to have strength to preserve their position even when New York, with its lightning response to adverse influences, became a prey to the bears.

Holding Down the Profits

THE months of February and March bring forth the annual statements of the majority of the securities that are the subject of most concern upon the exchange. With the most of these the year 1916 had brought the high tide of prosperity; increased business and profits proportionately large and often far more so. For the past year, high—excessive—prices, often have tended to depress the buying of their products but with the most the turnover has held so far as values are concerned, though quantity sales with few exceptions fell below the normal. But in most concerns the principle has been adopted of discounting, fairly heavily, the period that is coming when there promises to be a general decline in prices; when the raw materials

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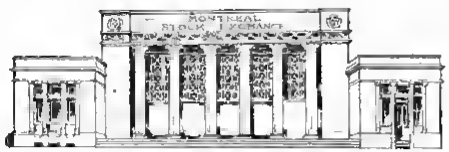
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they had accumulated in large quantities to provide against uncertain deliveries will be faced by lower priced raw materials in the open markets, and some of their made up products may have to be cut in order to meet the competition of goods manufactured with these lower priced raw materials The manufacturers are keenly alive to this phase of the situation and from now on to the end of the war the tendency will be to increase considerably the item of depreciation, and to add heavily to their reserves so that the net profits that will be reported will frequently fall below those of the preceding report This will give an impression—frequently a mistaken one—that the year's operations are less successful than that of the preceding twelvemonth, and for the same reason there will be a tendency to adopt a more and more conservative attitude towards declaring initial dividends, or increasing existing ones.

When Merchants Cheat Themselves

TO BUY something that you can sell again for more than you paid for it, and to sell it and keep the profit made may seem at first glance to be a sure way of making money. And yet you may be able to buy in abundance goods absolutely certain to be in demand at prices higher than you need ever pay for them, and not make a cent by the business.

Here comes in that elusive financial consideration called "the cost of doing business."

There are three main items in the cost of doing business They resolve themselves into the three basic factors in the creation of wealth—Land, Labor, and Capital You must have a place for doing business. That's the "land" item. You must have some expenditure of energy in doing business. That is the "labor" item. You must have some capital to start with. Capital includes more than the money necessary for the buying in the first place of your stock in trade It includes also the cost of all appliances necessary for the handling of the goods you are selling

In the beginning was the pedlar. Imagine yourself a pedlar starting out with health and strength and energy, money enough to furnish your pack, and a source of supply for the goods you know you can sell. You go to your source of supply and purchase your stock in trade So far so good. Somewhere near or distant, there are the buyers for your goods, ready to pay for them more than you have had to pay for them. Suppose you can buy for $80.00 all the goods you can carry (literally, carry) and suppose you can sell your whole pack for $100.00 when you arrive at the place where your customers are, but it costs you $20.00 to reach that place, would you as a pedlar undertake the business? By no means. You could not afford to

Why should you make of yourself a messenger to market, and "shopper" for your distant customers, for no wage at all? Yet there are actually retailers who are doing business on almost as miserable terms They are not pedlars They are small storekeepers who do not calculate the costs of doing business. They give away their services, and the service their premises render to their customers. In the most pronounced cases of neglect to take account of cost of doing business these miscalculating retailers live off their stock in trade, and never make enough profit to pay themselves a fair wage for serving their customers

Unless the accounting of the business provides clear and plain for "a salary for the boss" at the end of each business year then the profits cannot be truthfully calculated There may not be any profits at all The salary which every "boss" should pay himself as an employee of his concern has nothing whatever to do with his profits of business. The business ought to be making profits over and above the costs necessary in carrying it on and these costs include besides the "salary for the boss," several very clearly defined expenses,

There is no escaping from these definite items in cost of doing business A man may cheat himself as much as he chooses to without having to face trial except at the bar of his own business conscience, but these costs of doing business are inseparable from business worth while Even an organ grinder, if he kept business books, would have to include them in some form or other if he were in the business sense true to himself The trouble throughout a huge part of the business world is that storekeepers (and even bigger business men) are not brave enough to be true to themselves or their businesses in this matter of costs

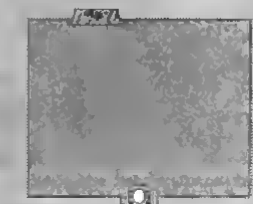
Here in brief are the essential cost items which many retailers are afraid to face to the last detail, but which if conscientiously faced, figured on and balanced up, would make business much better for everybody concerned

First there is rent of business premises The man who owns his own land and buildings ought to charge from 6 to 8 per cent. of their selling value, plus outlays for taxes, repairs and upkeep Then there is labor. This includes that all important item the salary for the boss, his wife, daughter, or any helper he has A storekeeper honest in everything else may be stealing his wife's labor Then comes fixed expenses of business which means business taxes, water rates, light fuel, etc. Operating costs come next and include charges for all sorts of packing postage, advertising, etc Then there is delivery. An important item further is losses. This should cover unavoidable expenses of business such as donations to charities as well as actual losses from all causes. Interest on borrowed money (if any) or the extra prices paid for goods bought on long terms forms another item in cost of doing business Depreciation must be allowed for, and fairly This item should not be skimped. Interest on capital is to be taken into account at about 7 per cent. Finally the net profit desired should be entered up as a crowning item.

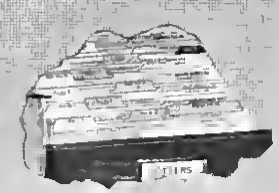
There are ten items in the list, and all important. From their total and the turnover for the year the percentage of cost of doing business can be calculated accurately. Thus if the items totalled up to $4,000 for a year, and the turnover were $24,000, multiply $4,000 by 100 and divide by $24,000 The gives 16 2-3 per cent as the cost of doing business reckoned on sales To find the percentage reckoned on invoice cost of goods subtract the percentage on sales from 100 With this remainder as divisor and the percentage on sales multiplied by 100 as dividend work out a further sum in simple division, and the result will be the percentage on invoice price of goods which should be added to make business really profitable.

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But it's up to you to *organize* it—see that it's *fundamentally* right

Out in the factory you organize—to avoid delays to reduce waste time to a minimum

The only difference between office and factory routine is one of function—for *efficiency* both depend on organization

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Sure Shot stapling machine binds strongly, securely and will drive 5 Staple through one-quarter inch material. It is steel and durable. It will be useful to your office for rapid reliable work. Saves much time and trouble is automatic, simple, clog-proof

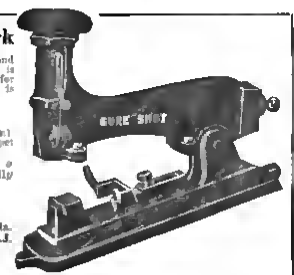
Sure Shot is one of the "Acme" Family

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If your requirements are peculiar we will make a special machine to serve your purpose satisfactorily

Write to-day, stating your requirements An "Acme" Machine will save time and money for you

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The Right Way to Shampoo

How this treatment helps your hair

THE whole beauty and lustre of your hair depends upon your *scalp*. This is why caring for the hair is exactly the same as caring for your skin.

To keep your hair lovely and abundant, begin at once to keep your *scalp* healthy and vigorous by using persistently Woodbury's Facial Soap, formulated after years of study by John H. Woodbury, the famous skin specialist.

Try this famous shampoo

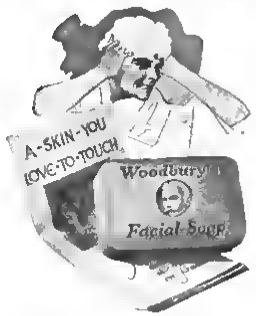
Before shampooing, rub the scalp thoroughly with the tips of the fingers (not the finger nails). Do not let the fingers slip along the scalp, but make the scalp itself move in little circles.

Now dip the hair in warm water, separate it into small parts and scrub the scalp with a stiff tooth-brush lathered with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Rub the lather in well and then rinse it out thoroughly.

Next apply a thick, hot lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and leave it on for two or three minutes. Clear off thoroughly with fresh, warm water. Finish by rinsing in cold water. Dry very thoroughly.

Use this as a regular shampoo. You will enjoy the healthy, active feeling it gives your scalp. You will soon see the improvement in your hair—how much richer and softer it is.

For five or six shampoos, or for a month or six weeks of any of the famous facial treatments, the 25c. cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient. Around it is wrapped the booklet of famous Woodbury skin and scalp treatments. Get a cake to-day. For sale throughout the United States and Canada.



Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder.

Send us 5 cents for a sample cake (enough for a shampoo or for a week of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c. we will send you, in addition to these, samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2504 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Men enjoy the active, healthy feeling that a shampoo with Woodbury's Facial Soap gives to the scalp. Try the treatment given on this page. Use it regularly. See how it improves your hair.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Volume XXXI · APRIL, 1918 · Number 6

The League of Free Nations

I.—Its Possible Constitution

By H. G. Wells

Written for "MacLean's Magazine" and the "New Republic"

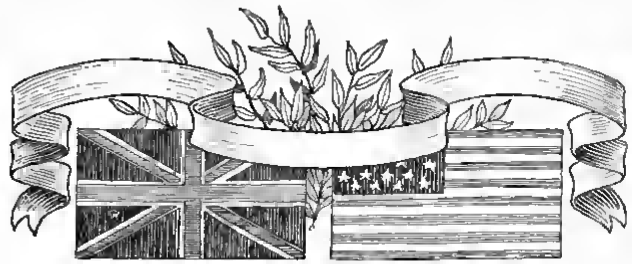
EDITOR'S NOTE.—*H. G. Wells is unquestionably one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of living writers. His "Mr. Britling Sees it Through" is still the outstanding book of the war and has broken all records in book sales. But Mr. Wells is a prophet as well as an author and when he turns to a discussion of the problems of the future he enters a field that no one is better fitted to handle. The appearance of his articles on "The League of Free Nations" in* MACLEAN'S *first is a distinct triumph and marks a new era in Canadian journalism.*

MORE and more frequently does one hear this phrase, the League of Nations, used as expressing the outline idea of the new world that will come out of the war. There can be no doubt that the phrase has taken hold of the imaginations of great multitudes of people, that it is one of those creative phrases that may alter the whole destiny of mankind. But at present it is still a very vague phrase, a cloudy promise of peace. I make no apology, therefore, for attempting a discussion of it here in the most general terms. There is only the slightest dialectical advantage and a real loss of sincerity if we adopt a highly technical and experienced tone in a matter that is still for every one at the school-debating-society stage. The idea is an idea of united human effort to put an end to wars; the question is how far can we hope to get to a concrete realization of that?

But first let me note the fourth word in the title of this article. The common talk is of a "League of Nations" merely. I follow the man who is, more than any other man, the leader of English political thought throughout the world to-day, President Wilson, in inserting that insignificant adjective "free." We Western Allies know to-day what is involved in making bargains with governments that do not stand for their peoples; we have had all our Russian deal, for example, repudiated and thrust back upon our hands; and it is clearly in his mind, as it must be in the minds of all reasonable men, that no mere "scrap of paper" with just a Kaiser's or a chancellor's endorsement is a good enough earnest of fellowship in the league. It cannot be a diplomats' league. The League of Nations, if it is to have any such effect as people seem to expect of it, must be "understanded of the people." It must be supported by sustained deliberate explanation and teaching in school and church and press of the whole mass of all the peoples concerned. To that I will return in a later paper, but I underline the adjective "free" here to set aside once for all any possible misconception that this modern idea of a League of Nations has any affinity to that Holy Alliance of the diplomatists who set out to keep the peace of Europe an disastrously a century ago.

And in a later paper, too, I will discuss what should be the powers of the League. The suggestions made range from a mere advisory body, rather like the Hague convention, which will merely pronounce on the rights and wrongs of any international conflict, to the idea of a sort of Super-State, a Parliament of Mankind, practically taking over the sovereignty of the existing states and empires of the world. Most peoples' ideas of the League fall between these extremes. They want the League to be something more than an ethical court, they want a League that will act, but on the other hand they shrink from any loss of "our independence." There is a conflict here and a real need for people to tidy up their ideas. We cannot have our cake and eat it. If association is worth while, there must be some sacrifice of freedom to association. As a very distinguished colonial representative said to me the other day, "Here we are talking of the freedom of small nations and the self-determination of peoples, and at the same time of the Council of the League of Nations and all sorts of international controls. Which do we want?"

THE answer, I think, is "both." It is a matter of more or less, of buying the best thing by abandoning the second-best. We may want to relax an old association in order to make a newer, better one. It is quite understandable that peoples, aware of a distinctive national character and involved in some big existing political complex, should wish to disentangle themselves from one group of associations in order to enter more effectively into another, a greater,



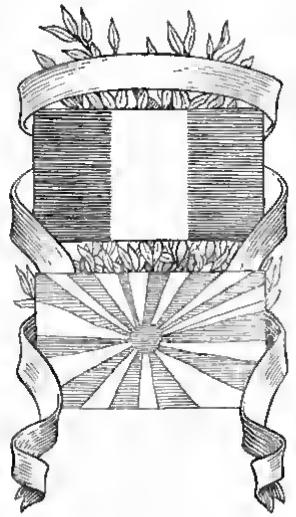
and more satisfactory one. The Finn or the Pole who has hitherto been a reluctant member of the synthesis of the Russian empire may well wish to and that attachment in order to become a free member of a world-wide brotherhood. The desire for free arrangement is not a desire for chaos. There is such a thing as untying your parcels in order to pack them better, and I do not see myself how we can possibly contemplate a great league of freedom and reason in the world without a considerable amount of such preliminary dissolution.

It happens, very fortunately for the world, that a century and a quarter ago thirteen various and very jealous states worked out the problem of a Union, and became—after an enormous, exhausting wrangle—the United States of America. Now the way they solved their riddle was by keeping their sovereign rights absolutely. They remained sovereign states. New York, Virginia, Massachusetts, for example, remained legally independent nations. That is a precedent that everyone who talks about the League of Nations should bear in mind. These states set up a congress and president in Washington with strictly delegated powers. That congress and president they delegated to look after certain common interests, to deal with interstate trade, to deal with foreign powers, to maintain a supreme court of law. Everything else, education, militia, powers of life and death, the states retained for themselves. To this day, for instance, the government at Washington has no power to interfere to protect the lives or property of aliens in any state of the union. The state government sees to that. And these states were so independent-spirited that they would not even adopt a common name. To this day they have no common name. Europe calls them Americans—which is a ridiculous name when he consider that Canada, Mexico, Peru, Brazil are all of them also in America.

Now that clearly is what will have to be done also with this council of the League of Nations. That council will be a tie as strong, we hope, but probably not so close and multiplex as the tie of the States at Washington. It will have delegated powers and no others. It will have, directly or mediately, all the powers that seem necessary to restrain the world from war—and unless I know nothing of patriotic jealousies it will have not a scrap of power more. The danger is much more that its powers will be insufficient than that they will be excessive. But of that later. What I want to discuss here now is the constitution of this delegated body. I want to discuss that first in order to set aside out of the discussion certain fantastic notions that will otherwise get very seriously in our way. Fantastic as they are they have played a large part in reducing the Hague Tribunal to an ineffective squeak amidst the thunders of this war.

A number of gentlemen scheming out world unity in studies have begun their proposals with the simple suggestion that each sovereign power should send one member to the projected parliament of mankind. This has a pleasant democratic air, one sovereign state, one vote. Now let us run over a list of sovereign states and see to what this leads us. We find our list includes the British Empire, with a population of four hundred millions, of which probably half read and write some language or other; Bogota with a population of a million, mostly poets; Hayti with a population of a million and a third, almost entirely illiterate and liable at any time to further political disruption; Andorra with a population of four or five thousand souls. The mere suggestion of equal representation between such "powers" is enough to make the British Empire burst into a thousand (voting) fragments. A certain concession to population, one must admit, was made by the theorists, a state of over three millions got, if I remember rightly, two delegates, and if over twenty, three; and some of the small states were given a kind of intermittent appearance, they only came every other time or something of that sort, but at the Hague things still remained in such a posture that three or four minute and backward states could outvote the British Empire or the United States. Therein lies the clue to the insignificance of the Hague. Such projects as these are idle projects and we must put them out of our heads; the great nations will not suffer them for a moment.

But when we dismiss this idea of representation by states, we are left with the problem of the proportion of representation and of relative weight in the Council of the League on our hands. It is the sort of problem that appeals terribly to the ingenious. We cannot solve it by making population a basis, because that will give a monstrous importence to the illiterate millions of India and China. Ingenious statistical schemes have been framed in which the number of university graduates and the steel output come in as multipliers, but for my own part I am not greatly impressed by statistical schemes. At the risk of seeming a bit of a Prussian, I would like to insist upon certain brute facts. The business of the League of Nations is to keep the peace of the world and nothing else. No power will ever dare to break the peace of the world if the powers that are capable of making war under modern conditions say *"No"*. And there are only four powers certainly capable at the present time of producing the men and materials needed for a modern war in sufficient abundance to go on fighting, Britain, France, Germany, and the United States; and there are four others which are probably capable, Italy, Japan, Austria and (?!) Russia. Some day China may be war-capable—I hope never but it is a possibility. Personally I don't think that any other power on earth would have a ghost of a chance to resist the will—if it could be an honestly united will—of the first named four. All the rest fight by the sanction of and by association with these leaders. These other powers can fight because of the split will of the war-complete powers. Some are forced to fight by that very division. No one can vie with me in my appreciation of the civilization of Switzerland, Sweden, or Holland, but the plain fact of the case is that such powers are absolutely incapable of uttering an effective protest against war. Far more so are your Haytis and Liberias. The preservation of the world peace rests, therefore, with the great powers and the great powers alone. If they have the will for peace, it is peace. If they have not, it is conflict. The powers I have named alone can dictate the peace of the world far ever. Let us keep our grip on that. Peace is their business primarily. Steel output, university graduates, and so forth may be convenient secondary criteria, may be useful always of measuring war efficiency; but the meat and substence of the Council of the League of Nations must embody the wills of those leading peoples. They can give an enduring peace to the little nations and the whole of mankind. It can arrive in no other way. So I take it that the Council of a practical League of Nations must consist chiefly of the representatives of the great belligerent powers, and that the representatives of the minor allies and of the neutrals—essential though their presence will be—must not be allowed to swamp the voices of these larger masses of mankind.



AND this state of affairs may come about more easily than logical statistical-minded people may be disposed to think. Our first impulse when we discuss the League of Nations idea is to think of some very elaborate and definite scheme of members on the model of existing legislative bodies, called together one hardly knows how, and sitting in a specially built League of Nations Congress House. All schemes are more methodical than reality. We think of somebody, learned and "expert," somebody in spectacles, with a thin clear voice, reading over the "Projected Constitution of, e

Continued on page 105

The Sleep Walker

Being a relation of the divers strange adventures which befell one Parley Kempton when the latter, sorely troubled with sleeplessness, ventured forth at midnight along the highways and byways of Manhattan

By Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Prairie Wife," "The Hand of Peril," "The Door of Dread," "The Silver Pappy"

Illustrated by F. Weaton Taylor

Episode I—The Strange Case of the Lion Who Couldn't Roar

TO begin with, I am a Canadian by birth, and thirty-three years old. For nine of those years I have lived in New York. And by my friends in that city I am regarded as a successful author.

There was a time when I even regarded myself in much the same light. But that period is past. I now have to face the fact that I am a failure. For when a man is no longer able to write he naturally can no longer be reckoned as an author.

I have made the name of Parley Kempton too well known, I think, to explain that practically all of my stories have been written about Alaska. Just why I resorted to that far off country for my settings is still more or less a mystery to me. Perhaps it was merely because of its far-offness. Perhaps it was because the editors remembered that I came from the land of the beaver and sagely concluded that a Canadian would be most at home in writing about the Frozen North. At any rate, when I romanced about the Yukon and its ice bound trails they bought my stories, and asked for more.

And I gave them more. I gave them blood-red fiction about gun-men and claim-jumpers and Siwash queens and salmon-fisheries. I gave them super-men of iron, fighting against cold and hunger, and snarling, always snarling, at their foes. I gave them oratorical young engineers with clear-cut features and sinews of steel, battling against the forces of hyperborean evil. I gave them fist-fights that caused my books to be discreetly shut out of school libraries, yet brought in telegrams from motion-picture directors for first rights. I gave them enough gun-play to shoot Chilcoot Pass into the middle of the Pacific, and was publicly denominated as the apostle of the Eye-Socket School, and during the three-hundred-night run of my melo-drama, 'The Pole Raiders," even beheld on the Broadway sign-boards an extraordinarily stalwart picture of myself in a rakish Stetson and a flannel shirt very much open at the throat, with a cow-hide holster depending from my Herculean waist-line and a very dreadful-looking six-shooter protruding from the open top of that belted holster. My publishers spoke of me for business reasons as the Interpreter of the Great North West. And I exploited that territory with the industry of a badger. In my own way I mined Alaska. And it brought me in a very respectable amount of pay-dirt.

But I knew nothing about Alaska. I had never even seen the country. I "crammed up" on it, of course, the same as we used to cram up for a third-form examination in Latin grammar. I perused the atlases and sent for Governmental reports, and pored over the R. N. W. M. P. blue books, and gleaned a hundred or so French-Canadian half-breed names from a telephone directory of the City of Montreal. But I knew no more about Alaska than a Fiji Islander knows about the New York Stock Exchange. And that was why I could romance so freely, so magnificently, about it!

I was equally prodigal of blood, I suppose, because I had never seen the real thing flow—except in the case of my little niece, when her tonsils had been removed and a very soft-spoken nurse had helped me out of the surgery and given me a drink of ice-water, after telling me it would be best to keep my head as low as possible until I was feeling better. As for fire-arms, I abhorred them. I never shot off an air-rifle without first shutting my eyes. I never picked up a duck-gun without a wince of aversion. So I was able to do wonderful things with fire-arms, on paper. And with the Frozen Yukon and fire-arms combined I was able to work miracles. I gave a whole continent gooseflash so many times a season. And the continent seemed to enjoy it, for those airy issays in iron and gore were always paid for, and paid for at higher and higher rates.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Several years ago Arthur Stringer undertook to write a series of mystery stories for an American magazine. Those stories were to carry the title of "The Adventures of an Insomniac." But the series had been barely started when the magazine in question passed out of existence, and the Stevensonian adventures of Stringer's night-prowling hero came to an abrupt end. At the suggestion of* MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, *however, this famous Canadian author has remined his romantic hero, and has woven about him a new series of happenings, a sort of newer "Arabian Nights," and has cast the same into a novel of mystery and adventure, which, under the title of 'The Sleep Walker," will run in* MACLEAN'S *for one year, beginning with the present issue. It will consist of twelve stories, each complete in itself but co-related and gradually working to a logical conclusion.*



Arthur Stringer — a snapshot taken recently in California, where he is spending the winter.

WHILE this was taking place, something even more important was taking place, something which finally brought me in touch with Mary Lockwood herself. It was accident more than anything else, I think, that first launched me in what is so indefinitely and often so disparagingly known as society. Society, as a rule, admits only the lions of my calling across its sacred portels. And even these lions, I found, were accepted under protest or under the wing of some commendable effort for charity, and having roared their little hour, were let pass quietly out to oblivion again. But I had been lucky enough to bring letters to the Peytons and to the Gruger-Philmares and these old families, I will be honest enough to confess, had been foolish enough to like me.

So from the first I did my best to live up to those earlier affiliations. I found myself passed on from one mysteriously barricaded seclusion to the other. The tea-hour visit merged into the formal dinner, and the formal dinner into the even more formal box at the Horse-Show, and then a call to fill up a niche at the Metropoliten on a Caruso night, or a vacancy for an Assembly Dance at Sharry's, or a week at Tuxedo, in winter, when the skating was good.

I worked hard to keep up my end of the game. But I was an impostor, of course, all along the line. I soon saw that I had to prove more than acceptable; I had also to prove *dependable*. That I was a writer meant nothing whatever to those people. They had scant patience with the long-haired genius type. That went down only with musicians. So I soon learned to keep my bangs chipped, my trousers creased, and my necktie inside my coat-lapels. I also learned to use my wits, and how to key my talk up to dowager or down to *debutante*, and how to be passably amusing even before the champagne course had arrived. I made it a point to remember engagements and anniversaries, and more than once sent flowers and Milhards' which I went hungry to pay for. Even my *pourboires* to butlers and footmen and maids stood a matter, in those earlier days for much secret and sedulous consideration.

But, as I have said, I tried to keep up my end. I *liked* those large and orderly

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houses. I liked the quiet-mannered people who lived in them. I liked looking at life with their hill-top unconcern for trivialities. I grew rather contemptuous of my humbler fellow-workers who haunted the "neighborhood" theatres and the red-inkeries of Greenwich Village, and orated socialism and blank-verse poems to garret audiences, and wore window curtain cravats and celluloid blinkers with big round lenses, and went in joyous and caramel-eating groups to the "rush" seats at *Rigoletto*. I was accepted, as I have already tried to explain, as an impecunious but dependable young bachelor.

And I suppose I could have kept on that *rôle*, year after year, until I developed into a foppish and somewhat threadbare old *beau*. But about this time I was giving North America its first spasms of goose-flesh with my demi-god type of Gibsonian engineer who fought the villain until his flannel shirt was in rags and then shook his fist in Nature's face when she dogged him with the Eternal Cold. And there was money in writing for flat-dwellers about that Eternal Cold, and about battling claw to claw and fang to fang, and about eye-sockets without any eyes in them. My income gathered like a snow-ball. And as it gathered I began to feel that I ought to have an establishment — not a back-room studio in Washington Square, nor a garret in the Village of the Free Versers, nor a mere apartment in the West Sixties, nor even a duplex overlooking Central Park South. I wanted to be something more than a number. I wanted a house, a house of my own, and a cat-footed butler to put a hickory-log on the fire, and a full set of *Scotts* on my mahogany sideboard, and something to stretch a strip of red carpet across when the landaulets and the limousines rolled up to my door.



"Parley, you're a wonder to get away with it!" was Pip's solemnly intoned reply. I sat there in a cold sweat of apprehension.

SO I took a nine-year lease of the Whighams' house in Gramercy Square. It was old fashioned and sedate and unpretentious to the passing eye, but beneath that somewhat sombre shell nestled an amazingly rich kernel of luxuriousness. It was unbelievably comfortable, and it was not what the climber clutches for. The cost of even a nine-year claim on it rather took my breath away, but the thought of Alaska always served to stiffen up my courage.

It was necessary to think a good deal about Alaska in those days, for after I had acquired my house I also had to acquire a man to run it, and then a couple of other people to help the man who helped me, and then a town car to take me back and forth from it, and then a *chauffeur* to take care of the car, and then the service-clothes for the *chauffeur*, and the thousand and one unlooked for things, in short, which confront the pin-feather householder and keep him from feeling too much a lord of creation.

Yet in Benson, my butler, I undoubtedly found a gem of the first water. He moved about as silent as a panther, yet as watchful as an eagle. He could be ubiquitous and self-obliterating at one and the same time. He was meekness incarnate, and yet he could coerce me into a predetermined line of conduct as inexorably as steel rails lead a street car along its predestined line of traffic. He was, in fact, much more than a butler. He was a *valet* and a *chef de cuisine* and a lord-high-chamberlain and a purchasing agent and a body-guard and a benignant-eyed old god-father all in one. The man *babied* me. I could see that all along. But I was already an overworked and slightly neurasthenic specimen, even in those days, and I was glad enough to have that masked and silent efficiency always at my elbow. There were times, too, when his activities merged into those of a trained nurse, for when I smoked too much he hid away my cigars, and when I worked too hard he impersonally remembered what morning horse-back riding in the park had done for a former master of his. And when I drifted into the use of chloral hydrate, to make me sleep, that dangerous little bottle had the habit of disappearing, mysteriously and inexplicably disappearing, from its allotted place in my bathroom cabinet.

THERE was just one thing in which Benson disappointed me. That was in his stubborn and unreasonable aversion to Latreille, my French *chauffeur*. For Latreille was as efficient, in his way, as Benson himself. He understood his car, he understood the traffic rules, and he understood what I wanted of him. Latreille was, after a manner of speaking, a find of my own. Dining one night at the Peytons I had met the Commissioner of Police, who had given me a card to stroll through headquarters and inspect the machinery of the law. I had happened on Latreille as he was being measured and "mugged" in the Identification Bureau, with those odd-looking Bertillon forceps taking his cranial measurements. The intelligence of the man interested me; the inalienable look of respectability in his face convinced me, as a student of human nature, that he was not meant for any such fate or any such environment. And when I looked into his case I found that instinct had not been amiss. The unfortunate fellow had been "framed" for a car theft of which he was entirely innocent. He explained all this to me, in fact, with tears in his eyes. And circumstances, when I looked into them, bore out his statements. So I visited the Commissioner, and was passed on to the Probation Officers, from whom I caromed off to the Assistant District Attorney, who in turn delegated me to another official, who was cynical enough to suggest that the prisoner might possibly be released if I was willing to go to the extent of bonding him. This I very promptly did, for I was now determined to see poor Latreille once more a free man.

Latreille showed his appreciation of my efforts by saving me seven hundred dollars when I bought my town car — though candor compels me to admit that I later discovered it to be a used car rehabilitated, and not a product fresh from the factory as I had anticipated. But Latreille was proud of that car, and proud of his position, and I was proud of having a French *chauffeur*, though my ardour was dampened a little, later on, when I discovered that Latreille, instead of hailing from the *Bois de Boulogne* and the *Avenue de la Paix*, originated in the slightly less splendid suburbs of Three Rivers, up on the St. Lawrence.

BUT my interest in Latreille about this time became quite subsidiary, for something much more important than ears happened to me. I fell in love. I fell in love with Mary Lockwood, head-over-heels in love with a girl who could have thrown a town car into the Hudson every other week and never have missed it. She was beautiful, she was wonderful, but she was disheartenningly wealthy. With all these odious riches of hers, however, she was a terribly honest and above-board girl, a healthy bodied, clear-eyed, practical-minded, normal-living New York girl who in her twenty-two active years of existence had seen enough of the world to know what was veneer and what was solid, and had seen enough of men to demand mental *camaraderie* and not "squaw-talk" from them.

I first saw her at the Volpi sale in the American Art Galleries, where we chanced to bid against each other for an old Italian table-cover, a sixteenth century blue velvet embroidered with gold galloon. Mary bid me down, of course. I lost my table-cover and with it I lost my heart. When I met her at the Obden-Belponts, a week later, she confessed that I'd rather been an her conscience. She generously offered to hand over that oblong of old velvet if I were still grieving over its loss. But I told her that all I asked for was a chance to see it occasionally. And occasionally I went to see it. I also saw its owner, who became more wonderful to me, week by week. Then I lost my head over her. That apheresis was so complete that I told Mary what had happened, and asked her to marry me.

Mary was very practical about it all. She said she liked me, liked me a lot. But there were other things to be considered. We would have to wait. I had my work to do—and she wanted it to be *big* work, gloriously big work. She wouldn't even consent to a formal engagement. But we had an "understanding." I was sent back to my work, drunk with the memory of her surrendering lips warm on mine, of her wistfully entreating eyes searching my face for something which she seemed unable to find there.

That work of mine which I went back to, however, seemed something very flat and meagre and trivial. And this, I realized, was a condition which would never do. The pot had to be kept boiling, and boiling now more briskly than ever. I had lapsed into more or less luxurious ways of living. I had formed expensive tastes, and had developed a fondness for antiques and Chinese bronzes and those objects of art which are never found on the bargain-counter. I had outgrown the Spartan ways of my youth when I could lunch contentedly at Childs' and sleep soundly on a studio-couch in a top floor room. And more and more that rapacious ogre known as social obligation had forged his links and fetters about my movements. More than ever I saw I had my end to keep up. What should have been a recreation had become almost a treadmill. I was a pretender, and had my pretence to sustain. I couldn't afford to be "dropped." I had my frontiers to protect, and my powers to placate. I couldn't ask Mary to throw herself away on a nobody. So instead of trying to keep up one

end, I tried to keep up two I continued to bob about the fringes of the Four Hundred. And I continued to cling hungrily to Mary's hint about doing work, gloriously big work.

But gloriously big work, I discovered, was usually done by lonely men, man living simply and quietly, and dwelling aloof from the frivolous side-issues of life, divorced from the distractions of a city which seemed organized for only the idler and the lotus-eater. And I could see that the pay-dirt coming out of Alaska was running thinner and thinner.

IT was to remedy this, I suppose, that I dined with my old friend Pip Connors, just back to civilization after fourteen long years up in the Yukon. That dinner of ours together was memorable. It was one of the milestones of my life. I wanted to furbish up my information on that remote corner of the world, which, in a way I had pre-empted as my own. I wanted fresh information, first-hand data, renewed inspiration. And I was glad to feel Pip's horny hand close fraternally about mine.

"Parley," he said, staring at me with open admiration, "you're a wonder."

I liked Pip's praise, even though I stood a little at a loss to discern its inspiration.

"You mean—this?" I asked, with a casual hand-wave about that Gramercy Square abode of mine.

"No, sir," was Pip's prompt retort. "I mean those stories of yours. I've read 'em all."

I blushed at this, blushed openly. For such commendation from a man who knew life as it was, who knew life in the raw, was as honey to my ears.

"Do you mean to say you could get them up *there*?" I asked, more for something to dissemble my embarrassment than to acquire actual information.

"Yes," acknowledged Pip with a rather foolish-sounding laugh, "they come through the mails about the same as they'd come through the mails down here. And folks even read them, now and then, when the gun-smoke blows out of the valley."

"Then what struck you as wonderful about them?" I inquired, a little at sea as to his line of thought.

"It's not *them* that's wonderful, Parley. It's *you*. I said you were a wonder. And you are."

"And why am I a wonder?" I asked, with the drip of the honey no longer embarrassing my modesty.

"Parley, *you're a wonder to get away with it!*" was Pip's solemnly intoned reply.

"To get away with it?" I repeated.

"Yes, to make it go down! To get 'em trussed and gagged and hog-tied! To make 'em come and eat out of your hand and then holler for more! For I've been up there in the British Yukon for fourteen nice comfortable years, Parley, and I've kind 'o got to know the country. I know how folks live up there, and what the laws are. And it may strike you as queer, friend-author, but folks up in that district are uncommonly like folks down here in the States. And in the Klondike and this same British Yukon there is a Firearms Act which makes it against the law for any civilian to tote a gun. And that law is sure carried out. Fact is, there's no *need* for a gun. And even if you did smuggle one in, the Mounted Police would darned soon take it away from you!"

I sat staring at him.

"But all those motion-pictures," I gasped. "And all those novels about——"

"That's why I say you're a wonder," broke in the genial-eyed Pip. "You can fool *all* the people *all* the time! You've done it. And you keep on doing it. You can put 'em to sleep and take it out of their pants'-pocket before they know they've gone bye-bye. Why, you've even got 'em trenched off in the matter of every-day school geography. You've had some of those hero-guys o' yours mush seven or eight hundred miles, and on a birch-bark toboggan, between dinner and supper. And if that ain't genius, I ain't ever seen it bound up in a reading-book!"

That dinner was a mile-stone in my life, all right, but not after the manner I had expected. For as I sat there in a cold sweat of apprehension crowned with shame, Pip Connors told me many things about Alaska and the Klondike. He told me many things that were new to me, dishearteningly, discouragingly, devitalizingly new to me. Without knowing it, he poignarded me, knifed me through and through. Without dreaming what he was doing he eviscereted me. He left me a hollow and empty mask as an author. He left me a homeless sahle, with the iron gates of fact swung sternly shut on what had been a fairy land of romance, a Promised Land of untrammalled and care-free imaginings.

That was my first sleepless night.

I SAID nothing to Pip. I said nothing to anyone. I held that vulture of shame close in my arms and felt its unclean beak awling into my vitals. I tried to go back to my work, next day, to lose myself in creation. But it was like seeking consolation beside a corpse. For me, Alaska was killed, killed for ever. And blight had fallen on more than my work. It had crept over my very world, the world which only the labor of my pen could keep orderly and organized. The city in which I had seemed to sit a conqueror suddenly lay about me a flat and monotonous tableland of *ennui*, as empty and stale as a circus-lot after the last canvas-wagon had rumbled away.

I have no intention of making this recountal the confessions of a neurasthenic. Nothing is farther from my aims than the indicting of a second "City of Dreadful Night." But I began to worry. And later on I began to magnify my troubles. I even stuck to New York that summer, for the simple reason that I couldn't afford to go away. And it was an unspeakably hot summer. I did my best to work, sitting for hours at a time staring at a blank sheet of paper, set out like tangle-foot to catch a passing idea. But not an idea alighted on that square of spotless white. When I tried new fields, knowing Alaska was dead, the editors solemnly shook their heads and announced that this new offering of mine didn't seem to have the snap and go of my older manner. Then panic overtook me, and after yet another white night I went straight to Sanson, the nerve specialist, and told him I was going crezy.

He laughed at me. Then he off-handedly tapped me over and tried my reflexes and took my blood pressure and even more diffidently asked me a question or two. He ended up by announcing that I was as sound as a dollar, whatever that may have meant, and suggested as an afterthought that I drop tobacco and go in more for golf.

That buoyed me up for a week or two. But Mary, when she came in to town radiant and cool for three days' shopping, seemed to detect in me a change which first surprised and then troubled her. I was bitterly conscious of being a disappointment to somebody who expected great things of me. And to escape that double-edged sword of mortification I once again tried to bury myself in my work. But I just as well might have tried to bury myself in a butter-dish, for there was no effort and no activity there to envelop me. I was coerced into idleness without ever having acquired the art of doing nothing. For life with me had been a good deal like boiling rice: it had to be kept galloping to save it from going mushy. Yet now the fire itself seemed out. And that prompted me to sit and listen to my works, as the French idiom expresses it, which is never a profitable calling for a naturally nervous man.

The ice and the long of it was, as the Irish say, that I went back to Doctor Sanson and demanded something, in the name of God, that would give me a good night's sleep. He was less jocular, this time. He told me to forget my troubles and go fishing for a couple of weeks.

I *did* go fishing, but I fished for ideas. And I got scarcely a strike. To leave the city was now more than ever out of the question. So for recreation I had Latreille take me out in the car, when a feverish thirst for speed, which I found it hard to account for, drove me into daily violation of the traffic laws. Twice, in fact, I was fined for this, with a curtly warning talk from the presiding magistrate on the second occasion, since the offence, in this case, was complicated by collision with an empty baby-carriage. Latreille, about this time, seemed uncannily conscious of my condition. More and more he seemed to rasp me on the raw, until irritation deepened into positive dislike for the man.

WHEN Mary came back to the city for a few days, before going to the Virginia hills for the autumn, I looked so wretched and felt so wretched that I decided not to see her. I was taking veronal now to make me sleep, and with cooler weather I looked for better rest and a return to work. But my hopes were ill-founded. I came to dread the night, and the night's ever-recurring battle for sleep. I lost my perspective on things. And then came the crowning catastrophe, the catastrophe which turned me into a sort of twentieth-century Macbeth.

The details of that catastrophe were ludicrous enough, and it had no definite and clear-cut outcome, but its effect on my over-tensioned nerves was sufficiently calamitous. It occurred, oddly enough, on Hallow-E'en night, when the world is supposed to be given over to festivity. Latreille had motored me out to a small dinner-dance at Washburn's, on Long Island, but I had left early in the evening, perversely depressed by a hilarity in which I had not the heart to join. Twice, on the way back to the city, I had called out to Latreille for more speed. We had just taken a turn in the outskirts of Brooklyn when my swinging headlights disclosed the figure of a man, an unstable and wavering man, obviously drunk, totter and fall directly in front of my car.

I heard the squeal of the brakes and the high pitched shouts from a crowd of youths along the sidewalk. But it was too late. I could feel the impact as we struck. I could feel the sickening thud and jolt as the wheels pounded over that fallen body.

I stood up, without quite knowing what I was doing, and screamed like a woman. Then I dropped weakly back in my seat. I think I was sobbing. I scarcely noticed that Latreille had failed to stop the car.

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People did not believe the course of Union Government could run smooth. They anticipated something like the above.

Using the Whip-hand

By T. B. Costain

Illustrated by Lou Skuce

WHEN the people of Canada returned Union Government on December 17 with a tremendous majority they said, figuratively but unmistakably, to Sir Robert Borden: "Conscript us, tax us, do anything to us that is necessary to win the war. We leave it to you—go as far as you like." Union Government went into power with a direct mandate to do anything and everything that was needed to win the war. It was that consideration only which induced people to forget they were Grits and Tories.

Sir Robert Borden — or the Government that he represents—holds the whip hand. The Opposition, such as it is, has little opportunity for criticism. The press of the country presents an almost unbroken front and refuses to see any evil in the two-headed gladiator it has helped to create. The public, like the mangled soul of Kipling's Tomlinson that "prayed to feel the flame," is impatient, even, for an exhibition of the autocratic powers vested in the Government. In fact, Union Government could turn this country upside down and inside out if it wanted to.

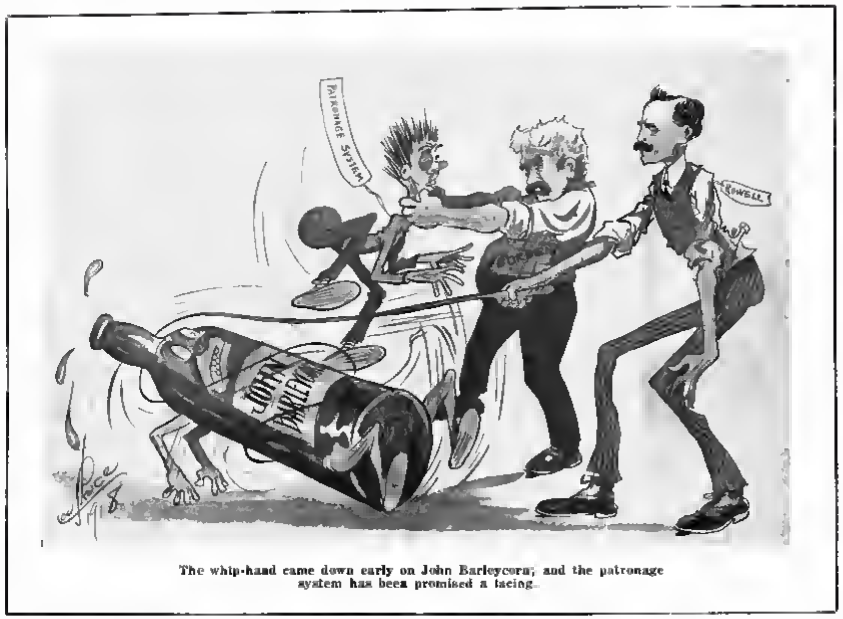
But so far the whip-hand has been used sparingly. It came down early on John Barleycorn, and Newton Wesley Rowell bearing heavily on the handle, it is asseverated. That black old hypocrite, Party Patronage, has been promised a lacing—and will probably get it. But so far no flick of the lash has fallen on the comfortable back of Private Privilege. We haven't been forced to cut down on our meals. We can buy anything that our purses or our credit permit. It does not seem likely that we will be yanked away from our desks and sent out to wield a pitchfork or to act as valet to some good farmer's horses. The arm of conscription is still weeding out class one. The great public voted, literally enough, for dried pease and pulse and horsehair shirts and for hard labor and enforced shouldering of muskets; and has been rather surprised that nothing in the shape of privation or curtailment has come so far.

BUT, in the first place, the Government has only had a little over two months to get started. The Christmas holidays followed right on the heels of the election and the work of national organization did not really begin until early in January. In the meantime the Government has been sawing wood, however. If it has not exactly felled the biggest problems yet it has at any rate chopped off the smaller branches and got the ground cleared for real action.

At time of writing (early in March) Ottawa resembles nothing so much as a house the first day it has been occupied. A whole lot of new government furniture has been carted in and is being uncrated and moved around. There isn't space for it all and yet the new tenants keep ordering more and knocking out walls and putting up partitions and building new sheds and so on. Everybody is working like blazes and talking at once and there's no end of confusion and occasionally some hard feeling too.

Critics say that the Government has run amuck in the matter of creating new legislative machinery. Everything, of course, goes before the cabinet first. The cabinet meets every day, except Sundays. Twenty-three Ministers, when they are all there, consider the problems as they are brought up. Recognizing that twenty-three cooks, no matter how brilliant they all might be, would spoil any broth, the principle of cabinet committees was adopted. There's a War Committee and a Committee on Reconstruction and so on. These committees, however, can't go ahead and do whatever they decide upon—not even the War Committee. They must report back to the whole cabinet and that simply means that nothing can be done until agreement has been established among twenty-three men of diverse views and different ideals. Represented in that group — twenty-three is more than a group, it's a mob—are personal ambition, some selfishness, some diffidence and the smouldering antagonisms of the past. This is not intended as a criticism of the members of the cabinet, it is merely another way of saying that human nature is always the same. The cabinet, in fact, seems modeled more after the Asquith Debating Society plan than after the Lloyd George principle of concentrated authority. It is too big, too hard working and too conscious of itself. Ministers step warily, as though they were treading on eggs. They don't like to start anything until they know something more about the strength company they are in.

THEN there has been, according to the critics again, a mania for appointments. Some new question comes up in the cabinet, possibly after hours of steady and intense deliberation on other matters. One of the Western Ministers, say, mentions the opening up to settlement of regions beyond the Peace in order to find land for returned soldiers. With a wary eye an those effete high tariff Easterners on the other side of the board—he doesn't understand their way of thinking yet—the Minister brings the matter up and



The whip-hand came down early on John Barleycorn; and the patronage system has been promised a lacing.

probably mentions railroads, freight rates and tariff on farm machinery. The cabinet sits up and recognizes that here is a problem which must be dealt with sooner or later. But the cabinet has a thousand other things on its mind, all more pressing. Some one suggests a committee and the bright thought is snatched up eagerly.

So a committee is appointed—or perhaps it is a commission. A chairman is selected and a suitable man is found to act as secretary. Then offices have to be found, and offices in Ottawa are as scarce as auk's eggs. Finally, however, some kind of home is located for the new commission and furniture is bought and moved in—something rather nice in the way of dull mahogany finish and Persian rugs. Then it is seen that one secretary can't do all the work and an assistant is appointed, or perhaps two, or even three. Finally the commission goes to work and sooner or later is bound to get out a lot of literature—reports and commentaries and appendixes and tables of figures and so on. The amount of printing matter emanating from Ottawa is staggering.

Seriously speaking, the number of committees and commissions formed recently is amazing. They may all be necessary and ultimately they may justify their existence. In fact, this may be the only way of handling the multiple problems that come knocking at the government portals. On the outside, however, it does look as though the Government has created more machinery than it can control. There seem very clear evidences of overlapping and over-elaboration. And the salaries! But on that point it must be confessed that all the complaints heard are from men who have stood far, far away from the spout and who, therefore, are more or less prejudiced against government salaries on general principles.

THE extension of the government service has resulted in honeycombing the capital city with offices. One stumbles over them everywhere. They are in apartment houses and over stores and down in the basements. When you start out to find a certain official you don't know whether you will locate him on the top floor of an office building, or back of a tobacconist's shop.

"I'm at my wit's end," said the Hon. F. B. Carvell, Minister of Public Works, the other day. "During the past month it has been necessary to find extra office space at the rate of three thousand square feet a day."

Some of the important departments are scattered around in as many as four or five buildings. The results can well be imagined.

Not so long ago one of the Ministers had a pressing matter before him for consideration. He needed a certain document and instructed his secretary to find it. The secretary reported that the files in which that important document reposed had been sent over to one of the other offices. "I think," he said, "those particular files were sent to the Booth Building."

"Hunt it up," said the Minister. "This matter can't wait."

The files at the offices in the Booth Building were overhauled without result and then a visit was paid to some new offices up on Bank street, after which the search party went over to Lower Town. Finally the document was found, but the impatient minister did not get it until next morning and two officials spent a whole day in the search. This case is neither imaginary nor unusual. The organization has become so expanded and loose-jointed that there is continual trouble and delay.

So many new offices have been created that the old departments have been more or less crowded out or, at any rate, denied the right of comfortable growth. Take the Department of Finance. The offices are filled with desks and the air is blue with the rattle of typewriters. The staff has even been erupted into the halls and the traditional calm which once pervaded those gloomy corridors has fled before the clamor of dictation and the frenzied clack of the keyboard. And, at that, the Finance Department can't begin to do the work that piles up for it. So much detail was involved in handling the Victory Loan that the whole department has been working on it ever since. It has been found impossible to get around to the matter of last year's income tax.

In this connection the story of an uncashed cheque for half a million dollars has gone the rounds of Parliament Hill. A certain Western concern sent in a cheque to cover their excess profits and rumor says that the amount filled in was for something in the neighborhood of $500,000. The cheque was not cashed. For six months the senders waited for it to be turned in, then they withdrew it, and up to date they have not tried again to liquidate their indebtedness with the Government.

AT the same time everyone is working like mad. Sisyphus, struggling uphill with his boulder, enjoyed comparative leisure when one compares his lot with that of the Cabinet Ministers in the Union Government. Lights twinkle in their offices until all hours. The writer had the unique experience of a short interview with one Minister of the Crown at 8.20 a.m. With still another he was promised five minutes at 6.30 p.m. It was 6.45 before the Minister was disengaged, and as the writer passed out later through the anteroom he found four or five parties still waiting to see the haggard and harassed prisoner behind the green baize door. The cabinet meets every day, including Saturdays and the War Committee of the council three days a week. The War Committee meets at three o'clock and seldom adjourns until six or six thirty.

The same feverish activity prevails all down the line. Still, one cannot help thinking that the continual expansion of the departments is adding to the burdens that the cabinet carries instead of lessening them. One of these days Ottawa will learn the same lesson that came to Washington not so long ago. Washington had increased and multiplied its services and had created new offices and commissions until authority and responsibility were hopelessly scattered and vague. There were so many offices and so much uncertainty as to where things should be done that it was hard to get things done at all. Then a bright white light burst upon the Government and they saw the need for *concentration*. Their policy since has been to draw in, to concentrate authority, to find the short cut instead of the round-about route. Ottawa, at present, is at the expansion stage. Some day soon—let us pray it will be soon—the same white light will visit Parliament Hill and then the motto there will become Concentration.

This may mean a smaller cabinet, or authority to do things vested in a section or sections of the cabinet after the Lloyd George plan. It probably will mean a drawing-in of lines throughout the whole machinery of Government, and a closer knit organization generally. The cabinet is made up of many forceful and brilliant men who will not be content with any condition that slows them up and prevents clear-cut decisions and sharp action.

BUT it must not be inferred that the Government has not been making good use of the short time it has had. The obsequies of the Opposition had been just decently concluded when the new powers had another victim ready for interment. When N. W. Rowell consented to go in it was clear to the dullest observer that the last sad rites would not be long delayed in the case of John Barleycorn. No one had guessed, however, with what speed the plans for the finish would be shoved ahead. To carry the metaphor further, the black-bordered notices went out in less than two weeks. A brief respite was given for a last acquaintance—for a sort of wake, as it were—and then the lid will be clamped down tight and John Barleycorn will perhaps never more come back among us.

This action was courageous and decisive. There was no shilly-shallying about it. The whip-hand was used with a right good will. As a war measure it was necessary and entirely commendable and the number of people who believe it should be maintained as a permanent peace measure is getting bigger all the time; so big, in fact, that the despairing minority are feverishly revising upward their estimates of the size of the stock to be stowed away in the dark recesses of the cellar. That, however, is another story.

Next in order was the taking over of the ship-building yards of the country and the inauguration of a broad and ambitious programme. This was a bold business stroke. As present contracts expire the output of the yards will revert to the Government and the production will be increased, speeded up, energized generally. It is trite to say that the war may be won in the final analysis by tonnage, but it is stating an inexorable truth. The Government realized this and determined that no chances could be taken in the matter. So the shipyards are being conscripted.

It has been contended for long by far-sighted men that the Government should provide leadership in business matters, that the Department of Trade and Commerce should cease being an agency for the collection and dissemination of statistics and become a real force. The first step towards this very necessary end has been taken by Union Government in the formation of a War Trade Board. This body has power over our trade relations with other countries in so far as they affect war conditions—and that means over practically all trade. At the head of this board is Sir George E. Foster, who is called the greatest orator in Canada—which is bad business, because oratory and business have little in common. Fortunately, however, the active head of the board is F. P. Jones, who is called the greatest salesman in Canada—and that is good business, for salesmanship is exactly what we need. Perhaps when the last gun has been fired the War Trade Board will become the Peace Trade Board and will continue to give the manufacturers and business men of Canada leadership in their efforts during the reconstruction period to pass the Slough of Despond.



Sir Thomas White carries the world on his shoulders.

THEN came the announcement of the end of the patronage evil. Patronage has been the plank on which many governments have bridged the giddy chasm from term to term. In the nature of things a Union Government could not continue the patronage system unless a saw-off were arranged—so many good Grits to get jobs and so many good Tories. This could no doubt have been easily and quietly arranged under cover of a brassy fanfare about reform. The members of the government could have kept up their personal fences by slipping friends into nice fat jobs and winked at the offences of colleagues in the same direction. But instead a direct stand has been taken and the patronage system, hero of a hundred political fights, has been officially doomed. There is a ring of sincerity about the measure that smacks of sound intentions. Governments have talked before this of the abolition of patronage, talked with a Chadbandian eloquence that set people gazing on lofty heights afar to see the miracle that was to be performed—while deft fingers continued to slip aces from the bottom of the pack. The abolition of patronage in the past has usually meant the bouncing of appointees of the defunct administration to make room for the friends of the new regime.

But the plans now being laid look thoroughly shipshape and sincere. All appointments to the civil service have been made subject to the Civil Service Commission. The functions of the War Purchasing Commission have been extended to include all purchases for all departments with the single exception of the Government railways. Patronage can, therefore, only creep in anew through dishonesty on the part of individual officials. It begins to look as though the end of patronage is in sight. If such proves the case a new atmosphere will be created at Ottawa. The old official fuddle-headedness, the red tape, the lack of responsibility will disappear. Sound business methods will come in. The Circumlocution Office which has existed at Ottawa just as surely as it did at Westminster in Dickens' day will give way before the new efficiency.

If we can get this Old Man of the Sea off our back—we've had to carry him ever since government was invented—what a difference it will make!

The hardest work the Government has been doing, however, has not yet begun to show. Many important steps have been

Continued on page 104

The Pawns Count

A Story of Secret Service and the Great War

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Author of "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," "The Double Traitor," etc.

Illustrated by Charles L. Wrenn

Synopsis on page 28



Mrs Hastings greeted Pamela and her escort without enthusiasm

CHAPTER XXIX

At five-and-twenty minutes past eight that evening Lutchester, who was waiting in the entrance hall of their own mine field. So far as regards At half-past, his absorption in an evening paper, over the top of which he looked at every newcomer, was almost farcical. At five and twenty to nine Pamela arrived. He advanced to meet her down the lounge. Her face was inscrutable, her smile conventional. Yet she had come! He looked over his shoulder towards the men's cost-room.

"Your brother?"

"I sent Jim to his club," she said. "I want to have a real good talk with you, Mr. Lutchester."

"I am very much flattered," he told her, with real earnestness.

She vanished for a few moments in the cloakroom, and reappeared, a radiant vision in deep blue silk. Her hair was gathered in a coil at the top of her head, and surmounted with an ornament of pearls.

"You are looking at my head-dress," she remarked, as they walked into the room. "It is the style you admire, is it not?"

He murmured something vague, but he knew that he was forgiven. They were ushered to their places by a portly *maitre d'hotel*, and she approved of his table. It was set almost in an alcove, and was partially hidden from the other diners.

"Is this seclusion vanity or flattery?"

"As a matter of fact it is rather a popular table," he told her. "We have an excellent view of the room, and yet one can talk here without being disturbed."

"To talk to you is exactly what I wish to do," she said, as they took their places. "We commence, if you please, with a question. Mr. Fischer thought that he had that formula and he hasn't. I could have sworn that it was in my possession—and it isn't. Where is it?"

"I took it to the War Office before I left England," he told her simply. "They will have the first few tons of the stuff ready next month."

"You!" she cried. "But where did you get it?"

"I happened to be first, that's all," he explained. "You see, I had the advantage of a little inside information. I could have exposed the whole affair if I had thought it wise. I preferred, however, to let matters take their course. Young Graham deserved all he got there, and I made sure of being the first to go through his papers. I'm afraid I must confess that I left a bogus formula for you."

"I had begun to suspect this," Pamela confessed. "You don't mind being put into the witness box, do you?" she added, as she pushed aside the menu with a little sigh of satisfaction. "How wonderfully you order an American dinner!"

"I am so glad I have chosen what you like," he said, "and as to being in the witness-box—well, I am going to place myself in the confessional, and that is very much the same thing, isn't it?"

"To begin at the beginning, then—about that destroyer?"

"My mission over here was really important," he admitted. "I could not catch the *Lapland*, so the Admiralty sent me over."

"And your golf with Senator Hamblin? It wasn't altogether by accident you met him down at Baltusrol, was it?"

"It was not," he confessed. "I had reason to suspect that certain proposals from Berlin were to be put forward to the President either through his or Senator Hastings' mediation. There were certain facts in connection with them which I desired to be the first to lay before the authorities."

She looked around the room and recognized some of her friends. For some reason or other she felt remarkably light-hearted.

"For a poor, vanquished woman," she observed, turning back to Lutchester, "I feel extraordinarily gay to-night. Tell me some more."

He bowed.

"Mademoiselle Sonia," he proceeded, "has been a friend of mine since she sang in the cafés of Buda-Pesth. I dined with her, however, because it had come to my knowledge that she was behaving in a very foolish manner."

Pamela nodded understandingly.

"She was the friend of Count Maurice Ziduski, wasn't she?"

"She is no longer," Lutchester replied. "She sailed for France this morning without seeing him. She has remembered that she is a French woman."

"It was you who reminded her!"

"Love so easily makes people forgetful," he said, "and I think that Sonia was very fond of Maurice Ziduski. She is a thoughtless, passionate woman, easily swayed through her affections, and she had no idea of the evil she was doing."

"So that disposes of Sonia," Pamela reflected.

"Sonia was only an interlude," Lutchester declared. "She really doesn't come into this affair at all. The one person who does come into it, whom you and I must speak of, is Fischer."

"A most interesting man," Pamela sighed. "I really think his wife would have a most exciting life."

"She would!" Lutchester agreed. "She'd probably be allowed to visit him once every fourteen days in care of a warder."

"Spite!" Pamela exclaimed, with a suspicious little quiver at the corner of her lips.

Lutchester shook his head.

"Fischer is too near the end of his rope for me to feel spiteful," he said, "though I am quite prepared to grant that he may be capable of considerable mischief yet. A man who has the sublime effrontery to attempt to come to an agreement with two countries, each behind the other's back, is a little more than Machiavellian, isn't he?"

"Is that true of Mr. Fischer?"

"Absolutely," Lutchester assured her. "He is over here for the purpose of somehow or other making it known informally in Washington that Germany would be willing to pledge herself to an alliance with America against Japan, after the war, if America will alter her views as to the export of munitions to the Allies."

"Well, that's a reasonable proposition, isn't it, from his point of view?" Pamela remarked. "It may not be a very agreeable one from yours, but it is certainly one which he has a right to make."

"Entirely," Lutchester agreed, "but where he goes wrong is that his primary object in coming here was to meet the chief of the Japanese Secret Service, to whom he has made a proposition of precisely similar character."

Pamela set down her glass.

"You are not in earnest!"

"Absolutely."

"Nikasti?"

"Precisely! He came all the way from Japan to confer with Fischer. Probably, if we knew the whole truth, those rooms at the Plaza Hotel, and the social partnership of your brother and Fischer, were arranged for no other reason than to provide a safe personality for Nikasti in this country, and a safe place for him to talk things over with Fischer."

"Mr. Fischer was paying nearly the whole of the expenses of the Plaza suite," Pamela observed thoughtfully.

"Naturally," Lutchester replied. "Your brother's name was a good, safe name to get behind. But to conclude with our friend Nikasti. He is supposed to leave New York next Saturday, and to carry to the Emperor of Japan an autograph letter from a nameless person, promising him, if Japan will cease the export of munitions to Russia, the aid of Germany in her impending campaign against America."

"An autograph letter, did you say?" Pamela almost gasped.

"An autograph letter," Lutchester repeated firmly. "Now don't you agree with me that Fischer's game is just a little too daring?"

"It is preposterous!" she cried.

"I have a theory," Lutchester continued, "that Fischer was never intended to use more than one of those letters. It was intended that he should study the situation here, approach one side, and if unsuccessful, try the other. Fischer, however, conceived a more magnificent idea. He seems to be trying both at the same time. It is the sublime egotism of the Teutonic mind."

"It is monstrous!" Pamela exclaimed indignantly.

"It is almost as monstrous," Lutchestar agreed, "as his daring to raise his eyes to you, although, so far as you are concerned, I believe that he is as honest as the man knows how to be."

"And why," she asked, "do you credit him with so much good faith?"

"Because," Lutchester replied, "if he had not been actuated by personal motives, he would never have sought you out as an intermediary. There are other sources open to him, by means of which he could make equally sure of reaching the President's ear. His idea was to impress you. It was foolish but natural."

Pamela was deep in thought. There was an angry spot of color burning in her cheek.

"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Lutchester," she persisted, "that this afternoon, say, when with every appearance of earnestness he was begging time to put these propositions before my uncle he had really made precisely similar overtures to Japan?"

"I give you my word that this is the truth," Lutchester assured her solemnly.

She looked at him with something almost like wonder in her eyes.

"But you?" she exclaimed. "How do you know this? How can you be sure of it?"

"I have seen the autograph letter which Nikasti has in his possession," he announced.

"You mean that Mr. Fischer showed it to you?" she exclaimed incredulously.

Lutchestar hesitated.

"There are methods," he said, "which

those who fight in the dark places for their country are forced sometimes to make use of. I have seen the letter I have half convinced those who represent Japan in this matter of Fischer's duplicity. With your help I am hoping wholly to do so."

Pamela leaned for a moment back in her chair.

"Really," she declared, "I am beginning to have the feeling that I am living almost too rapidly. Let us have a breathing spell. I wonder what all these other people are talking about."

"Probably," he suggested, with a little glance around, "about themselves. We will follow their example. Will you marry me, please, Miss Van Teyl?"

"We haven't even come to the ice yet," she sighed, "and you pass from high politics to flagrant personalities. Are you a sensationalist, Mr. Lutchester?"

"Not in the least," he protested. "I simply asked you an extremely important question quite calmly."

"It isn't a question that should be asked calmly," she objected.

"I have immense self-control," he told her, "but if you'd like me to abandon it——"

"For Heaven's sake, no!" she interrupted. "Tell me more about Mr. Fischer."

"You won't forget to answer my little question later on, will you?" he begged. "To proceed, then, I spent some little time this afternoon with your chief of the police here, and I fancy that the person you speak of is becoming a little too blatant even for a broad-minded country like this. He belongs to an informal company of wealthy sympathizers with Germany, who propose to start a campaign of destruction at all factories manufacturing munitions for the Allies. They have put aside—I believe it is several million dollars, for purposes of bribery. They don't seem to realize, as my friend pointed out to me this afternoon, that the days for this sort of thing in New York have passed. Some of them will be in prison before they know where they are."

"Exactly why did you come to America?" she asked a little abruptly.

"To meet Nikasti and to look after Fischer."

"Well, you seem to have done that pretty effectually!"

"Also," he went on, "to keep an eye upon you."

"Professionally?"

"You ask me to give away too many secrets," he whispered, leaning towards her.

She made a little grimace.

"Tell me some more about your little adventure in Fifth Avenue!" she begged.

He smiled grimly.

"You wouldn't believe me," he reminded her, "but it really was one of Fischer's little jokes. It very nearly came off, too. As a matter of fact," he went on, "Fischer isn't really clever. He is too obstinate, too convinced in his own mind that things must go the way he wants them to, that Fate is the servant of his will. It's a sort of national trait, you know, very much like the way we English bury our heads in the sand when we hear unpleasant truths. The last thing Fischer wants is advertisement, and yet he goes to some of his Fourteenth Street friends and unearths a popular desperado to get rid of me. The fellow happens most unexpectedly to fail and now Fischer has to face a good many awkward questions and a good deal of notoriety. No, I don't think Fischer is really clever."

Pamela sighed.

"In that case, I suppose I shall have to say 'No' to him," she decided. "After waiting all this time, I couldn't bear to be married to a fool."

"You won't be," he assured her cheerfully.

"More British arrogance," she murmured. "Now see what's going to happen to us!"

CHAPTER XXX.

A TALL, elderly man, with smooth white hair plastered over his forehead, very precisely dressed, and with a gait so careful as to be almost mincing, was approaching their table. Pamela held out her hands.

"My dear uncle!" she exclaimed. "And I thought that you and aunt never dined at restaurants!"

Mr. Hastings stood with his fingers resting lightly upon the table. He glanced at Lutchester without apparent recognition.

"You remember Mr. Lutchester?" Pamela murmured.

Mr. Hastings' manner lacked the true American cordiality, but he hastened to extend his hand.

"Of course!" he declared. "I was not fortunate enough, however, to see much of you the other evening, Mr. Lutchester. We have several mutual friends whom I should be glad to hear about."

"I shall pay my respects to Mrs. Hastings, if I may, very shortly," Lutchester promised.

"Are you with friends here, uncle?" Pamela inquired.

"We are the guests of Mr. Oscar Fischer," the Senator announced.

Pamela raised her eyebrows.

"So you know Mr. Fischer, uncle?"

"Naturally," Mr. Hastings replied, with some dignity. "Oscar Fischer is one of the most important men in the State which I represent. He is a man of great wealth and industry and immense influence."

Pamela made a little grimace. Her uncle noticed it and frowned.

"He has just been telling us of his voyage with you, Pamela. Perhaps, if Lutchester can spare you," he went on, with a little bow across the table, "you will come and take your coffee with us. Your aunt is leaving for Washington, probably to-morrow, and wishes to arrange for you to travel with her. Mr. Lutchester may also, perhaps, give us the pleasure of his company for a few minutes," he added, after a slight but obvious pause.

"Thank you," Pamela answered quickly. "I am Mr. Lutchester's guest this evening. If you are still here, I shall love to come and speak to aunt for a moment later on. If not, I will ring up to-morrow morning."

The bland, almost episcopal, serenity of Senator Hastings' face was somewhat disturbed. It was obvious that the situation displeased him.

"I think, Pamela," he said, "that you had better come and speak to your aunt before you leave."

His bow to Lutchester was the bow of a politician to an adversary. He made his way back in leisurely fashion to the table from which he had come, exchanging a few words with many acquaintances. Pamela watched him with a twinkle in her eyes.

"I am becoming so unpopular," she murmured. "I can read in my uncle's tone that my aunt and he disapprove of our dining together here. And as for Mr. Fischer, I am afraid he'll break off our prospective alliance!"

Lutchester smiled.

"Prospective is the only word to use," he observed. "By the by, are you particularly fond of your uncle?"

"Not riotously," she admitted. "He has been kind to me once or twice, but he's rather a starchy old person."

"In that case," Lutchester decided, "we won't interfere."

FISCHER had by no means the appearance of a discomforted man that evening when, some time later, Pamela and Lutchester approached the little group of which he seemed, somehow, to have become the central figure. It was a small party, but, in its way, a distinguished one. Pamela's aunt was a member of an historic American family, and a woman of great social position, not only in New York but in Washington itself. Of the remaining guests, one was a financial magnate of world-wide fame, and the other, Senator Joyce, a politician of such eminence that his name was freely mentioned as a possible future president. Mrs. Hastings greeted Pamela and her escort without enthusiasm.

"My dear child," she exclaimed, "how extraordinary to find you here!"

"Is it?" Pamela observed indifferently. "You know Mr. Lutchester, don't you, aunt?"

Mrs. Hastings remembered her late dinner guest, but her recognition was icy and barely polite. She turned away at once and resumed her conversation with Fischer. Lutchester was not introduced to either of the other members of the party. He laid his hand on the back of an empty chair and turned it round for Pamela, but she stopped him with a word of thanks. Something had gone from her own naturally pleasant tone. She held her head higher, even, than her aunt's as she turned a little insistantly towards her.

"So sorry, aunt," she announced, "but we are going now. Good night!"

Mrs. Hastings disapproved.

"We have seen nothing of you yet, Pamela," she said stiffly. "You had better stay with us and we will drop you on our way home."

Pamela shook her head.

"I am coming with you to-morrow, you know," she reminded her aunt. "To-night I am Mr. Lutchester's guest and he will see me home."

Mrs. Hastings drew her niece a little closer to her.

"Is this part of your European manners, Pamela," she whispered, "that you dine alone in a restaurant with an acquaintance? Let me tell you frankly that I dislike the idea most heartily. My chaperonage is always at your service, and any girl of your age in America would be delighted to avail herself of it."

"It is very kind of you, aunt," Pamela replied, "but in a general way I finished with chaperons long ago."

"Where is Jimmy?" Mrs. Hastings inquired.

"He was coming with us to-night," Pamela explained, "but I asked him particularly to stay away. I have seen an little of Mr. Lutchester since he arrived, and I want to talk to him."

The financial magnate awoke from a comatose inertia and suddenly gripped Lutchester by the hand.

"Lutchester," he repeated to himself. "I thought I knew your face. Stayed with your uncle down at Monte Carlo once. You came there for a week."

Lutchester acknowledged his recollection of the fact and the two men exchanged a few commonplace remarks. Mrs. Hastings took the opportunity to try and induce Pamela to converse with Fischer.

"We have all been so interested to-night," she said, "in hearing what Mr. Fischer has to say about the situation on the other side."

Pamela was primed for combat.

"Has Mr. Fischer been telling you fairy tales?" she laughed.

"Fairy tales?" her aunt repeated severely. "I don't understand."

Fischer's steel grey eyes flashed behind his spectacles.

"I'm afraid that Miss Van Teyl's prejudices," he observed bitterly, "are very firmly fixed."

"Then she is no true American," Mrs. Hastings pronounced didactically.

"Oh, I can assure you that I am not prejudiced," Pamela declared, "only, you see, I, too, have just arrived from the other side, and I have been able to use my own eyes and judgment. If there is any prejudice in the matter, why should it not come from Mr. Fischer? He has the very good excuse of his German birth."

"Mr. Fischer is an American citizen," Mrs. Hastings reminded her niece, "and personally, I think that the American of German birth is one of the most loyal and long-suffering persons I know. I cannot say as much for the English people who are living over here. And as to fairy stories——"

Pamela intervened, turning towards Fischer with a little laugh.

"Oh, he can't even deny those! What about the great German victory in the North Sea, Mr. Fischer? Do you happen to have seen the latest telegrams?"

"Our first reports were perhaps a little too glowing," Mr. Fischer acknowledged. "That, under the circumstances, is, I think, only natural. But the facts remain that the invincible English and the untried German fleets have met, to the advantage of the German."

Pamela shook her head.

"I cannot even allow that," she objected. "The advantage, if there was any, rested on the other side. But I just want you to remember what we were told in that first wonderful outpouring of fabricated news—that the naval supremacy of England was gone for ever, that the freedom of the seas was assured, that German merchant vessels were steaming home from all directions! No, Mr. Fischer! Between ourselves, I think that your cause needs a few fairy stories, and I look upon you as one of the greatest experts in the world when it comes to concocting them."

Fischer, who had risen to his feet half way through Pamela's speech, was obviously a little taken aback by her direct attack. Mrs. Hastings took no pains to conceal her annoyance.

"For a young girl of your age, Pamela," she said sternly, "I remember that you express your opinions far too freely. Your attitude, too, is unjustifiable."

"Ah, well, you see, I am a little prejudiced against Mr. Fischer," Pamela laughed, turning towards him. "He happened to defeat one of my pet schemes."

"But I am ready to further your dearest one," he reminded her, dropping his voice, and leading her a little on one side. "What about our alliance?"

"You scarcely need my aid," she observed, with a shrug of her shoulders.

He remonstrated vigorously. There was a revived hopefulness in his tone. Perhaps, after all, here was the secret of her displeasure with him.

"You wonder, perhaps, to see me with your uncle. I give you my word that it is a dinner of courtesy only. I give you my word that I have not opened my lips on political matters. I have been waiting for your answer."

"I have lost faith in you," she told him calmly. "I am not even certain that you possess the authority you spoke of."

"If that is all," he replied eagerly, "you shall see it with your own eyes. You are staying with your uncle and aunt in Washington, are you not? I shall call upon you immediately I arrive, and bring it with me."

She nodded.

"Well, that remains a challenge, then, Mr. Fischer. And now, if you are quite ready," she added, turning to Lutchester, "Good-bye, everybody!"

"Aren't your ears burning?"



Pamela asked, after Lutchester had handed her into a taxicab and taken his place by her side. "I can absolutely feel them talking about us."

"I seem to be most regrettably unpopular," Lutchester remarked.

"Even now I am puzzled about that," Pamela confessed, "but you see my aunt considers herself the arbitress of what is right or wrong in social matters, and she is exceedingly narrow minded. In her eyes it is no doubt a greater misdemeanor for me to have dined at the Ritz-Carlton alone with you than if I had conspired against the Government."

"And this, I thought, was the land of freedom for your sex!"

"Ah, but my aunt is rather an exception," Pamela reminded him. "The one thing I cannot understand, however, is that she should have allowed herself to be seen dining with Mr. Oscar Fischer at the Ritz-Carlton. I should have thought that would have been almost as heinous to her as my own little slip from grace."

"Is your aunt by way of being interested in politics?" Lutchester inquired.

"Not in a general way," Pamela replied, "but she is intensely ambitious, and she'd give her soul if Uncle Theodore could get a nomination for the presidency."

"Perhaps she is taking up the German-American cause, then," Lutchester suggested.

gested. "It is a possible platform, at any rate."

"I foresee a new party," Pamela murmured thoughtfully. "Now I come to think of it, Mr. Elsworthy, the fat old gentleman who knew your uncle, is very pro German."

He leaned towards her.

"We have had enough politics," he insisted. "There is the other thing. Couldn't I have my answer?"

She let him take her fingers. In the cool darkness through which they were rushing her face seemed white, her head was a little averted. He tried to draw her to him, but she was unyielding.

"Please not," she begged. "I like you—and I'm glad I like you," she added, "but I don't feel certain about anything. Couldn't we be just friends a little longer?"

"It must be as you say, but I am horribly in love with you," he confessed. "That may sound rather a bald way of saying so, but it's the truth, Pamela, dear."

His clasp upon her fingers was tightened. She turned towards him. Her expression was serious but delightful.

"Well, let me tell you this much, at least," she confided. "I have never before in my life been so glad to hear any one say so . . . And here we are at home and there's Jimmy on the doorstep. What is it, Jimmy?" she asked, waving her hand.

He came down towards her in a state of great excitement.

"Say, we've had to open up the office again!" he exclaimed. "The telegrams are rolling in now. That so-called German naval victory was a fake. The Britishers came out right on top. You know you stand to net at least half a million, Mr. Lutchester? The worst of it is I have another client who's going to lose it."

Pamela shook her head at Lutchester. "The possibility of increased responsibilities," he whispered. "A married man needs something to fall back upon."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE offices of Messrs. Neville, Brooks and Van Teyl were the scene of something like pandemonium. Van Teyl himself, bathed in perspiration, rushed into his room for the twentieth time. He almost flung the newspaper man who was waiting for him through the door.

"No, we don't know a darned thing," he declared. "We've no special information. The only reason we're up to our neck in Anglo French is because we've two big clients dealing."

"It's just a few personal notes about those clients we'd like to handle."

"Oh, get out as quick as you can!" Van Teyl snapped. "This isn't a bucket shop or a pool room. The names of our clients concerns ourselves only."

"What do you think Anglo-French are going to do, Mr. Van Teyl?"

"I can't tell," was the prompt answer. "But I can tell what's going to happen if you don't clear out."

The newspaper man took a hurried leave. Van Teyl seized the telephone receiver, only to put it down with a little shout of relief as the door opened and Lutchester entered.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed. "Why, I've been ringing you up for an hour and a half."

"Sorry," Lutchester replied, "I was down at the barber's the first time you got through, and then I had some cables to send off."

"Look here," Van Teyl continued, gripping him by the shoulder, "is six hundred and forty thousand dollars, or thereabout, profit enough for you on your Anglo-French?"

"It sounds adequate," Lutchester confessed, laying his hat and cane carefully upon the table and drawing up an easy-chair. "How much is Mr. Fischer going to lose?"

"God knows! If you allow me to sell at the present moment, you'll ease the market, and he'll lose about what you make."

"And if I decide to hold my Anglo-French?"

"You'll have to provide us with about a couple of million dollars," Van Teyl replied, "and I should think you would pretty well break Fischer for a time. Frankly, he's an important client, and we don't want him broken, even temporarily."

"What do you want me to do, then?"

"Give us authority to sell," Van Teyl begged. "Can't you hear them yapping about in the office outside?" They're round me all the time like a pack of hounds. Honestly, if I don't sell some Anglo-French before lunch-time to-day, they look like wrecking the office."

Lutchester knocked the end of a cigarette thoughtfully against the side of his chair.

"All right," he decided, "I don't want you to suffer any inconvenience. Besides, I am going to Washington this afternoon. You can keep on selling as long as the market's steady. Directly it sags, hold off. If necessary, even buy a few more. You understand me? Don't sell a single block under to-day's price. Keep the market at that figure. It's an easy job, because next week Anglo-French will go up again."

Van Teyl was moved to a rare flash of admiration.

"You're a cool hand, Lutchester," he declared, "considering you're not a business man."

"Fischer's the man you'll need to keep cool," Lutchester remarked, lighting his cigarette. "What about a little lunch?"

THE stockbroker scarcely heard him. He had struck a bell, and the office seemed suddenly filled with clerks. Van Teyl's words were incoherent—a string of strange directions, punctuated by slang which was, so far as Lutchester was concerned, unintelligible. The whole place seemed to wake into a clamor of telephone bells, shouts, the clanging and opening of the lift gates, and the hurried tramp of footsteps in the corridors outside. Lutchester rose to his feet. He was looking very comfortable and matter-of-fact in his grey tweed suit and soft felt hat.

"Perhaps," he observed pleasantly, "I am out of place here. Drop me a line and let me know how things are going to the Hotel Capitol at Washington."

"That's all right, Van Teyl promised. "I'll get you on the long-distance 'phone. I was coming myself with Pamela for a few days, but this little deal of yours has set things buzzing. . . . Say, who's that?"

The door opened and Fischer paused upon the threshold. Certainly, of all the people concerned, the two speculators themselves seemed the least moved by the excitement they were causing. Fischer was dressed with his usual spick-and-span neatness, and his appearance betrayed no sign of flurry or excitement. He nodded grimly to Lutchester.

"My congratulations," he said. "You seem to have rigged the Press here to some purpose."

Lutchester raised his eyebrows.

"I don't even know a newspaper man in New York," he declared.

The newcomer gave vent to a little gesture of derision.

"Then you've some very clever friends! You'd better make the most of their offices. The German version of the naval battle will be confirmed and amplified within twenty-four hours, and then your Anglo-French will touch mud."

"If that is your idea," Lutchester remarked suavely, "why buy now? Why not wait till next week? Come," he went on, "I will have a little flutter with you, if you like, Fischer. I will bet you five thousand dollars and Van Teyl here shall hold the stakes, that a week hence to-day Anglo-French stand higher than they do at this moment."

Fischer hesitated. Then he turned away.

"I am not a sportsman, Mr. Lutchester," he said.

Lutchester brushed away a little dust from his coat sleeve.

"No," he murmured, "I agree with you. Good-morning!"

Lutchester walked out into the sun-

Continued on page 96



Synopsis: Capt. Graham, an English officer, invents a new explosive of tremendous power and tells about it at a fashionable London restaurant in the hearing of a number of people, including John Lutchester, another Englishman; Pamela Van Teyl, an American girl, Oscar Fischer, a German-American, and Baron Sunyea, a Japanese. The formula disappears and Graham is murdered. Pamela Van Teyl returns to America on the same boat as Fischer and finds that he is sharing rooms in New York with her brother with a Japanese valet named Nikuzi. The valet proves to be in the Japanese secret service and, believing Pamela to have the stolen formula, he tries to force it from her. She is rescued by Lutchester, who has also journeyed to America. Fischer has James Van Teyl in his power and promises to release him if Pamela will give him the document. She gives him a document believing it to be the formula. Immediately Fischer and Baron Schwerin, a German envoy, give Nikuzi a message to be delivered by him to the Japanese Emperor, proposing a secret treaty between the two countries. Lutchester takes the document by force from Nikuzi and learns the contents. Fischer proves to be a member of a group of German Americans plotting to prevent by violence the shipping of munitions from the United States to the Allies. He plots to have a gun-man kill Lutchester, but the attempt fails. Lutchester tells Pamela that the formula she took from Graham was not the right one.



A picture that gives some idea of the overcrowding in prison camps in Germany. Note crowded condition of bunks.

The Black Hole of Germany

A Graphic Picture of Terrible Conditions in War Prison Camps

By John Evans

Who wrote "Sixteen Months in Germany."

"THE Black Hole of Germany" will be accorded a place in the history of the war. It is by this name that British prisoners, scattered all over the land of the Kaiser, refer to a prison camp that lies in the middle of the coal fields of Westphalia. The German military authorities designate it as Kommando 47 and probably consider it a model camp. It is here that the severity with which British prisoners of war are treated reaches its height. It is an inferno of rigid discipline, unrestrained brutality and scanty rations. To those unfortunates who have been there, the Black Hole will always stand as a monument to the worst sides of the German character.

It is my purpose in this article to chronicle as reservedly the life of the prisoner of war. I wish to make it clear, however, that the conditions under which we suffered at the Black Hole are not found in like degree at other camps. All camps have not officers who will stand prisoners at attention before coke ovens until their faces scorch and burn, or put them for weeks at a time in dead of winter into cells three feet by six without any heat. But even the best camps are bad enough.

LIFE at Kommando 47 began at 4 o'clock for those who worked in the mines and at 5 o'clock for the coke makers. I shall tell more presently about coke making which will explain why we considered the early rising squad the lucky ones. At that early hour the guards would come to the door and rout us out to our day of heavy labor. As I explained in a previous article, the work in the mines began at 5 o'clock and continued without cessation until 3.30 in the afternoon. We were then through for the day. A bowl of turnip soup at 7 o'clock and "lights out" at 9 were the two remaining official items in the daily routine.

There was little in the life of the prisoner of war but hard work and continued "strafing." Any attempts at sport or entertainment were deliberately checked by the authorities and at best they were undertaken in a half-hearted way. The exercise ground was so small that it was always full to overflowing, and games were strictly impossible. In any case the detention cells were placed right in the middle of the grounds, so that there was no available space for sports. There was a certain amount of card playing in the evenings in the barracks given over to British and Canadian prisoners, but here again the matter of space was a distinct handicap. There were two hundred and fifty of us quartered in a space thirty feet by thirty. Most of the men found it necessary, if the weather were chill enough to keep them indoors, to spend the evenings in their flea-infested bunks. Competition for places around the two coke-burning stoves that heated the place was keen, and at times acrimonious. It finally developed into a matter of taking your turn.

The camp officers seemed to have one set purpose—to give the "Englanders" the worst of it in everything. They were by no means gentle with the French and Russians, but there was added venom and meanness in all their dealings with us. The French used to hold concerts right along and it served to keep them cheered up. But whenever the officers learned that we were planning something of the kind they would immediately find a pretext to stop it. Anything would serve. One of our number would run foul of some camp rule and by way of punishment the order would be given to stop the enter-



Prisoners, mostly French, lined up for the inevitable turnip soup.



Just for contrast: A German prisoner in England.

tainment. Characteristically enough the order of prohibition would be delayed until the last moment. During the fourteen months that I spent in this camp the British were only allowed to hold three concerts.

The strain of the hard work and the monotony of it all told on the prisoners. They became moody and queer. It was not an uncommon occurrence to see a group sitting around and exchanging not a word—just sitting there, silent, brooding. I think most of the prisoners were mentally unhinged. Well, it was enough to upset the equilibrium of the strongest mind.

This condition was most pronounced among the men who had accepted the inevitability of the situation. Most of our fellows were convinced that escape was impossible and they allowed themselves to get into a low condition of mind as a result. They had lost all hope. A few of us were continually on the alert for chances to get away and this kept us stirred up. We had, at least, a shred of hope left.

PERHAPS the most inhuman side of the treatment we received at the Black Hole was in the matter of the care of sick and wounded. The medical officer took it for granted that everyone who came to him was shamming. Unless it was possible to show a temperature or a serious wound or sore, the applicant was gruffly ordered back to work. I have seen some of my comrades hustled off to the mine or coke ovens who could hardly walk with rheumatism or who were nearly fainting from sheer exhaustion. Rheumatism was a common complaint, owing to the dampness of the barracks, but the prisoner who applied for exemption from work on that score was taught a painful lesson.

"Rheumatism?" the medical officer would say. "Good! It is soon cured."

The patient would be ushered into a special room of the lazaret where a powerful electric battery was kept. If the part complained of was the arm, the pad would be applied to the arm and a current turned on powerful enough to make the unfortunate man scream with agony. It was kept up until the patient would beg and implore that the current be turned off.

"Good!" the officer would say. "That will cure the rheumatism. Back to work with you now and if the arm still bothers more electricity will be needed."

A second treatment was never sought. Men crept off to work with stiffened joints that made the use of pick and shovel almost impossible rather than face the torture of that electrical ordeal.

I had very painful experiences with the medical officer myself. Once I developed an abscess under my arm, due, I suppose, to insufficient food and general weakness. I reported it, as it was almost impossible for me to work. The medical officer said gruffly that he would fix me up. He produced some variety of pump with a glass tube attached and pinced the tube over the abscess. I protested that it had not yet come to a head, but the officer grunted and roughly applied the pressure.

I could see the flesh rise in the tube. The pain was so terrific that I cried out to him to stop. He went right ahead until the suction drew the blood through the skin. The red drops oozed out like beads of perspiration—but the abscess did not break. Finally he stopped the torture, convinced that he was wrong. I staggered to a window of the lazaret and collapsed, completely overcome with the pain. The officer proceeded to wash the tube without paying any heed to me at all. Then he took a bucket of water and poured it over me as I lay on the floor. When I was sufficiently recovered to get to my feet the sore was bandaged and I was ordered to report for work.

Then there was the case of H——, one of the British prisoners. He got some infection in one of his fingers and reported it to the officer. The latter looked at it impatiently and refused to do anything for it. Shortly after blood-poisoning set in and poor H—— lost the finger.

AFTER my third unsuccessful attempt to escape I was sentenced to fourteen days "black"—solitary confinement on bread and water. I had been brought back from the border in a very weak condition. A high fever was settling on me, the result of exposure and lack of food. I remember very little about the proceedings except that I was forced to stand up before the Kommandant while the room swam around me. I could see nothing and could just dacely hear the sharp tones of the Kommandant as he pronounced sentence on me. It must have been appacent to every man in the room that I was sickening for something serious, but it made no difference in the carrying out of the sentence.

I was put into a damp cell, three feet by six and seven feet high. There was a mouldy, foul-smelling tick on the floor on to which I dropped like a log. The guards closed up the window so that not a ray of light came through and then went away. I stayed there alone for two weeks.

I was in a raging fever for the first few days and my memory is very hazy. I can remember that the guards came in at intervals and left hunks of black bread beside me, which, of course, I did not touch. I was frantic for water and eagerly drank all that they would bring. Whether I ever actually lapsed into delirium, I do not know.

At the end of the fourth day a couple of guards came in and rolled me off the tick with as much ceremony as if I were a bag of potatoes. Then they hauled it out and put another tick in its place. They left me on the floor. I was so weak that it took me a long time to roll back on the tick.

Fourteen days alone in a reeking hole and not a ray of light except when the guards opened the door! The fever worked itself out finally and left me so weak that I could hardly reach the pan of water on the floor beside me. Every day the guards brought in three-quarters of a pound of bread and every fourth day a bowl of turnip soup. Even when I got enough strength back to eat I gained little on that fare. They had to help me out when my turn was out. And I was ordered back to work at once!

The guards seemed to be at perfect liberty to use us as they liked. There was a young Scotchman named Mennis, a husky lad who literally writhed under the necessity of accepting the treatment. Once he flared out angrily at a guard who had roughly shoved him out of the road. The guard raised his bayonet and thrust deliberately and savagely at Mennis's face. The point caught him in the cheek and ripped the flesh, leaving a gaping wound.

The guard laughed and walked on, flaunting his bayonet with its tip of scarlet. Poor Mennis carried an ugly scar as a result of the guard's little pleasantry. Nothing came of the incident, of course.

THE most flagrant case was the deliberate murder of one of our number. It occurred shortly after I arrived at the Black Hole and I can remember still the horror that it implanted in our minds. We lived after that in a state of continual apprehension, never knowing what might happen.

The murder occurred in the mine. Four of our fellows had found a workedout gallery end and were enjoying a quiet little rest when one of the guards stumbled on them. He was an irascible fellow and he immediately charged at them with his bayonet, roaring imprecations. The four turned and ran with the guard after them. They came to an elevator shaft and found the hoist above with the cable stretching to the bottom of the shaft sixty feet below. Two of them got away by "shinning" down the cable. One of the other two—I won't mention his name—was standing on the edge of the shaft intending to follow suit when the guard came up behind him. By this time the guard was beside himself with rage. He charged at the man standing on the edge of the shaft and deliberately clubbed him until he lost his balance and tumbled headfirst into the pit. His two comrades climbing down the cable, saw his body hurtle past them in the dark and then heard a dull thud beneath. The poor fellow was probably killed instantly. The fourth man got away. The guard who had spent his insane fury let him go unmolested.

There was an investigation, of course. The prisoners had decided to demand justice and they charged the guard with murder. The fourth man, who had seen it all, gave his evidence to prove that the guard had deliberately knocked his victim down the shaft. The guard was exonerated and the witness was sentenced to four months' solitary imprisonment. I saw him when he came out — weak, wasted, with a look in his eyes that would have startled me if I had not seen a semblance of the same thing in the eyes of so many of the men around me.

I WANT to describe the detention system in fuller detail. There were 14 cells in all, making up what the authorities called a "rest house." All the cells were the same size as the one in which I spent my terrible two weeks' ordeal. Each cell had a tiny barred window which was sealed up if the prisoner had been sentenced to "black." The place was never heated. If a man were unlucky enough to incur sentence during the winter he suffered unspeakably in those cold, cramped cells. It was a common trick of the authorities to put three men in a cell, generally an Englishman, a Frenchman and a Russian. Remember, the cells were three feet by six. When three men were herded into one of these holes, it meant that they had to sit huddled together, knee to knee, rubbing shoulders and saturating the air with different national odors.

Each day these were allowed a few minutes in the fresh air. A guard would come and take each man out in turn. This gave an opportunity to get washed. There were no sanitary conveniences in the cells.

MUCH has been written and told about the scantiness and the badness, nay, the putridity, of the food served to prisoners. No real conception of how bad it was can be gained, however, from a mere description of the fare. It is necessary to tell how it was prepared to get an idea of how it tasted.

We got the same fare always—black bread, turnip soup and coffee. On very rare occasions there was a bit of meat in the soup. It was not very desirable meat, being strong and highly odorous. We often wondered what it was. One day I found out.

I happened to be in the cook house. A French prisoner was engaged there around the big pots where the inevitable soup was being prepared. He was a sort of assistant chef. The smell arising from the pots was so nauseating that I thought at first of bolting out.

"That'll be grand to eat," I said to the French prisoner. "What in thunder are you cooking? Dead horse? Dog meat?"

"Exactly," said the Frenchman. "Dog meat."

He lifted the lid and the odor in the room became noticeably worse. Floating around in the thick, pulpy mass of turnips were—yes, parts of dog meat, unquestionably canine. I bolted out. It was more than I could stand even with a stomach inured to eating prison fare. We had meat in our turnip soup that day which I did not enjoy, but I did not say anything to the rest. Where ignorance assists digestion it is folly to be wise.

Before Christmas it was given out that, through the benignancy of the Kommandant, we would be given three days holidays from work. Unfortunately for me I was not to enjoy the rest. I had been charged with laziness in the mine by the staggers (foremen) and so was told off to assist in the cookhouse during the three days. The charge was a just one. I was incorrigibly slow in the mine. It went against the grain to produce coal to run the munition plants of the Kaiser and I had reduced the matter of non-producing to an exact science. The staggers knew this and were right on my heels all the time. Well, I lost my Christmas holiday.

During the whole of the three days I was kept busy peeling turnips. I was stationed in a corner of the cookhouse and the turnips were piled up in front of me. They were covered with mud and by the time I had been at work five min-



British prisoners digging trenches outside a prison camp.



A typical German guard.

utes my hands were thoroughly grimy. I was not allowed to stop and wash, so the turnips left me pretty well mud-caked. They were immediately thrown into a big grinding machine and reduced to a pulp. This pulp, a mixture of turnip and mud, was put right into the pots and made into soup. No wonder we found our mouths full of sand after eating the soup.

When I first arrived at Kommando 47 there was a special dinner served on Sundays to all who could pay a mark. It consisted of potatoes, served with the turnip soup. After about two months, however, this great luxury was cut off, and the poor fellows in the camp have not tasted a potato since.

Of conse, our sufferings in the matter of food were as nothing compared to what the Russians had to endure. We got our Red Cross parcels and managed to eke out an existence, but most of the poor Slavs had to live on the prison fare. It was terrible to see them, big and husky fellows falling away to mere skeletons. They would come over to our side and beg for food. We gave them all we could. Once some bread came through from Switzerland which had become blue and mouldy on the way. We hesitated at first about offering this to them, but the Russians seized it avidly. They soaked it in water and ate it ravenously.

Often, when they were marching off to work, men in the Russian lines would topple over. They were faint from lack of food.

We did our best for them and shared our food as liberally as we could. The French, however, exploited the simple-minded Slavs, selling them food at steep prices and trading with them. Sometimes a gaunt Russian would sell his boots for a tin of bully beef. This practice was pretty general among the French and created a certain amount of hard feeling between us.

It was not possible to get very close to the Russians nor to find out anything much about them. They were a dumb, passive lot, knowing no language but their own and quite devoid of intelligence for the most part. They did not cause the German guards any trouble. They worked until they dropped and accepted any form of ill-treatment with the stoical resignation of the Slav race. We knew this, however, that the Russians hated the Germans with a hatred more deep-seated even than our own. It is a racial hatred that has its foundation in the old undying enmity of Slav for Teuton, the heritage of centuries of conflict. I cannot think that Russia will ever be able to live at peace under the dominance of Germany. The old enmity will bring the Slavs back to fight for their independence again.

I SAW very few Belgian prisoners. There was a camp of civilian prisoners near us. They had been deported from Belgium and were kept as closely confined as we were, in a camp surrounded by barb wire barricades and and sentries with fixed bayonets. We seldom saw anything of these poor fellows, but word got to us somehow that they were on strike. They had been ordered to work in muni-

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The Ships of England

By J. Victor

Illustrated by D. Howchin

What is the Empire's foundation, the rock of England's might?
Ye ask in shame with bended head and, heavens, well ye might!
We and our fighting brothers form the steady base,
The bottom rung from which has sprung your splendid pride of race.
We, merchant ships of England, from Mersey, Clyde, and Tyne,
That brave the deep so ye may keep intact the battle line!

The long Pacific knows us well from Yokohama Bay
To the Strait Magellan crags around which the tide rips play;
From Auckland, past the frowning Horn, with cargo frozen through,
Full fifty days without delays in calm and tempest too;
From China and Vancouver, through the Panama's white heat,
Day after day we thresh our way that ye at home may eat.

Across the Indian Ocean, where coral reefs abound,
And the lazy, long-backed seas that raise a soothing slumber sound,
With the flying-fish a-scuttling, the porpoise on the beam,
We forge ahead with awning spread to join the endless stream
Of tankers, tramps, and troopships which flows by night and day,
With ready help from bush and veldt to say the War Lord nay!

Up in the frigid Arctic, where the seal and walrus play,
And the polar bear and reindeer have undisputed sway,
Through the dark and awesome silence of the long, long northern night,
By berg and floe, in driven snow, like spectres, ghostly white,
We grope along the ice-bound ports that skirt the cold White Sea
From peak and mast the frozen blast blows out your standard free.

On the great Atlantic highways we know each crested wave,
From Sandy Hook to Table Bay, back to the White Man's Grave;
We dare the blind Newfoundland Banks—our plaintive fog-horns cry—
By reck'ning dead and deep sea lead we creep 'neath shrouded sky,
And when the western wind whips up the great green seas astern,
We slugger home through the danger zone that ye may live and learn.

We are bed-rock of the Empire for which your fathers bled;
We stiffen still the keel they laid, with our brave unhonored dead—
We, merchant ships of England, from Humber, Thames and Tees,
Chance the claw of the unseen foe we feed the unfed seas,
And our riven hulls lie rusting amid the weed and slime;
For we're the base on which ye place your heritage sublime.

The Magic Makers

A Story of Mystery and Adventure in Northern Canada

By Alan Sullivan

Author of "The Inner Door," "Blaubyre-Allan," etc.

Illustrated by J. W. Beatty

CHAPTER VII

SLOWLY passed the winking hours till, ere morning, a sudden change came into the atmosphere and the intensity of the cold lessened. Simultaneously from the east drifted a few flakes of snow, till, gradually increasing, these dancing atoms obscured the sea and even the summits of nearby ridges. Jock, an guard even while he slept, awoke with ths first touch of these minute but icy fingers and peered into the murky obscurity around him.

Presently, with an instinctive movement, his hand shot out and he gripped his rifle, while his brows tightened into a heavy line. Thus tense he waited immovably while the leaden moments passed. From the wilderness there had drifted to him some mysterious signal that, curiously enough, he could not distinguish by either sound or vision. It seemed rather the exchange of one kind of silence for another, which carried with it a vague and unnamable suggestion of danger. There was no cry or bark of animal, no tread of flat or pointed paw, but for all of this the giant reckoned that somewhere and somehow just beyond the range of sight there was peril voiceless and insistent.

One hour passed, and another till over the desolate waste stole the first faint and crepitant messengers of dawn. Far in the north the shimmering aurora trembled, paled and faded, while slowly and in ghostlike perspective there swam into view the long successive ridges that spread westward like a turbulent and suddenly solidified sea. It was not till day had actually arrived that the tension slackened and his great body leaned back with a sigh of relief. Half an hour later he stretched out a hand and gently pushed his still slumbering companion. "Bill," he said quietly. "Bill, wake up!"

For an instant there was silence then, as though in his very ears there sounded a voice. It was not the voice of the still unconscious skipper, but it came apparently from close at hand. Starting violently, Jock felt the hair rise prickling on his head while, with infinite slowness, his grey eyes came round to a point not fifty feet from where he lay and immediately in front.

There, showing now in barely visible proportion, was a low snow wall that, backed against the southerly rising ground, was almost indistinguishable. It was, perhaps, twenty feet long and three high. Even while Jock gaped at it, there lifted slowly from behind its crystalline battlement, the head and shoulders of a man who, with rifle levelled at Jock's broad breast, laughed hoarsely over the steady sights of his gleaming weapon. The laugh was the laugh of Nanook.

It might have been moments later before, to right and left of the brown-faced hunter, there appeared two others similarly armed. These, at a signal came round either end of the barrier and advanced deliberately.

"Your guns!" barked Nanook. "Give them your guns!"

Jock groaned in spirit and, his hands went up in token of surrender. Fight, yes he might fight, but with no hope of winning. His brain set swiftly at work even while he capitulated.

"Bill!" he said roughly, his arms yet upheld. "Bill, wake up!"

Now into the sensations of those who drag themselves wearily back to consciousness only to find that they are in the grip of a traitor inconceivably crafty, no man can enter save he who has been thus aroused. But, after a few tortured moments, during which Salty Bill swore with all the decorative effect mastered by those who have sailed the seven seas, the expedition that had set forth to find and rescue Henry Rintoul found itself disarmed and captive in a land which, as far as they knew, was tenanted only by white bears and wolves and a humanity more menacing than the very wolves themselves. But, be it known, that even as danger thickened and the future seemed more hopeless than he had ever conceived, the quiet brain of Sergeant MacTier, acclimatizing itself to new conditions, cast away the things of yesterday and braced itself for this new and poignant contest.

Nanook motioned to his companions, who, stepping swiftly forward snatched up the two rifles. A grin of triumph spread over the hunter's face. "It is more safe for you if you cannot shoot. Now, when you have eaten, we will go on."

"Where?" demanded Jock in a voice of deadly calmness.

For answer the Husky waved his arm to the north. "There is much that is not marked on any white man's map. Already you have seen some of it, and if you are wise you will live to see more. Once again I say, eat."

At that the two captives settled silently to the strangest meal they had ever attacked, while Nanook sat cross-legged on the snow, his rifle across his knees, watching them with sleek and undisguised satisfaction. Salty Bill champed viciously, breaking out into strange and startling oaths, as he stared with utter hatred at the man who had compassed the theft of the *Siren*. Jock alone seemed unmoved, so unmoved that his composure amounted almost to indifference. In a quarter of an hour he rose and looked placidly into Nanook's crafty eyes.

"We are ready," he said evenly.

The hunter nodded, and, turning, motioned to something apparently invisible beyond a nearby ridge. On the instant, there followed the sharp crack of a whip. From between the heaped snowbanks raced out a team of five Husky dogs behind which lurched a narrow sledge. Hard on the tail of the sledge a fleet-footed Husky sent his four-fathom lash whistling over the tawny backs of the yelping team as, in a whirl, they sped down hill at the master's summons.

"You will not be hurt. There are many reasons why, and of these perhaps you may learn. You will travel on the sledge and the other will walk. It may be," he added with a baffling smile, "that there will be many questions."

Synopsis.—Sergeant MacTier of the North-West Mounted Police, accepts a private commission from a wealthy family in Scotland to search in the far Canadian north for Henry Rintoul, who has disappeared. The only clue is an imperfect map which came through the mails which indicates that Rintoul is held a prisoner on an island in the wilderness country. MacTier charters the ship "Siren" and its crew with Salty Bill its owner, in charge, and sails east for Hudson's Bay. As they approach the northern end of Labrador the crew, led by Black Matt, the mate, shows mutinous symptoms. At Cham Trading Post they pick up an Eskimo named Nanook, who mysteriously offers to guide them to the country from which the map came. Early in the voyage MacTier finds Nanook plotting with Black Matt to secure control of the ship. The ship is landed on a strange island in Hudson's Bay. MacTier and Salty Bill go ashore, taking Nanook with them. He gives them the ship during the night spent on shore and in the morning they find the ship gone.

A FEW moments later, after MacTier had been tucked carefully into the bearskins which were piled high on the stiff framework of the sledge, this strange caravan turned northward. Ahead marched one Husky, the straining dogs hard at the tail of his shoes. Followed Salty Bill, and Nanook close behind. Last of all the third and fourth Huskies swung silently along. It was strange for Jock to sit effortless while the naked landscape slid slowly by, strange to watch the swaying back of the mysterious man who piloted this voiceless procession, and fascinating to note the extraordinary strength and wisdom of the five dogs that, tugging each at his single trace, spread out fanlike before the creaking sledge. There was no fear in Jock's valiant spirit but only a mute and quenchless amazement.

Half an hour later Nanook lifted his hands and pointed toward the north-west. "Big lake," he said shortly. "There is a big lake marked on the map the lost man sent you. Perhaps it is the same." His intonation carried with it the faintest trace of derision.

In the breasts of the captives there set up, as they stared, an unwonted commotion. Here, almost on the very edge of this mysterious land, was the third

definite confirmation of Henry Rintoul's half legible scrawl. It was a lake, and it stretched north, its flat and glistening expanse carrying unbroken into the horizon. From where they stood it had the shape of a gigantic sausage. Jock moistened his lips and leaned forward.

Now it was not the habit of Sergeant MacTier to plunge bull-headed where he desired information, and so it came that another mile of crunching snow was covered ere he spoke. And from the manner of his speech one might have inferred that his destination was a matter of complete indifference.

"The country north of here?" he haserded carelessly, "what's that like, Nanook?"

"It is what you shall see," granted his saptor, suavely.

"Aye, I reckoned as much, but how far does it go?"

"It may be three days' journey, it may be six. One cannot tell what weather is coming."

"Just so," continued Jock imperturbably, "but travelling as we are now?"

"On the third night you will sleep in comfort in a fine igloo and have fresh seal meat for dinner."

Three days' journey, thought Jock to himself, meant perhaps forty-five miles, for the going was heavy. "And beyond that," he haserded, "there is the sea?"

"Yes, after another day's journey," said Nanook almost carelessly.

"And there one finds many walrus?" Jock's voice had taken on a pitch that was almost genial.

"So it is marked on the map of the lost white man. He has put down the lake and the lake you have already seen, and there are many walrus in Hudson Bay, so no doubt he was right to put them down too. My friend is thirsty for much knowledge."

"Is it strange," hazarded MacTier carelessly, "since we are the first white men who have ever been here except one?"

"Except one," echoed the Husky satirically. "How is it you know that?"

"By the map, of course, that came from here."

"Perhaps the map came from here and perhaps it was made by a man who was here at one time but has since been taken away or else is dead. What promise have I given to find any man?" The tones lifted coldly.

THE heart of Salty Bill sank within him. It was true that Nanook had promised nothing except to guide them to the tribe of whose prisoner he had been told, the tribe for whom magic had been made to their soul's delight. And, just as he began to yield to a dumb despair, Jock's voice came in again with a ring like steel.

"It may be that Nanook knows more than he is saying, and that for his own purpose he has taken our rifles and made us prisoners, and it may be that Nanook is foolish enough to think that a little glory among his own people is great enough to make the punishment that will come seem of small account. But if Nanook is wise, and I think he is wise, he will understand that many white men with their ship cannot be lost without the knowledge of many other white men and that there is no place in the North in which he can hide and escape that which will surely follow. I have spoken."

There followed for an instant only the creaking of the Husky's shoes as he ploughed stolidly on till, with undisguised contempt, his throaty tones sounded again. "I have not said that I am wise, and my friend does not know what else there is that I have not said. Much wealth, even the wealth of five black foxskins, has been offered me, and—"

Suddenly Salty Bill broke in with a frightful oath. "Five black foxskins, you copper-colored traitor. Who's fool enough now to give you that? You'll do damned well if you save your own skin."

"I have often wondered," went on Nanook, apparently undisturbed, "how it is that in the Husky tongue we cannot speak like the captain of a whaling ship. It must be hard work to talk like that and in the North one does not do that which need not be done."

"Oh, go on, Nanook, go on!" snarled the skipper, with bitter irony. "You're holding all the cards now."

"And Nanook does not care for wealth?" Jock's voice was as level as ever.

"Perhaps there is something which is worth more than wealth. You thought that to get what you wanted you only needed to promise me much. It will surprise you, it may be, to find in a few days that even five black foxskins do not count for everything."

AT that Jock relapsed into silence during which his grey eyes scanned the far-flung country in profound thought till, glancing unconsciously at the muffled form of the leading Husky, he realized the significance of that at which he had been staring for hours. This man, too, was clad in the sewn skins of eider duck.

"Caribou," he said suddenly. "Are there no caribou on this island?"

Nanook shook his head. "It is told that many years ago the ground was covered with moss and there were many caribou, and, being an island they could not go south for the winter. But it came that one year at the time when the nights were longest and the weather most cold there was a south wind that got lost and visited this land. With it came a great rain, even in the middle of the winter, and after this much cold, so that the snow which covered the moss was turned into hard ice and the caribou could not break it away to get food. Then they starved and died, big and little, and to-day there is not one left. So that the people of the island looked to the sea for food and clothing."

"Then there is no caribou hide on the island?" said Jock, after a breathless pause.

"There is not enough to make a capote for a child."

Jock mentally chalked up another point in favor of his gradually strengthening surmise that they had indeed landed on the very desert where Henry Rintoul was cabined, for the map which had come so mysteriously home to Dunkeld was traced on the tanned hide of a bear, and not as in the case of hundreds of others of just such drawings, on the softer skin of the omnipresent caribou.

ROUNDING the southern end of the great lake Nanook swung to the west and, after a few miles' detour, struck once more straight north, and it was noon next day when, far ahead there loomed up a black mound whose ragged outlines projected starkly above the gleaming snow. Just before they reached it Nanook pointed complacently and, with a curious light in his eyes, remarked, "Much iron," after which he grinned meaningly.

Thus was added further evidence. It was plain that not only was the map of Henry Rintoul imprinted unforgettably on the mind of the crafty Husky but he was also leading his captives deliberately by just such a route as would most quickly confirm their growing belief that they were nearing the end of their quest. For all of Nanook's equivocation, Sergeant MacTier still refused to believe that the hunter could deliberately set aside the chance of the untold riches which he knew were his for the winning. But why, he marvelled, had they been disarmed, and for what reason was he treated with a care that amounted at times almost to tenderness? If Rintoul were indeed at the end of their journey, would it not have been simpler that Nanook should lead him southward to the cabin and freedom. The more Jock puzzled over this the more involved it seemed till in his brain the riddle became mysteriously connected with that magic of which Nanook swore he had heard and which had been so unexpectedly recreated on the plunging deck of the *Siren*. That Nanook was shrewd he had no cause to doubt, but there filtered into his mind the more discomforting suggestion that there lurked in his baffling intelligence something more dangerous, because more elusive, than shrewdness or even fraud.

It came on the end of the third day that, passing the northern extremity of the great lake which MacTier now reckoned as not less than thirty miles in length, Nanook swung seaward and, paralleling the shore at a little distance, hastened on with increasing speed. Once, far on the western horizon, Jock saw silhouetted in miniature distinction, a gaunt outline and there came down on the wind the long-drawn howl at which the team yelped angrily and thrust forward with redoubled vigor. Just as darkness crept in from the sea, Nanook lifted his hands and pointed.

There, clustered irregularly, where the packed snow was plastered close on the flanks of a low ridge, stretched a group of igloos, their rounded domes showing ivory white against a rise of naked rocks that thrust up between them and the north. Simultaneously from this solitary outpost of humanity came a sharp barking of dogs while, from the mouths of the igloos, there crawled out a series of broad squat forms seemingly half animal, so grotesque was their clumsy exit. After that a mingled stream of shouting men and yelping dogs flowed up hill till the travellers were surrounded by an excited group that babbled in curious high-pitched voices and stared intently at the two white men. But, noted Jock, most of all did they stare at himself.

Gradually, out of this babel the giant grasped at certain nebulous deductions. No immediate harm was intended, for Nanook, it appeared, had brought into camp those for whom the inhabitants had been anxiously waiting. There was triumph in the brown faces, but no menace. They seemed rather those of men from whose shoulders had been lifted anxiety and fear, and who regarded with supreme satisfaction this settlement of some mysterious question. They were big men, observed Jock, bigger than most of the Huskies he had seen. The dogs, too, seemed better bred and stronger. That food was abundant their condition left no doubt, for even without caribou all were sleek and fat. Automatically his mind turned to the thought of escape, but that, he instantly concluded, must stand. For the present he had other work to do.

At a sign from Nanook, the medley of voices was quieted. "Come," he said. His voice carried a touch of mastery.

IN the middle of the group of igloos stood one larger than the rest. Its neatly fitted blocks had been chopped out with extraordinary care, and its smooth and polished dome rose to double the height of those around it. Compared to them its proportions seemed almost ceremonial. Leading into it was a short tunnel, this in turn also more generous and roomy. Nanook's eyes rested on it triumphantly.

"It is yours," he said quietly to MacTier. "It was built for you, and this one who makes such angry talk. Three days ago it was finished, and, knowing that, I brought you here. Do not think," he went on, "that many eyes have not rested on you since the wooden house was made from pieces of your ship, but the wind will blow through a white man's house while it can only jump over the hams of the Husky." He stooped, disappearing with a wriggle of short strong legs.

For a moment Jock stood uncertainly and shot an anxious glance at his companion. Into his spirit had crept that which for a moment submerged it in a sea of uncertainty. What there might be of peril inside these glittering walls he could not even remotely hazard, just as he had failed to interpret the almost fawning care which for the last three days Nanook had lavished on his own person. He began to feel as if he were something sacrificial that was being guarded strenuously against the appointed time. For an instant he wavered, till, his valiant soul stirring within him, he, too, stooped and crawled in.

The interior of the igloo was, perhaps, eighteen feet in clear diameter and the inner curve of its slowly rounded dome rose nine feet above the tightly packed and trampled snow. Across a third of it, in the form of a long segment, there was raised a low platform, and this, too, had been carefully rammed. Over it were spread layers of skins, bear, fox and wolf, a profusion of fur that spelled abundance in these freezing latitudes. From either wall projected a curved strip of whalebone, and, skewered on these, two great masses of fat dripped slowly into flat stone lamps, where a roughly twisted wick burned sluggishly in the bath of oil that was constantly renewed from above. With surprise Jock noted that not only the sleeping bench but the floor itself was covered with skins. He was marvelling at this when, in utter amazement, he saw through the murky atmosphere three wooden boxes piled one over the other.

"They are yours," said Nanook genially. "I sent for them because perhaps a man who makes magic will have no place in his stomach for raw meat. As for the one who makes strong words, it does not matter."

"And to-morrow?" said Jock quietly as ever.

Nanook smiled coldly. "Why does my friend ask? There will be so many to-morrows that one does not make any difference. But I will tell you now that to-morrow night the men of the tribe will come to this igloo and you will make magic for their pleasure."

It was on the tip of Bill's tongue to speak out when Jock glanced at him warningly. "The magic is then dead in this tribe?" he said to Nanook.

The hunter nodded. "I do not say whether it is dead or not, but when I came here many days ago they told me that since last summer it had been growing sick and weak, so that a child could take it without moving even its eyelids. There is now much need for new magic and it will be well to make it strong."

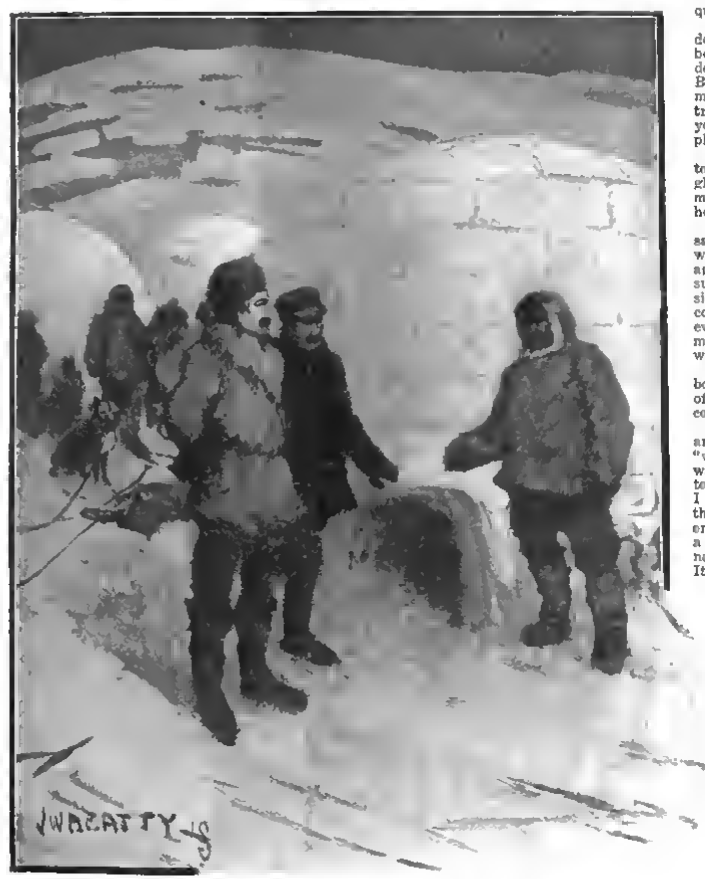
"Does Nanook think that it is born in my stomach and flows out of my arms?" asked MacTier coolly.

"It is not many nights ago," answered the hunter blandly, "when he who makes hot words was sleeping soundly that I went to the ship. Among many things I did understand I found one thing I did not understand, and once when I touched it there was a very little magic and after that not any more. So I brought it. It is well," he added with a veiled threat in his voice, "that once more you waken the spirit in this box." And with that he lifted a robe and revealed the shining lid of the battery.

Salty Bill breathed sharply, but Jock stood silent and motionless while a grim humor slowly found birth within him. Nanook wanted magic and he should get it.

THE minute the hunter's heels vanished into the tunnel, the seaman stepped forward and picked up his precious toy. Testing it he found that all was in order, and his big fingers lingered lovingly

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Nanook's eyes rested on it triumphantly. "It is yours," he said to MacTier.

The Final Touches

Training the Canadian Officers in England For the Front

By Arthur Beverley Baxter

THREE years ago he stood in the teller's cage at a bank and counted out money. He was nice looking, routine fed and lacking in ambition. He was liked by women, but was not considered a good match by mothers, though he danced well and belonged to two clubs. He was popular with many, with the negative popularity gained by lack of aggressiveness in his personality. The head office once inquired of his manager as to his capabilities for promotion.

The manager wrote, "He is a decent enough young fellow, but that is about all that can be said of him." He remained a teller.

A few weeks ago he led his platoon in the horrible muddy attack on the Bellevue Spur, the objective that the gallant Anzacs and Imperials had failed to attain. The Germans threw them back, but the Canadians went at it again, and by the awful elimination process he found himself in command of his company. In the mud that sucked him down until his shoulders were barely free he took his company to victory; but "the decent enough young fellow" is just one more gentleman of Canada whose work is done and who sleeps in the soil his blood has helped to dehver.

There is no desire on my part to be melodramatic over the incident. As a matter of fact anything less theatrical or more lacking dramatic finish could hardly be conceived of war than the picture of those grotesque, mud-caked figures squirming and grovelling towards a battered ridge of ground that G.H.Q. had ordered to be taken.

Any one of us can recall a score of similar cases if we but turn to the scrap books of our memories—clerks who were shabbily genteel, dilettantes whose greatest care were their clothes and their finger nails, hundreds of them all going to swell the total of the polite commonplace.

To the thinking man it must be apparent that there is a discrepancy—an incongruity between the picture of the initiative-lacking bank clerk and the lieutenant who led the attack on the Bellevue Spur. Writers who can reduce anything to a sentence have stated that "a potential hero lurks in every man." It is a generalization that is partly true but, like all generalizations, more euphonious than accurate. Potential heroism is in every man, but so also is caution mingling with the powerful instinct of self defence born into any living thing. Potentially a man is both a hero and a coward, but Sir Arthur Currie knows that by the time an officer reaches his Expeditionary Force the chances of his being a coward are negligible.



Enjoying a respite from a route march

What is the missing equation? What magic carpet bridges the distance between the "decent enough young fellow" and the hero? Without doing an injustice to the superb manhood that the mothers of Canada had reared, I maintain that the answer can be summed up in a single word, "training."

LET me create a hypothesis. Suppose ing five hundred young men from civilian life — courageous, clean living, healthy specimens — were put into the front line trenches without preparation. Let them be subjected to a forty-eight hour bombardment of H.E.'s, Minnies, Rum Jars, Whizz-Bangs and all the rest of Old Bill's strangely named missiles of death. Let them hear the oft-repeated cry of "stretcher"—serve them their rations while the groans of the wounded and the silence of the dead combine to grip and chill the heart strings—then order them to attack at grisly dawn. Many of them would be unable to mount the parapet (and they would not be cowards) — some would falter half way across and many who would not hesitate would become so madly excited that cohesion of effort would be out of the question.

In that body of men there would be four hundred and fifty who were endowed by nature with the makings of brave soldiers (the ten per cent. of impossibilities we always have with us), but they would lack one thing and, therefore, would be useless—training or discipline. The terms are synonomous. Given training every one of that four hundred and fifty would have made the assault and given way only when down with wounds. Let that be emphasized—EVERY man.

The army system is founded on a deep-rooted and age-long knowledge of human nature. It is the most stupendous transforming machine of all time. It has flaws (Heaven forbid that after two years in the C.E.F. I should pretend that I think it is perfection), but its imperfections do not alter its basic thoroughness.



Three Canadian officers at Bexhill

Twelve officers who were taking an engineering course in England were digging a trench. It was the third day of the course and few of the officers had known each other previously, but when that sweetest of commands was heard, "break off for ten minutes' smoke," they gathered around and chatted amiably. One of them, being of a philosophical turn of mind, said: "This is truly an extraordinary democracy, isn't it? Here we are digging away each man without the least idea as to the identity of his nearest neighbor and without any curiosity. Each of us is a Canadian officer, but it doesn't alter the fact that before the war we must have been something."

It was a weak ending; but it requires real courage to go into the abstract with a group of healthy young Canadians whose hands are newly blistered from contact with shovel-handles. One of his auditors smiled.

"Call the roll," he said, "from the right. Each man say what he was in civil life."

Like the rat-tat of machine guns the laconic answers came:

Lawyer;
Bank clerk;
Commercial traveller;
Farmer;
Bookkeeper;
Lumber;
Varsity Arts;
Preacher;
Rancher;
Journalist;
Drug clerk.

"Come on that twelfth man."

A very young officer blushed, then blurted out, "I was in High School at Ottawa."

"Good Heavens, how old are you?"

"Eighteen—in four months."

I made a note of the occupations at the time for I was the tenth officer (I deemed my spasmodic appearence in MACLEAN'S entitled me to the rank of journalist). The answers indicate something of the enormous task of the army system. They also show some of the results of army training. I refer to the candour of each man. Grant me another hypothesis—supposing that same group of men were at a summer resort in Canada. The lawyer would be admitted to a junior partnership in some legal firm; the commercial traveller would have become a sales-manager, the drug clerk would have been either wholesale drugs or he would have hinted vaguely at a retail drug combine of which he was the pivoting star, the farmer—no, I think the farmer would not have denied his calling, had he been dining at Buckingham Palace.

WHEN troops arrive from Canada they are sent to reserve battalions at the various camps in England such as Shornchiffe, Bramshott, Seaford, etc. A reserve battalion reinforces one or more battalions in the line, consequently it various in strength according to the supply of new troops from Canada. As far as possible it is arranged that Ontario battalions in France are reinforced from Ontario troops. This, of course, applies to all districts of Canada with the exception of the troops from Quebec. The gallant little band of French-Canadians who could hear the double call of France and England have not been given support from home and must, of course, be reinforced by troops from other provinces. *En passant* Drummond would have found a golden store-house of color and "copy" in the history of the 22nd French-Canadian Battalion. I cannot resist relating one story I heard from Major Holland, V.C.

There was a review of the Canadian troops behind the line, a couple of years ago. The various battalions were formed up *en masse*, and as the inspecting General rode slowly down the line, the Colonel of each battalion gave the general salute. As most of the battalions were affiliated with militia regiments at home, they kept their militia as well as their overseas standing. The Colonel of the 22nd was on his horse when he heard a short distance away the order:—

"Third Battalion—Queen's Own Rifles—General Salute—Present Arms!"

The French-Canadian Colonel shrugged his shoulders. A few moments later he heard the stentorian voice of his nearest battalion commander,

"24th Battalion—Victoria Rifles—General Salute—Present Arms!"

It was too much for the worthy Franco-Canuck. As the General approached there was a gleam in the Colonel's eye. He turned towards his men and ripped out the command:

"22nd Battalion — with Rose Rifles — General Salute—Pree-ee sent Airms!"

Space and the nature of this article make any further stories of the gallant 22nd impossible, but it would be a large book that could hold the quaint and amusing tales surrounding this little band of French-Canadian patriots.

THE reserve battalion system has been a success for the men, but not so much for the officers. In some cases the surplus number of officers arriving from Canada made the organization unwieldy. In other reserves the training of the men was being done by specialists and the officers found themselves without serious duties or responsibilities. Certain reserves were excellently administered, but the necessity of a training school for officers became more and more apparent. The Canadian Military School at Crowborough had been doing a certain amount of this work, but finally Lt.-Col. A. C. Critchley, D.S.O., Commandant of the Corps School in France, was given command of the Canadian Training School for the purpose of qualifying cadets from France for their commissions and of giving a final polishing-up to all infantry officers from Canada on their way to France. The school came to life in March, 1917.

The success of this institution has been one of the spectacular features of Canada's overseas forces. Major-General Edgerton, C.B., Chief Inspector of British Forces in England, reported of the school as follows:

"I have no hesitation in saying that nowhere in my life have I seen better or more accurate drill, handling of arms or parade discipline. It was extraordinarily good." That was the comment of an Imperial officer on the Canadians, once supposed to be the least disciplined troops of the Empire.

Colonel Hersey, one of the vanguard of the U.S.A. army, inspected the school in June, 1917. "Had I not seen for myself," he reported officially, "I could never have believed that men from the same continent as ourselves could be imbued with such keenness and cheerfulness in drill and work. This school has been an inspiration to me and has given me a basis upon which to model any instruction necessary for our own expeditionary force."

Just one more extract from an official report by Field Marshal Viscount French: "This school in particular is a model of what such an institution should be."

These officers are not given to lavishing praise at any time. Their tributes are crisp military appreciations of an excellent military institution.

IN the army, as in civil life, most successful institutions are dominated by one personality. The C.T.S. is a huge success and although many able and clever officers comprise its staff, one man is responsible for the whole thing. That man is Lt.-Col. Critchley, D.S.O., who came overseas as a lieutenant with the Strathcona Horse, and is not yet twenty-eight years of age. He was in the trenches far two years, he was intelligense officer and subsequently Brigade-Major of the 7th brigade, he was wounded three times and he won the D.S.O. for gallantry combined with work well done.



Theatricals at Bexhill—The "ladies" are all officers dressed as girls.

Frankly—from a journalistic standpoint—Lt.-Col. Critchley is "good copy." He is spectacular, always. Of tall, athletic build and an unusually magnetic personality he seizes the imagination and inspires a loyalty that has a certain amount of hero worship about it. After an hour with "Critch," as he is called by all ranks (when he isn't present), one need not be told where he comes from. The only country that produces men of his type is western Canada. He is frequently spoken of as the finest parade ground soldier in the Canadian Army and his wounded stripes and record in France vouch for his ability and gallantry as a soldier in the firing line.

It might be said that other lands than Canada produce excellent soldiers, but where the Western Canadian element comes in is the fact that "Critch" pitches for the staff baseball team, referees the boxing bouts, and when Bexhill played against Shornchiffe rugby team with the immortal Sammy Manson of Hamilton on the half back line, Critchley played a rattling good game on the school wing line. Bexhill is an enigma to the Eng-

lish. Nowhere is discipline more rigidly enforced and yet when this red-tabbed commandant, who wielded such a sceptre of power on parade, pitched against a company of junior officers, the air resounded with a mighty roar from the side lines:

"Take him out!"

"He's got a glass eye!"

"He's got a wooden arm!"

It is a paradox that the English can't quite fathom—but Hindenburg finds the same difficulty.

No successful enterprise is without its critics and Bexhill with its ultra smartness, its ceremonial precision, and its adherence to the traditions of the army as followed by famous Guards regiments, has inspired a certain amount of opposition from officers who believe that smartness and efficiency in training are unnecessary, providing the student-at-arms has knowledge. These officers belong to that school that returns salutes with a touch of their canes to their hats, who reprimand a man for not having his hair cut and at the same time look like impressionistic artists. Without actually saying it they argue that there is a different standard for officers and men—and in this Critchley agrees with them, only he works on the principle that whatever is demanded of a man, twice that must be expected of an officer.

Sir Julian Byng offered Critchley command of the corps school in France when Critchley was twenty-six years of age—and Byng has an uncanny habit of always picking the right man for the job.



During the day the officers carry on as all intents and purposes as privates.

LATER when Lt.-Col Critchley created the Canadian Training School at Bexhill for cadets and officers, he presented certain demands to Headquarters. He argued that officers must be trained under congenial surroundings. There should be opportunity for recreation and mental diversion and the niceties of an officers' mess (as far as it was possible with so large a number) should be observed. Headquarters asked him where such a paradise could be found and Critchley named one of England's beauty spots—"Bexhill-on-Sea." Accordingly the huge Metropole Hotel was denuded of its furniture and became the headquarters for the school. Having secured the necessary additional buildings, he then gathered about him a staff of N.C.O's and officers, most of whom had won their spurs at the front, and proceeded to put into practice one of the cardinal principles of his life—mental energy is inseparable from physical energy.

He knew he had two elements to handle—the man from France who was qualifying for a commission and who had lost most of his illusions in the mud of Flanders, and the officer from Canada whose training has been broken into by the exigencies of recruiting and who was showing unmistakeable signs of being "fed up." Opposite causes had produced the same results in both cases. It became the rule of the school that, while attending the course, all officers and cadets should be formed into different companies and during the day were to carry on to all intents and purposes as privates. The instructors were officers and N.C.O's of the staff. During work the student had to obey the N.C.O. and he wore a web belt like a private soldier. In the evening he resumed the wearing of his Sam Browne belt and if he belonged to a mounted unit he was allowed to wear his spurs. The N.C.O. who had ridden him all day saluted him at night.

Every morning between six and six thirty (coffee and biscuits are served at six twenty) the entire school, including the officers on the staff, do physical training of a very strenuous description. The instructors in P.T and B.F (bayonet fighting) are a group of N.C.O.'s who seem to sleep all night on electric dynamos and who go at their work with a sort of Dervish frenzy when the morning comes. I remember my first morning very well. He was a tall dark young savage and was known as "Slim." When he surveyed us he seemed to go insane with energy. His commands came with the rapidity of machine-gun fire—between them ran a running commentary on us and life in general that must have been funny because he seemed to enjoy it so much (now that several months have elapsed I think it was funny as well). During all this he would dance around and strike sudden postures like a goblin running amuck, his commands coming like pistol shots:

"In two ranks. Fall in (he really said 'f'lin') heads backwards; one—two right dress—in two-o-o-os shuah (we obediently try to number, but—well, try it yourself at six-thirty in the morning and see if you don't get mixed up). That's all right, gentlemen—if you didn't make mistakes there wouldn't be any need for my brains (a jump into the air and then an attitude). Open ranks—march—pick up your dresses, gentlemen, I mean dressing. Don't smile so hard, gentlemen. It hurt's my feelings. Arms swinging upwards—one—wake up, sir, none of that Kamerad stuff here, please—two—reform ranks. March. Left turn, brace your legs, gentlemen, and make an exercise of it—double march. Left, right, left, right—heads up, chests out—come on, sir, this isn't a fox trot (we run on and on by the side of the sea while the glorious sun rises higher into the heavens). Class—halt! Sit down—get up! (This is given as a single command, the observance of which brings home some of the horrors of war). Move, gentlemen—first man over that fence and back—Go! (We hurdle or sprawl over a four-foot fence and light impotently into a luxuriance of thistles from which we spring up and rehurl ourselves back in the hope that we will get back before the arch-demon singles us out for publicity.) In two ranks—f'lin—not quite so much posing, gentlemen, and a little more action—we don't go in for Venuses here—at least not during drill. On the hands down (this is solid torture). On the left hand turn O-O-O-O-One (we contemplate murder or suicide or both)."

How we hated him and how we hated the army. And what a breakfast we ate after a plunge in the ocean at seven o'clock! And after a week what a glow of health came into every man's cheeks. "I want to clear away the cobwebs from your bodies and brains," said Colonel Critchley. "Slim" certainly accounted for his share of the cobwebs. Here's to you, "Slim." I have never known the Commandant to miss the P.T. parade unless he was out of town. Once "Slim" was away—we were congratulating ourselves when the Colonel took us instead. That night we prayed humbly for the return of "Slim."

TROOPS march at one hundred and twenty steps to the minute. The Canadian Training School at Bexhill marches at 150 to 160. In Bexhill you are made to step out and walk fast.

"Gentlemen," said Critchley, early in the course, with a characteristic contraction of his shoulders, "when I look into your eyes some of you seem mentally dead. Wake up—God, I hate a dead man, and when you salute, for the love of Mike, salute! Don't scratch your ear or touch your cap with your finger. There is only one salute for officer and man alike, and it is this (like everything else he does, it was well done). Saluting is a nuisance if you make it so, therefore, salute every chance you get. Enjoy it."

He hammered saluting into us until Bexhill-on-Sea was one vast saluting base—across the street—on the promenade—one could hear all day the stamping of the feet as cadets and officers gave and returned their salutes. There was energy and enthusiasm about it that was remarkable. Officers noted each others' salutes and criticized them as one woman will do to another's gown.

Bayonet fighting was carried on by the demon instructors mentioned before "Slim" and his cohorts made us see blood and when we attacked the dummies we yelled like maniacs. I have seen hundreds of English sea side visitors stand awestruck as a company of cadets shortbridled, long jabbed and generally made mincemeat of a row of dummies representing a similar number of Germans.

"You've got to be crazy to do bayonet fighting," said "Slim," "and the idea is to scare Fritz to death by shouting at him. Now, then. This line, GO—Ah! (the shout was terrific). Very good, gentlemen. Wipe the blood off your bayonets and make room for the next line."

In the afternoon we took "engineering." It sounded well, but in reality we carried picks and shovels, wearing fatigue pants and shirt, and we dug trenches, revetted them, installed bath mats filled sand bags and built parapets, etc., under the guidance of engineer officers and N.C.O.'s from the front. Each platoon of officers or cadets had one of their number according to roster acting as sergeant and one as platoon officer. This applied to all drill and engineering. In short, we learned to do the work of a private, and the work of a N.C.O.—and being an officer is knowing how to get the best out of your N.C.O's and men.

The work was hard and I still think the hours of training were too long considering the speed at which the work was conducted. Our morning was from 6.30 to 12.30, and the afternoon from 1.50 to 5.30. Subsequently these hours were shortened and I think, wisely. I have not time to go further into the training of the school, but can merely state that the usual subjects of map reading, outposts, etc., received full attention.

THE success of the school however, cannot be described in concrete terms. Any institution can give instruction in the same subjects as the C.T.S. but its unique strength and achievement lies in the intangible result of "spirit" which every one must receive. Sports are encouraged. The school has its own magazine. It has its Pierrot troupe and usually has a wealth of material to choose from for both things. Dances are held and the school has a band to play when necessary. In everything the Commandant is an enthusiastic participant or observer—usually a participant.

During the course I attended we were addressed and inspected by Field-Marshal Viscount French, Lt.-General Currie, Lt.-General Turner and General MacDonell (two days after he had taken Hill 70). All of them made us feel that a commission in the Canadian corps was something to be proud of. Lt.-Col. Critchley's aim could be summed up in a few words.

"I have no patience," he once said, "with the civilian soldier idea. You were civilians once, gentlemen, and you gave up everything to enlist. Very good—you are soldiers now. For Heaven's sake be real soldiers then. It is going to be your privilege very soon to take command of a platoon in the line. You have got to measure up, for the Canadian troops are the finest soldiers in the war to-day. The Canadian corps is the most formidable fighting unit of its size in any army. You have traditions already made—it is for you to maintain them, and when the opportunity arrives enhance them."

Then he lectured us on leadership and the following notes are taken at random from the speech. Let any one study these points carefully and he will see something of the stimulating and ennobling effect of the Canadian Training School at Bexhill-on-Sea.

"Your men are your mirror. Their appearance and actions will show if you are a good or a poor officer.

"Set the personal example in all things. Know all about your men and make their interests yours. Be loyal and exact in loyalty.

"When you receive orders from higher authority do not treat them lightly. They must be pushed through with all the authority back of you.

"Accept the blame when things go wrong. Don't blame your N.C.O's.

"Discipline is self control reduced to a habit.

"Think of your men first and when there is nothing more to be done for them, think of yourself.

"To accomplish anything, determination and intensity of purpose are necessary. If you start something, finish it.

"Teach your men everything that will help to make them efficient, and which may prove of use to them at the front in any eventuality—

"Tell them.

"Show them.

"Make them do it.

"To be a successful officer at the front you must possess skill, endurance, determination, courage, cunning, confidence.

"Skill means the application of knowledge—for the soldier how to handle his weapons—for the officer how to handle his men.

"Endurance means that your brain and your body are in perfect condition as regards your work. Without endurance you may fail at the critical moment.

"Determination—if you are given a job to do, push it to a completion with every ounce of energy and intelligence you possess. Let nothing deflect you from your purpose.

"Courage—a few men are born brave and few born cowardly. Most are born prudent, and these are generally the most reliable. If you possess skill, determination and endurance, courage usually follows.

"Cunning means the use of all the brains you possess. It is no use being brave if you are not cunning and outthink as well as out-fight the Boche. Give Fritz the credit for the cleverest idea under the circumstances, then go one better.

"Confidence—mutual confidence between officers and men is vital. Be a man—treat your men like men and you will create a personal prestige among them.

"Be cheerful, kindly, considerate and jealous of everything that pertains to the welfare of those under your command.

"Be strict, but just."

THAT is Critchley's creed. He believes in the personal example as a man—it runs in the family. The father and three

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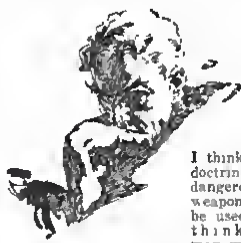
Labor Will Unmask the Kaiser

By Agnes C. Laut

Who wrote "The Canadian Commonwealth," "Lords of the North," etc.

Illustrated by Special Designs

EDITOR'S NOTE—*In the course of the articles she has been doing recently for* MACLEAN'S, *Miss Laut has shown the importance that labor conditions have assumed in relation to the winning of the war. In fact, she has demonstrated that the war can be won only by the most intelligent co-ordination of the labor-power of the Allied countries. In the accompanying article it is shown that many of the difficulties which have arisen in the United States are being smoothed away and that the organization of man-power, for the production of food and the building of ships, is proceeding along more efficient and cordial lines. Conditions in Canada are closely related to those in the United States and the article relates very closely therefore to what is happening, or must happen, in Canada—a way to turn is indicated.*



WE are all of us pretty heartily cursing shirt-sleeve diplomacy of the Trotzky-Bolsheviki brand, which betrayed an ignorant Russian peasantry into a sham peace and gave a tigerish conqueror free entrance through an unarmed door to an undefended land, but there is more in the Bolsheviki propaganda both here and in Russia than diplomats are shouting through a megaphone from house tops. Bolshevikism is the most dangerous double-edged weapon that diplomacy ever took into its crafty skilful hands. The Kaiser has played it as his ace in Russia, but is President Wilson planning to trump that ace? I am aware I have mixed three metaphors in one paragraph; but President Wilson will have mixed more than metaphors. He will have mixed the Kaiser's plots to utter rout and confusion, if he uses Bolshevikism for the ends to which his friends say he is aiming. He will have undermined and defeated the most cunning state-craft of all history with a presence almost clairvoyant. Personally, I think the doctrine too dangerous a weapon to be used. I think it may wound the hand that wields it, as it has given Russia almost a death wound, as it is endeavoring under cover of pacifism to wound and hamper this country in every step of the war; but what you think or I think, does not matter in this war. Facts are all that count, and if Wilson defeats Germany with Bolsheviki agents, our hats may not be off to the I.W.W.'s—the name by which we know the strange cult in this country—but our hats will be off to Wilson diplomacy as the deepest and wisest in the history of the world.

I first met the Bolshevist doctrine, or the I.W.W. propaganda, during a strike on the Canadian Northern in Fraser River Canyon. The men were young. They were amazingly young. They were

90% foreign and they were 100% fanatically sincere in their aims, and their aims were not graft. What staggered me—it was a new thing in the labor world—these men were not striking for higher wages and shorter hours. They were not a labor union in any sense of the word. They were as hostile to the labor unions as the labor unions were to them. They were "the shovel stiffs," the scum, the rag-tag and bob-tail, the dregs of the labor world; and they prided themselves on it; and they shouted their pride to the very mountain peaks. "As the marble edifice stands on a foundation of stone, and the stone rests on muck and mud and hard pan below, so we are the scum of the earth beneath society's foundations, and by ——, you are going to wake up some morning and find your fine edifice called 'civilization' has toppled down because the scum has slipped out from under," said one of the leaders to me.

And that is exactly what has happened in Russia.



THE speaker was a boy not more than twenty-four years of age. He believed what he was saying—passionately believed; and what is more, it was true. I saw that boy, for whom the detectives of British Columbia were hunting, three days later slip under their noses up at Yale and escape East.

"We are not striking for shorter hours and higher pay," screamed a soap-box orator in Vancouver to an unwashed mob. "When we get eight hours we'll demand six. When we get six, we'll demand four. We're demanding $3 a day now; but when we get $3, we'll demand $4; and when we get $4 a day, we'll demand $4 an hour for a two-hour day. We'll stop every industrial wheel on earth going 'round; and when all industry stops we'll go in and take. *We're not fighting for the right to work. We're fighting to take from those who have, and hand it over to those who haven't.*"

And that is exactly what happened in Mexico.

Later in their private office, when I asked this orator if he realized that when he passed a certain dead-line of "take," there wouldn't be any capital left, or industry either, he burst into a joyous laugh—"Of course, we realize. That's what we are aiming at. To demand such wages and hours we'll peacefully expropriate all possessions"; and he pointed to a mutilated text on the walls—"The earth and the fulness thereof shall be ours."

But when I drew his attention to the fact that "the earth and the fulness thereof" were not worth one continental jim-jam to fill a hungry stomach unless somebody went out and with persistent elbow grease spaded and delved for food, his doctrine grew vague, just as food is growing vaguer and vaguer to-day in Russia, and will grow vaguer and vaguer with us unless we counteract these drugged and poisonous doctrines.

"More — more — more — men! Keep in mind that thought of always demanding more," shouted a longshoreman organizer here in the East at a labor convention not six months ago.

The natural result of the doctrine Canada has experienced in a road, whose costs so far exceeded estimates that the people of Canada have had to take the road over and pay the costs of dancing to the piping of this "I-Won't-Work" boy.

Skip ahead now six years! The I.W.W. doctrine, which was a ripple on the wave of a freak Pacific Coast agitation, has gathered impetus and rolled across the corn and wheat fields of the Middle West. It has percolated through the factories of the East. It has taught men how to put sand in the wheels of fine machines, how "to cook explosives" so they won't go off, or go off at the wrong time. It has asked farm hands what is the good of working so hard? Finally, it trickled down into the gutters of New York's foreign-born East Side, where a young Russian soap-box orator without a penny in the world, without, in fact, much soap or water, but a certain greasy passionate fluency, rides the current of a movement that has now become a world tidal wave. The East Side New York orator's name is Trotzky.

Skip ahead now, not six years, but six months! The East Side New York agitator has just fled for his life from Petrograd because the German army is advancing and his own people are awakening with sullen fury ready to tear him limb from limb because he has betrayed his nation with a Judas kiss of peace to a crucifying conqueror. This time the scene is shifted to Moscow. I quote snatches of dispatches, which began the description of the French Revolution:

"Here are many ruined landowners who escaped from their plundered and pillaged estates. Here are officers in hundreds driven from the front by their soldiers. Here is a very miscellaneous throng of men and women who have found the results of slow labor of years crumble away in their hands, who have lost their occupations, who have now no use for their talents. . . . I walk down the street and listen to cries of the news vendors and see a young officer without shoulder straps shamefacedly offering for sale a cheap evening paper. There are scores of such officers now selling papers in the streets of Moscow. . . . This suffering would be a minor thing if the prosperity of the working classes were secured, but with the factories gradually closing down, unemployment is steadily increasing. . . . Never have bribery and corruption attained such colossal dimensions as now, and there are all kinds of fantastic ways of making money. . . . Moscow is a city of refuge, but life is continually haunted by vague and monstrous fears. Is there any security or hope anywhere in Russia? 'Whither shall I flee from the wrath and the terror?' is the cry of the helpless and distracted. . . . Refuge there is none. The process of destruction must work itself out. This strange anarchy is sweeping from end to end of Russia, overthrowing all temporary barriers, all halting opportunist attempts at reconstruction, wrecking theories, traditions, and habits, and creating a wilderness. . . . I find that most thinking men in Moscow have thrown aside all illusions and are indisposed even to attempt palliative measures. *They say the masses must learn through bitter experience what Bolshevist Socialism means. They must drink the cup to the dregs.*'

Can any good come out of such an accursed doctrine? Germany has used such agents to bedevil American shipyards, to hamper the lumber mills, to delay aeroplanes and ships. Can the United States use such agencies to undermine the Hohenzollern throne? Personally, to use an expression of childhood, I do not believe you ever gain much by whipping the devil round a stump. Sooner or later, you must meet the gentleman and down him, or be dawned by him; and while the I.W.W. may be an agency by which the Kaiser works out his own ruin, the I.W.W. are only a small fraction of the working world—the world of willing hands that must raise crops and dig mines and build ships for the fighters; and the workman has to-day entered into the diplomacy of the war in a deeper and subtler sense. We may as well dig out the fact and look squarely at it, for it presages a change in the status of labor for all time to come in the history of the world. It presages the first crack in the ground beneath the security of autocracy's throne. It may presage that Brotherhood of Man, which prophets foretold in a millennium, and which modern poets have sung as a far-off Utopia in a golden future. And we are all going to be a little criss-crossed and provoked as we dig down to the fact. You don't have to be much of a miner to know that you often have to spade through muck before you reach the yellow metal. It is the same on the entry of labor in the arena of world diplomacy as the final arbiter of the war.

To Have More Coal More Miners Needed

Production of anthracite must be further increased. Last year shipments exceeded 77,000,000 tons, nearly ten million tons more than ever before. The industry did its part well, but the high record output has proved insufficient to meet enormously enlarged war-made demands.

More labor is essential now. The industry is short-handed. It has only 152,000 mine workers on against 177,000 in 1916. Highest wage scales ever known in the hard coal regions are being paid. At least 25,000 additional men can have continuous full time work under most favorable conditions.

The mining operations are developed sufficiently to enable an immediate increase in production could the necessary labor be had. The anthracite operators realize that abnormal weather and railroad congestion has curtailed the present supply, but are keenly alive to meet the new enlarged and imperative demand for coal. They work now to supply consumers for all essential requirements. At the same time, looking to the future, they aim through larger productions to meet the changed conditions.

If the coal supply is to be increased every citizen should lend his support to the thought that the labor force in Pennsylvania's anthracite region be maintained and increased.

General Committee of Anthracite Operators

This advertisement demonstrates the seriousness of the labor problem.

As I said at the beginning of this article we have all pretty heartily cursed the radical Russian reds. We have demanded why with the radical reds looting American banks over there, why in the name of common sense, recognize their fool-government of pacifists and anarchists? And first the American State Department declared it would not recognize such a government, and then it reversed itself and said it would. And first the Allied Council declared no more credits should be advanced to a nation repudiating its honor and its debts; and then the Allied Council turned itself inside out and weakly conceded it might continue to advance such support.

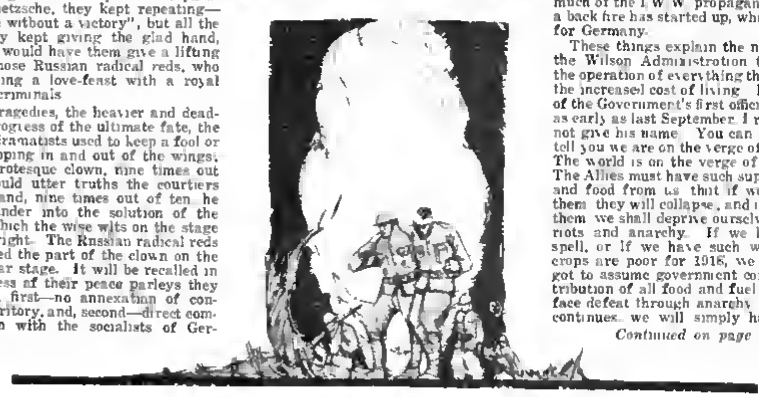
I think it was at this stage that most of us reached the point where all the high explosives in us went off loud and hard in the direction of Wilson and Lansing and Lloyd George. Wilson and Lansing and Lloyd George couldn't explain. To paraphrase Nietzsche, they kept repeating—"No peace without a victory", but all the same they kept giving the glad hand, where we would have them give a lifting kick, to those Russian radical reds, who were holding a love-feast with a royal house of criminals.

In old tragedies, the heavier and deadlier the progress of the ultimate fate, the more old dramatists used to keep a fool or clown slapping in and out of the wings; and the grotesque clown, nine times out of ten, could utter truths the courtiers couldn't; and, nine times out of ten, he would blunder into the solution of the tragedy which the wise wits on the stage could not right. The Russian radical reds have played the part of the clown on the modern war stage. It will be recalled in the progress of their peace parleys they demanded, first—no annexation of conquered territory, and, second—direct communication with the socialists of Germany. Now, if there is one reason more than another why the royal house of Germany forced this war, it was to crush the rising tidal wave of socialism. If there is one way more than another that the royal house has held the loyalty of German socialists it is by the pious oft-repeated blasphemy that Germany is not fighting for conquest but to save her existence, and if there is one way more than another that the royal house has stifled and throttled the mad cry for peace it is by the pious mendacity that the blood guilt rested on the other nations, who would not grant peace.



AND here were the Russian reds—the clowns of diplomacy—dingle dangling peace under the nose of the German socialists, offering it, proffering it, urging it! No denying—here was peace offered on a plate! The Emperor William must have cursed those boors for stripping his most plausible lie naked by a clown's blunder. Then, great eats! That fool demand to get out of the conquered Baltic provinces! (You see, Germany had been fighting for her existence, not for conquest.)

As for opening direct communication with the socialists of Germany, do you see Emperor William deliberately sitting down on a keg of high explosives? Why, he refused to permit freed German prisoners to come back to the Fatherland with any taint of the accursed doctrine. The fools had not only stripped his pious lies and blasphemies naked, they had stripped him naked. They had shown a royal hand—though wilted and palsied—shedding German blood in rivers and bluffing off peace purely for conquest; and it may be said right here that *the reaction on the morale of German socialism has opened a wider chasm in the Emperor's plans than all the defeats and victories of the firing line.* The red flag dreaded by him above all thing is rising Phœnix fashion from the fires in which he thought he had burned it. The Emperor for the first time is forming alliance with his leading socialists. Germany knows she can never win a complete victory, however long she may stall the Western line. She knows her industry and her commerce are in total ruins for a hundred years. Once South America is alienated, she knows—and every commercial expert in her bounds knows—*she will not have a market left in the whole world*, and her people are longing desperately for peace, and here are the Russian reds saying "Here is peace! Take it! Why don't you?" Why not, indeed? *The clown among world diplomats has come nearer knocking off Emperor William's crown than all the bloodshed, or all the heavy guns.*



Do you see now why, though Wilson and Lloyd George keep on repeating "no peace without victory," they also keep the glad hand out to the Russian reds? Do you see why they first said they would not extend more credits, and then reversed themselves and said they would? Do you recall what first broke Napoleon? It was a great inchoate mass of Slavs in rabble retreat round Moscow. Moscow cracked Napoleon's morale, just as the Russian reds are cracking the German socialists' morale, and the clown is skipping in and out of the wings as the tragedy nears the inevitable.

Germany is counting on food from Russia. How much surplus food do you think Russia will raise this year, with the peasants glutting themselves in plunder—passionately believing and practising the doctrines of the "I-Won't-Works?" And though Russia presents little resistance to a conqueror, Germany's fighting line has been lengthened one thousand miles by the necessity to invade the Old Empire. When Napoleon was asked about Moscow he used to answer that two things defeated him—one was the climate; the other was the distance.

Also, though nothing is being said of it in the press, if you will recall the names of American socialists and labor leaders of international fame, *you will find every single one is very busily employed just now on official business down in the State Department.* Mrs. Norman Whitehouse, the suffrage leader, on her way to Switzerland for Creel's Bureau of Information, is very favorably known to suffrage leaders in Germany. Wilson has been blamed for calling federal prosecutions off the striking miners in Arizona. Some of these strike leaders are now on their way across Siberia to Russia and Germany — Germany undoubtedly financed much of the I.W.W. propaganda here, but a back fire has started up, which is headed for Germany.

These things explain the new policy of the Wilson Administration to take over the operation of everything that can affect the increased cost of living. Listen to one of the Government's first officials speaking as early as last September. I regret I must not give his name. You can guess it. "I tell you we are on the verge of a precipice. The world is on the verge of a precipice. The Allies must have such supplies of coal and food from us that if we don't send them they will collapse, and if we do send them we shall deprive ourselves and have riots and anarchy. If we have a cold spell, or if we have such weather that crops are poor for 1918, we have either got to assume government control of distribution of all food and fuel supplies or face defeat through anarchy. If the war continues, we will simply have to take

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The Tale of the Joyful Jane

A Motoring and Golf Story

By A. C. Allenson

Who wrote "By the Tip of an Eyelash," etc

Illustrated by Charles L. Wrenn



There was a splash and a jet of water shot forward, concealing the ball for a moment.

THE feud between the Corries and the Jordans was a two-generation affair. It began about a scrap of land and a well. The Corries owned all the hamlet-town of Carsdale except for a fifty-acre farm that belonged to the Jordans and was situated under the aristocratic nose of the farmers' mansion.

When the Corries took the air on their veranda, and cast their eyes over their broad acres, there was the trumpery storey-and-a-half farmhouse, with its unsightly outbuildings, marring the foreground of the landscape.

George Jordan refused to sell and thus enable Mr. Corrie to abate the nuisance of plebeian proximity. When the Kaiser of Carsdale could not get what he wanted by negotiation, he tried force and arms. The *casus belli* was the well on the strip of land. Corrie claimed both, figuring that Jordan's pugnacity would land him in a fight that would lead him to more accommodating views, or a sheriff's sale. He guessed right, in parts. Jordan did fight, and, in the end, won. It meant a heavy mortgage on the little farm, and for many a long day the Jordans went without many desirable things to eat and wear. But ultimately they came through the stress, right side up.

There were compensations, too. Whenever the Corries had social functions, lawn parties and the like, Jordan usually went over to the well, pumped a few buckets of water with a creaky winch, and outpoured them on the ground, just to show that all was right with the world. It made the Corries furious, and the knowledge was balm to George Jordan's rugged soul.

When these fathers departed to their fathers, the sons took up the feuding pennons, Percy Corrie in his high-nosed, supercilious way, Tom Jordan in his bluff, peppery fashion. They were born to clash. Corrie was a tall, thin, east-windy, dignified man, entirely conscious of the vast gulf that separated the Corrie family from the rest of Carsdale. He radiated a chill, foggy atmosphere. One sneezed and wanted something hot with lemon in it after five minutes' intercourse with him. The outside world were *hoi polloi, nouveau riche, parvenu*. He was too dignified to call them bounders or outsiders or unwashed in plain terms.

Jordan was short, square stockily built and had the family jaw and backbone, topped off with wiry, red hair. The coming together of the two men was like the meeting of a glossy, flossy, black Spanish rooster, and a red, scrappy gamecock. Feathers would fly, more black than red ones.

The Corries were rich, and when the town of Carsdale boomed they reaped heavy harvests. Jordan left the farm in the hands of a younger brother, and went to work in a machine shop, where things grew a bit faster than in Dame Nature's factories. Percy Corrie, home from college, with fraternity pins puncturing his vest in jewelled magnificence, could look through his neighbor in overalls as if no such unsightly blot disfigured the streets of fair Carsdale. Later on Tom set up for himself in a bicycle selling and repairing shop. He was handy and clever, with a head full of shrewd notions and contrivances, and fingers that could express them in terms of steel. Then, a few years later he went into the automobile business, selling other people's products. Finally he developed ideas of his own, secured financial backing, and started in to build cars.

All the critical hicks in town grinned in their usual sapient way. Wasn't Henry Ford doing it all? Besides, who in time was Tom Jordan? A chap they'd known, gone to school with, worked alongside of, all these years. Better if he'd stuck where he belonged—doctoring bicycles. His pride and silly, unchristian ambition would lead to the road that meanders over the hill to the poorhouse. But, when things began to hum busily in the Jordan shop, the rail birds, watching the performance, said, "By Gosh! If Tom Jordan ain't saying something!" Then they wagged their whiskers, and prophesied what banks and borrowed money and competition would do to him one of these days. Fancy! Carsdale to buck up against Detroit and places like that!

JORDAN just plugged ahead. Wind wouldn't make him and certainly wouldn't mar him. Real nifty little things his cars were, too. Popular, but not the vulgar kind of popularity, you know. His product represented the stage beyond the jitney, the flivver, and the Tin Lizzie, the second spasm in the disease. Jordan's specialty was a thousand-dollar car, no more, no less. Those who bought it did not have to look up to everybody else. It was one of the niftiest, sweetest, subtlest, simplest machines that ever purred. One hardly knew it from one of those five thousand dollar beauties unless a shark at the trade. Someone succinctly named it, to emphasize the gulf separating it from the Tin Lizzie, Jordan's Joyful Jane. And the title stuck.

It wasn't the kind of car everybody bought. Ambitious young men, cultivating the society of desirable girls, felt that the Jane was helpful. It takes a mighty fine kind of a girl to smile on a man when he is taking her out in a smelly, blue-smoke rattletrap that sounds like a man coming along with the scissors and knife grinding peripatetic factory in the same cordial way as when he pranks up to the front door with a Jordan's Jane. Tom Jordan was a philosopher. He understood that, while men are born free and equal, they everlastingly itch to do away with the handicap, and women more so. They want to be equal to the tier higher up, not the other bunch. Jordan knew this, and landed on the right spot. Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons has the credit of discovering the solar plexus. Of course, there was a solar plexus in humanity's physical scheme before his day, but only anatomical sharks knew anything about it. The world now knows it as a spot provided by beneficent Nature for knock outs. That is just where Tom Jordan landed. When Dun and Bradstreet, and impertinently inquisitive people of that ilk, began to put pleasant figures to Jordan's commercial standing, the birds on the rail discovered that Tom was a genius, as they had always declared. They nudged one another in the ribs asking if they had not, on the level, said he'd land somewhere or other one of these days.

At forty-five Jordan was warm, not a millionaire yet, but approaching the precipice of the deceitfulness of riches. He had a booming business, a jolly, amiable, good-looking wife, and a tall, pretty daughter who kept his veranda from looking lonely on pleasant evenings. Corrie sneered at him as *nouveau riche*, while Jordan never lost an opportunity of giving it as his opinion that the other was a frosty faced snob. The only time the fog-environed iceberg was known to betray warm emotion was when Jordan secured admittance into the social and golf clubs of Carsdale. He enquired pathetically what the world was coming to. Tom wasn't much on society, it is true. Often he said "was" when it ought to have been "were," and his habit of messing up pronouns would have made a conscientious pedagogee shiver down the back. Still Carsdale did not run violently to culture, and few were erudite enough to throw stones or be over-critical. Jordan, nearly everybody admitted, was a good enough fellow, square, obliging, and a gamer. So what's a frill or two of culture among friends?

II.

NOW this happened on a fine Saturday afternoon. Jordan was bowling along the street in his Jane when he saw something that made him sit up and take notice. It was the sight of his daughter, Mary, walking up the High Street with a a tall, presentable-looking, young man. For a moment he was puzzled to identify the latest victim. Then he remembered that someone had said Robert Beatson was back home. Yes, it was Bob, undoubtedly. Bob was an artist, so it was alleged, and had been abroad for several years studying art and other things in England and France and Italy, and places like those. The Beatsons came from a village near Carsdale, and were real, old-time, society folks, genuine as the Corries, but without the lucre encumbrances. Bob's father had been a clergyman and his mother lived, since her husband's death, in Carsdale. She had an income sufficiently large to enable her to reside in modest comfort, and Bob had expended a small legacy, left him by a grandfather, on his artistic education.

Jordan had a poor opinion of artists. They seemed a happy-go-lucky sort of people who owned little real estate or few blocks of stock. He had seen some of Bob Beatson's pictures, and they looked all right. They had trees with leaves on them and cows and horses that could not well be mistaken for anything else. In others there were figures with fewer clothes on them than Jordan thought quite the thing. Bob himself was all right. A little bit coltish, formerly, like most parson's sons who seem to have their father's omitted devilment doubled up on them, but nothing bad. He and Mary had been rather chummy when they were at school. Of course, things were different now. Mary would have his pile one of these days, and Jordan had no fancy for a son-in-law who spent his time dabbing cam-

mon cows on lots of canvas, or painting ruined windmills that ought to be pulled down, or depicting individuals whose chief ambition appeared to be to cheat tailors and dressmakers out of their livelihood. What good was painting, anyway? If you wanted truth, there were the photographers, and if color was craved, what about a real sporty, splashy chrome?

IT was rather late when Mary reached home that evening. She had telephoned at dinner time saying she was at Ellen Bradley's and would not be back till late. When she arrived, at ten, she was quite cheerful, and had a bit more color than usual in her face. She started fussing about her father rather unusually. There were slippers to bring, his pipe to find, newspapers to pick up from the floor where her parent had scattered them, the light to arrange rather unnecessarily. Then she perched on the arm of his chair and began to ruffle his bristly hair.

"Had a perfectly scrumptious day, daddy," she said. "Shopped all morning with Ellen Bradley, lunched downtown, and then, when she had to go home, whoever do you think I met? Why, Bob Beatson!"

"Very remarkable," commented her father, drily.

She looked at him rather enquiringly, then continued

"Yes," she said. "We went up to the tennis courts and played till five. Then the Bradleys would have us go there to dinner."

"I saw you on the street," he intimated.

"Really! But I never saw you," she answered.

"No, I guess not," he said. "That was Bob Beatson, eh?"

"Yes. Isn't it nice to have him back?"

Mr. Jordan did not appear to be overimpressed by the event.

"What's he going to do now? Work for a living?" he grunted.

"Work! Why, of course, he works, tremendously hard," she said. "He has wonderful talent. Everyone says so, but you know that a beginner has to get known before people will buy his work. A man with a name can paint the most awful stuff and sell it, while a young man, unknown, can do wonderful pictures and nobody will buy. Ignorance is the enemy of art."

"I see," replied her father. "Pity he doesn't paint something useful. There's an opening right here for a hustling house painter. I'd give him a job right away for those fence pickets. And then there's always room in the car shops for a really smart body painter."

"Father!" she protested indignantly. "He's an artist."

"Well, we'd make allowances for all that," he answered smiably. "That is if he's the right, trying sort. Most of these artists are all front and no back, full window and empty shelves."

Mary was too indignant to pursue the topic. Mr. Jordan knew she was offended, and tried to coax her round.

"Went out to the Country Club this afternoon," he said. "Got round in ninety-three. I guess that's about my high-water mark. I'd give a tidy bit to be a real scratch man, but I've always a loose bolt somewhere. If I drive in form I'm a waster with my irons, and when I'm running 'em down blindfold I couldn't hit a haystack on the tee. Just look at that Corrie! Plays like a machine, drive, iron or mashie, couple of putts, and a four on the card, or if it's a five the next'll be three."

"He hasn't soul enough to be a bad golfer," he went on, now in full stride. "Walks through competitions as if they had been framed to provide bric-a-brac for his house. There's the Governors' Challenge Cup, to be the property of the man who wins it three times, and he has two legs of it already, with a dead certainty that in two or three weeks he'll gulp it all. It's a sheer piece of ridiculous nonsense to have a scratch competition in a club like ours. It means a dead

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The young cub was actually pulling the Joyful Jane to pieces.

Suppressing the Truth

The Blind Attitude of Some Canadian Newspapers on War Problems

By John Bayne Maclean

BITTER personal attacks upon me by two evening papers in Toronto have caused my last two articles to be discussed by many thousands who are not regular readers of this magazine.

Unfortunately these attacks and an interview, published only in part, give an entirely wrong impression of what I have been endeavoring to get into the minds of Canadians: That actual war conditions have been persistently misreported to us, the British people; that our general management of the war is wrong at the top, because we have allowed political and family influence to control and direct our relations with our Allies like Russia, and to control our perfectly magnificent armies and navies. This permitted man to be appointed to high places far which they were utterly unfitted and we have had incompetence; we have been supplying the enemy with things most essential to his carrying on of the war, and we have had the fearful Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, India and other mishaps which were so bad that friendly commissions appointed to whitewash the men at the top who were responsible could not suppress the awfulness of the facts.

They could not, as was hoped, throw the blame upon the lesser army chiefs or on the poor regimental officers and men. One of the papers condemning me now said in 1916 on the tragedy of Gallipoli: "Old Country papers do not minimize the extent of that failure. Ashmead Bartlett declares that Britain could have secured a great decision on the Western front if Britain had been prepared to risk in Flanders the 200,000 casualties that were squandered in Gallipoli without producing anything but a successful withdrawal from an impossible position"—a position in which we were put by Asquith and Churchill acting in direct opposition to the views expressed in writing of all the naval experts. For confirmation of this see official report of Mr. Asquith's own committee.

IN this series of articles I have constantly kept the thought in mind that Canadians should know the truth, that knowing the truth they would insist upon such a reorganisation of our Government and of the Imperial Government that would enable Borden and Lloyd George to have a free hand—which they have not had—to get about them the ablest men in the Empire "whose careers showed they had the capacity of doing things and getting things done"—who would be perfectly free from, and independent of, political or family influence. There are plenty of such men in the Empire and among the Allies—the kind of men the enemy is using. Given such men and our diplomacy, our naval and military forces could down the enemy every day in the week.

I think *The Financial Post* was the first paper in 1915 to advocate the appointment of Lloyd George to the Premiership. I confess I had been very much prejudiced against him. The impression I had gained of him was of a picayune, vote catching, radical, village politician. His appearance on one occasion that I saw him caused considerable comment. He was lunching with a red-hot Radical journalist, Dalziel, M.P., and the other guests were Lord Rothschild, and a friend of mine, a London-Canadian banker. But Lloyd George did such great work in handling our finances when the war broke out, and he did it so quickly, and his marvellous success in organizing and developing the production of munitions were things one could not get away from. These showed such tremendous and intelligent driving force, such a capacity for understanding situations, and for selecting the right men and quickly discarding failures—some very prominent ones were discarded—that no sane person, no matter how prejudiced, could fail to support him.

The Northcliffe press are given full credit for driving out Asquith. They deserve a lot of it, but an equally important factor were Premiers Borden and Hughes. The Gallipoli catastrophe was brought directly home to Asquith and Churchill. It so roused Australia that Hughes, after consultation with Borden, began the campaign in England which drove Asquith from power. But Asquith and the other pacifists still have such power that Lloyd George cannot do the best work for the Empire, cannot employ the men necessary to ensure complete victory. It is Canada's duty, therefore, to know and study the situation and to support Sir Robert Borden in presenting in as forceful terms as did Hughes before with his co-operation the fact that our limit of patience has been reached with the do-nothings, who have hampered progress and dislocated the plans of Lloyd George and such great experts as he has been permitted to employ.

SPACE will not permit me to explain the objects underlying the attacks made upon me and the policy for which I am pleading and praying, and in which I am merely the mouthpiece of the military men and the big business men who know. Mr. Robinson-Trotzky, editor of the Toronto *Telegram*, is so worried at the moment with his own personal troubles that I will not add to them just now. Of the *News* I am informed that the attacks were handled personally by Mr. Smith, the editor, on instructions from the interests which have been financing that unfortunate paper with its variegated career. This is significant. The present manager of the *News* dare not publish the names and sources of all the money which has kept it afloat since the outbreak of the war. No wonder there is strong objection—but he does not give the real objection to the campaign I have carried on for shortening and winning the war. I know far more of the inside workings of this group, and who are at the back of it, than does Mr. Smith himself.

When the Toronto *News* many years ago was advocating that Canada should cut her connection with the British Empire and its editor belonged to the annexationist party, a little group of loyal Canadians organized themselves to oppose that blind policy. This group of loyalists successfully prevented our drifting away, for in those days, as now, a great many were thoughtless and indifferent. A member of this group—one of the best informed men in this country on Imperial matters, because of his connections in England—sends same very definite facts confirming our statements on the neglect to place an embargo on cotton and closes his letter with these words:

> "There should be a campaign to educate Canadian people as to the extreme seriousness of the situation which is not generally realized."

I HAVE said I am merely the mouthpiece of men who know. Here are extracts from some representative letters received in the last few days:

A Middlesex, Ontario, subscriber, writes: "I asked my brother-in-law, who is an Engineer officer in France, what he would like me to send him. He answered, 'MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE would be the most acceptable. I have never read articles that come nearer the truth, as I know it, than those written by Lt.-Colonel J. B. Maclean.'"

General Sir — — in a letter enclosing a subscription says that doubtless all our readers will agree with what we are publishing, but asks if there is not some way of getting these views into the minds of all Canadians.

Colonel ———: "I have had the good fortune to read two of your articles. The laziness you attribute to the British people is to my mind nothing more or less than self-assurance, courteous and pleasant, but always self-assurance, always underestimating the other man. From time away back this trait has been bred in our race until it is a fixture—and this war alone will, I hope, eradicate it. Balfour is an over-rated statesman—a dreamer too prone to take the easy side of an issue. You are perfectly correct," etc., etc.

These letters are not marked private and are on file in our office. No names are better known than the writers of the two letters above.

A Canadian on the staff in France, a young man whose family has been connected with one of the important industries of the country, who worked his way up from the ranks to the command of his unit, a man who is likely to make his mark in the public life of Canada, which he is planning to take up after the war, in the course of a letter, says —

> "I have read with a great deal of interest your various articles. I think your idea of waking up the people of Canada is a most admirable one, our press (Canadian) being almost criminally optimistic. There is far too much talk of what we are going to do after the war and not enough of how we are going to win the war.
>
> "The situation on the Western front, to my mind, is extremely critical, as critical to-day almost as it was in the closing months of the

year 1914 Anything that you can do to make the people of Canada realize that they must conserve food, they must send men to the front, and they must have good, honest, administration in Canada is of the utmost importance

"What strikes me particularly is the absolute disregard of the above-mentioned three essentials The public conscience in Canada is I am afraid at a very low ebb and the people want to be told some home truths. They might as well begin to be prepared for it now, for when the troops return some of the present-day popular idols will be very rudely turned down"

THE Toronto *News* has persistently and most unfairly and maliciously been trying to link me up with a group of spineless pacifists who don't want to fight under any circumstances, with Bourassa, the Quebec editor, who does not want to fight unless the Germans land in Quebec, and with Sir Allen Aylesworth, the Liberal ex-Minister of Justice, who is willing to fight but opposes conscription

Regular readers of *The Financial Post* and this magazine know my views, but for the information of new or occasional readers let me state that my whole campaign since the war began has been clearly, distinctly, and decidedly opposed to the policies of these men. I am on record as arguing for bigger armies, higher pay, higher pensions and better treatment of soldiers, and for conscription We have attained these objects and to-day I am pleading for a better organization of our political, military and national resources for a propaganda of reform which shall ensure our winning the war.

After we had dispatched our first 30,000 I wrote and published "Our duty is to support the British arms to the limit of our capacity" and that we should have "at least 100,000 more under training now." In December, 1914, I urged Sir Robert Borden to make plans for 350,000 more troops. Perhaps my views are best summed up in the short editorial which I wrote and published in *The Financial Post* on November 7th, 1915:

"The progress of the war confirms the necessity, for which *The Financial Post* has been continually arguing, of having an army of 100,000 men constantly in training in Canada.

"Every man capable of bearing arms, who is unemployed, should be enrolled The military training will make better citizens of them

* * *

"The Government's objection is to the cost, which is a serious item If the British Government and people had listened to Lord Roberts and prepared themselves on German lines the war would have been over to-day "As it is, at the present rate of progress it will go on for five or six years. The least expensive course and the only way to shorten the waste and massacre is for the Allies—of whom we are one—to put every possible man under arms at once. If we do not, we are almost certain to have the same number under arms eventually and a vastly greater wastage to life and industry."

I WILL ask the editor to complete this month's contribution to the campaign by quoting two articles recently published in *The Financial Post* dealing with the desire of certain Toronto editors to hide the facts about the war

On February 23rd *The Financial Post* in a front page article said:—

The Toronto *Telegram* published an interview with Colonel Maclean that is neither accurate nor fair, and which we believe intentionally misrepresents his views With this in their hands the editors appeal to the authorities to do something Colonel Maclean published hundreds of columns of information and suggestions in connection with his arguments and pleadings for a better understanding of present and probable war conditions and the urgent necessity of preparation therefor Our readers are no doubt familiar with them, but if any one desires to follow the matter further the files, going back nearly three years and a half, are at his disposal Time and again during that period the *Telegram* appealed in big type to the Censor Not once did the Censor ask even for an explanation Time and again when the thought complained of had penetrated the consciousness of their editors, the *Telegram* presented, as something new, the exact policies it had condemned in the *Post* months before

That our readers who are among the most important men and women in Canada approved is shown by the scores of letters received We lost but one subscriber on account of our policy He dropped out in October, 1914, because we advised our readers to prepare for a long war—a five or six-year war—when some uninformed politicians and newspapers like the *Telegram* were misleading us by saying it would be over by Christmas In 1915 another subscriber threatened to discontinue unless we stopped advocating Lloyd George for Premier instead of Asquith We did not, but our reader is still with us Notwithstanding the depression in investments our renewals since the first of the year are 70% better than for the same period last year and new annual subscriptions have increased nearly 16%. These facts show how the big men of Canada feel towards a paper that has not been afraid to tell the truth, no matter whom it hit. In fact it was the unanimous moral support constantly impressed upon us that encouraged us to give the news and advocate the policies that were first offered in our columns, then later adopted by the authorities here and in England which unfortunately excited the jealous enmity and ill-will of and attacks from a few small-minded men on big papers It is a fact that the men at the head of the smaller dailies and weeklies are far broader in their vision than many in the cities. Further the article complained of was put in the hands of over 30,000 of our other subscribers, representing perhaps 350,000 readers There have been many compliments and only two complaints And these readers are not concentrated but represent all Canada.

The Toronto *Telegram* for months attacked the Canadian manufacturers and the technical press for not doing something It still continues to criticize them It has never suggested what they could do. On the other hand it tried to put the technical press out of business, thus helping the enemy During all this time the manufacturers and technical press editors were working quietly together for long hours helping the Allies defeat the Germans. The manufacturers of Canada were doing wonders when the *Telegram* editor was merely making noises which he believed was practical action None but the technical editors were allowed to know the big things that were being done

Two Toronto evening papers, the *News* and *Telegram*, are making vicious attacks upon Colonel Maclean and MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE and *The Financial Post* for publishing "material that might easily confuse weak-minded readers" regarding the war They say they dare not reproduce the matter they complain of. They ought to know their readers better than we do, but we refuse to believe they have many such readers outside of their own editorial chairs Knowing the history, experience and excitability of one of them we understand He boosted for years that he seldom went anywhere for fear of being influenced by new thoughts or men. It certainly would be dangerous for such a mind to encounter a condition that he believed could not exist Perhaps we should regard such editors more as did Frederick Palmer, the Allied war correspondent, when he wrote "of the folly of proven experience lifting at an adamant state of mind"

The whole question is this: Shall we of the British Empire be told the actual facts—the real truth, or shall the persons and powers responsible for our unpreparedness before, and mismanagement since, the war began continue to cover up their misdeeds by suppressing the facts as they have been doing or misrepresenting them as General Ian Hamilton recently pointed out they were doing?

Knowing how fearfully serious were conditions and how utterly indifferent were so many of our Imperial and Canadian leaders and the nation generally, Colonel Maclean took very strong grounds in the *Financial Post* from the outset on two points.

That his readers desired to know, were entitled to know, the truth, that they might do their very important parts in the present and prepare intelligently for the future

That all important political, military, naval and other positions should be filled by the most capable experienced men of the Empire, the men whose careers showed they had a capacity for doing big things and getting big things done in a big way, not by political or family favorites.

We said that if the peoples of the Empire were told the whole truth they would insist upon things being done right

We continually pointed out the need of an educational campaign here and at home Not until last week was our policy vindicated when Northcliffe and Beaverbrook, two splendid men for the work were appointed with a great corps of able helpers.

Long before any public men or newspaper hinted at it when the first 30,000 were ready, we showed the necessity for and we urged the immediate organization of 100 000 more with plans for another 250 000

Compare the resolution which was passed almost unanimously at a meeting attended by over 3,000 trade unionists at Glasgow recently with the cable from U.S labor leaders It shows not only the need for the propaganda of truth in Britain, but our readers will be amazed that there are any number of persons in the United Kingdom who are still so ignorant that they cannot see what will become of them should we lose the war. More appalling still is a cable saying that the Engineers' trade union turned down the nation's proposal by 121,017 to 27,470 The wording as adopted was:

"Having heard the case of the Government as stated by Sir Auckland Geddes, this meeting pledges itself to oppose to the very uttermost the Government in its call for more men We insist on, and pledge ourselves to take action to enforce the declaration of an immediate armistice on all fronts, and declare that the expressed opinion of the workers of Glasgow from now on and, so far as this business is concerned, our attitude all the time and every time is to do nothing in support of carrying on the war, but to bring the war to a conclusion"

On the other hand, in the States, they started long before war was declared, and have carried on since a most intelligent campaign of education that brought the whole nation enthusiastically behind the President. Mr Gompers, President, on behalf of the American Federation of Labor, cabled Hon Arthur Henderson, British labor leader:—

"Please convey our fraternal greetings to the Inter-Allied Labor Conference and assure them that we are pledged and will give our man power and at least half we have in wealth power in the struggle to secure for the world justice, freedom and democracy"

As we have frequently pointed out there is no end for propaganda work in Canada Handicapped though he was to an extent few people realize, Sir Robert Borden did excellent work —notwithstanding strenuous criticism by the *Telegram* Now that he is making splendid progress, proving himself to be the most useful man we have always contended he was, he ought to put on his agenda, if he has not already got it there, a good national educational campaign, in conjunction with the United States and the Mother Country.

And on March 2:—

Shall Canadians be told the truth about the war that they may yet insist upon sane policies for winning, or must we go on sacrificing our sons, husbands fathers and resources—piling up taxes that will keep this and the next generation in slavery by blindly entrusting our affairs to the group of incom-

Continued on page 72



The Blood-red Fourragère

By Robert W. Service

Author of "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," "Songs of a Sourdough," etc.

Illustrated by F Hursman Varley

What was the blackest sight to me
In all that black campaign?
A naked woman tied to a tree,
With jagged holes where her breasts should be,
Rotting there in the rain.

On we pressed to the battle fray,
Dogged and dour and spent.
Sudden I heard my Captain say
"Voila! Kultur has passed this way,
And left us a monument."

So I looked and I saw our Colonel there,
And his grand head, snowed with the years,
Unto the best of the rain was bare;
And Oh, there was grief in his frozen stare,
And his cheeks were stung with tears

Then at last he turned from the woeful tree,
And his face like stone was set
"Go march the Regiment past," says he,
"That every father and son may see,
And none may ever forget"

Oh, the crimsoned strands of her hair downpoured
Over her breasts of woe;
And our grim old Colonel leaned on his sword,
And the men filed past with their rifles lowered,
Solemn and sad and slow.

But I'll never forget till the day I die,
As I stood in the driving rain,
And the jaded columns of men slouched by,
How amazement leapt into every eye,
Then fury and grief and pain

And some would like madmen stand aghast
With their hands up-clenched to the sky,
And some would cross themselves as they passed,
And some would curse in a scalding blast,
And some like children cry

And some hurl hateful names;
Yea, some would be sobbing, and some would pray
But the best had never a word to say
They turned their twitching faces away,
And their eyes were like hot flames

Then passed then down on his bended knee
The Colonel dropped to the dead
"Poor martyred daughter of France!" said he
"Oh dearly, dearly avenged you'll be,
Or ever a day be sped!"

* * * * * * * *

Now they hold that we are the best of the best
And each of our men may wear
Like a gush of crimson across his chest,
As one fierce prayed in the battle-test,
The blood-red Fourragere.

For each as he leaps to the top can see
Like an etching of blood on his brain,
A wife or a mother lashed to a tree
With two black holes where her breasts should be
Left to rot in the rain

So we fight like fiends, and of us they say
That we neither yield nor spare.
Oh, we have the bitterest debt to pay
Have we paid it?—Look—how we wear to-day
Like a trophy, gallant and proud and gay,
Our blood-red Fourragère.

Note.—The Fourragère is a twisted cord of green yellow or red corresponding to the colors of the Croix de Guerre the Medaille Militaire and the Legion of Honor It is granted to regiments that have been cited for bravery in battle The color corresponds to the number of citations. The Red Fourragère is the highest of all and has only been granted to one or two regiments. The incident described here took place in the German retreat from the Marne—E W S

REVIEW of REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important and worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

End of the War is in Sight?

Frank H. Simonds Predicts Peace Within a Short Time

IN THE course of his last monthly survey of the war situation in the *American Review of Reviews*, Frank H. Simonds predicts an early end of the war. This is rather astonishing, for Simonds has always taken a conservative and not always an optimistic view of things. Hence it is also very comforting. He says:

And having said so much, it is perhaps permitted to add that which I have not said before since the outbreak of the war, namely, that it seems to me that we are within hailing distance of peace. The German military party, which is in practically undisputed control, means to attempt one more offensive, the most gigantic of all and the greatest military gamble since Napoleon went to Moscow. If it should succeed then there will be a campaign of 1918 and perhaps of 1920. Any German victory, large or small, this spring and summer would mean a prolongation of the war, because it would mean an extension of the time in which the German military party would remain in control of Germany.

If America should now lessen her preparations, slow down her effort any German victory this year might be expanded next year into a final triumph. We are the last reserve of the Allies and of civilization. We must be ready when the hour comes and the hour may come. If we slacken our pace even a German defeat this year may not prove the end of the war, but it seems to me, save for the possibility of a considerable success by the Germans in the next campaign or a failure on our part to do all that we can possibly do, the coming campaign will be the last.

And I see no reason to believe that the Germans will win any victory or, indeed, do better than they did at Verdun, which was for them one of the greatest defeats of military history. Recent events have served to teach millions of Englishmen and Frenchmen the truth about the world situation, to prove to them that they are fighting and must fight the German ambition to seize territories or enslave peoples. The war has come close to the naked question of greed against self-defence. And in such a combat I believe the French will fight again as they fought at the Marne and at Verdun the British as they fought at First Ypres.

We are, it seems to me, bound to have one more great military crisis, as great as that of the Marne, perhaps, although the Germans will have no such odds in their favor in the spring as they had in the autumn of 1914. But if the Allied lines hold, if the Allied Peoples behind the lines stand firm, then it seems to me the last great campaign of the war will be over. I do not believe the German army or the German people have the strength or the spirit to make more than one further assault like the two of other years which were repulsed.

If Germany is defeated in her next attack we shall have a real German proposal for peace a proposal based upon the peace map of 1914, not the war map of 1916 or 1917. It will not be satisfactory, it may not even be a basis for negotiation, although I believe it may be, but it will be a proposal honestly made that is, it will be unlike the previous proposals which were made to disarm the enemy and deceive the German people, it will not demand conquered territory it will not be accompanied by the familiar threats.

The Russian Revolution is having its effect in Germany. The modification of Allied purposes and the tone of Allied statesmen have had their effect. The ground is being undermined beneath the feet of the Fatherland Party and the Pan-Germans. Not to believe this is not to believe signs which are well-nigh unmistakable. Only a great German victory can silence the growing protest in Germany. Not even a great military victory might avail to silence the ever expanding demand of the Austrian people for an end of a war, now become for them a mere sacrifice on the altar of German ambition.

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Kaiser Goes Over to Peace Party

Political Dissension Said to Have Won Him Over to Moderates

WHAT is the political situation in Germany? According to *Current Opinion* the southern German states, egged on by Austria, are combining to gain a predominance over Prussia in Imperial problems. These states, always more liberal than Prussia, are now demanding a new constitution and a sharp conflict has arisen with the Junkers. Out of this conflict comes the startling information that the Kaiser has gone over to the peace party.

The article consists of a series of extracts from continental newspapers.

More than one competent soldier in Berlin to follow the elucidations of the Rome *Tribuna*, questions the wisdom of a move in the direction of Paris, even if the capture of the city were certain. If Paris were taken without the destruction of the French army, Germany would be weakened instead of strengthened. That is the Hindenburg argument, it seems being based upon the necessity of maintaining a long line of communications which, in the face of developing American strength, could scarcely be protected. That also is the Ludendorff argument, and it is well known in Italy that Ludendorff does not share the contempt of the *Deutsche Tageszeitung* and its pangio contemporaries for the American army. It is conceded by Ludendorff that Paris may fall perhaps soon—if a real offensive sets in. He contends that the fall of the city would have no moral effect in view of the new situation presented by America's entry. The French forces would retire in "being" for a forward spring. The retirement might even facilitate the mobilization of American forces near the coast. Whatever may be the soundness of arguments like this, the fact that they carry weight with a fraction of the general staff explains, our contemporary believes, the hesitations of Germany for some time past. It would be a tremendous shock to Germans at home if, after taking Paris, the Imperial armies had to abandon it. For these military reasons, to say nothing of the political and economic ones the Italian dailies prefer to dismiss as mere bombast the recent utterances of Hindenburg and the men who speak for him. At the same time it would not be wise to dismiss as absolutely impossible, this authority observes, a German advance towards the Seine. It is the pet plan always of the Crown Prince.

Until the military magnates settle their controversies regarding the next advance, nothing in the way of a popular rising is to be tolerated. The matter was thus put by the Paris *Figaro* hardly a fortnight before the event came to verify it. Socialist meetings in Berlin were forbidden at a time when men like Scheidemann and Haase were composing their differences with a view to pressure upon Chancellor Hertling. That aged statesman was fighting the Junkers in the Prussian Landtag when he was overtaken by the epidemic of strikes. The influence of the Prussians could not be exerted in Bavaria; however, which, the demonstrations says the *Journal de Geneve*, terrified the royal family. The willingness of the general staff to go to extremes in Berlin, where socialist leaders have been jailed merely accentuated the determination of the southern states of the empire to force the hand of Prussia. This southern combination is strengthened by Austria. Here again it is necessary to go to the Italian dailies for an interpretation of the "southern rising"—Munich, Stuttgart, Dresden, the lesser monarchies and the city republics against Berlin, which is making so much trouble for Prussia. The Junkers under Heydebrand maintain that the Bundesrat is trying to revise a constitution of a state of the empire. Nominally, Hertling is pushing through the Prussian parliament a democratic suffrage bill. In reality Bavaria is at the head of a combination of other states to throttle Prussia. The Crown Prince of Prussia—also heir to the Imperial throne—is doing all he can to foil the suffrage bill. He promises a great victory in the West soon. Meanwhile his father goes over to the peace party. Such is the analysis of the well-informed Milan *Avanti*. The southern rising in Germany may, therefore, mean a restoration of the ancient prestige of William II and the collapse of the faction led by the Crown Prince. If the Western advance be undertaken, the world will know that for some reason the southern rebellion against Prussia has failed. The Bavarians are trying hard to balk the Western scheme.

Unless the somewhat sudden conversion of Emperor William to the war party in 1913 be recalled, observes the Rome *Giornale*, retailing the stock of gossip as a censored shape, it will be impossible to follow events in Berlin intelligently. On more than one occasion the German Emperor has stood for peace in the past. He went over to the war party against his will and Armageddon came. There was a majority for peace in the Reichstag, in Germany as a whole. The investigations of experts in such studies made for the Quai d'Orsay, leave no room for doubt on that point. The peace majority could not organize itself against the war minority wielding all power. William II was won over by the collapse of German world politics in the Morocco affair. Had the peace been maintained five more years the militarists would have lost control of the Bundesrat. In the four years or nearly so, since war was declared, Prussia has been aggrandized. The struggle is compromising the confederation. If Germany emerges victor Prussia alone will get glory and wealth. Bavaria has for three years fought for her independence within the German system, nor is she sure that it is won. Saxony is in the agony of a dynastic crisis complicated by the worst strike in her troubled industrial history. Wurtemberg is openly disaffected. The diplomacy of Vienna has tended to throw the south German states into the arms of Austria. The crisis in Germany tends more and more to assume the aspect of a struggle for control inside the Teutonic world between the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns. It is an open secret in Rome, says the Italian daily, that the Hohenzollerns complain to the royalties of south Germany that they were dragged into the contest by the Hapsburgs only to be betrayed at a pinch. The two courts are quarreling.

At each recurring crisis in Berlin Hindenburg is forced to extreme measures. In giving details of these the Paris *Temps* quotes the Socialist David as saying that the majority of the German people were opposed to the war from the first. This is what the more rebellious Socialist, Haase, has been saying for many months. Taunted by Doctor Spahn in a Reichstag committee meeting with the allegation that the Socialists had not the courage of their convictions, Haase pointed out that the Bundesrat put the country into the war. The discussion was stopped and the *Vorwarts* was suppressed for reporting it. However, enough leaks out in the newspapers of Western Europe to indicate that the German peace majority, as the *Avanti* calls it, is in process of effective organization. It is effective, says the Paris *Humanite*, another Socialist daily, because it has the strength of the south German governments behind it.

Petain Asks For Unity

French General Discusses the Vital Phases of the War

A well-known American writer Gouverneur Morris was in France recently and had luncheon with General Petain and some of the staff at the French General Headquarters. He requested permission of Petain to publish what was said and receiving this, he wrote the conversation into an article in *Collier's Weekly*. It read, in part, as follows:—

Generals Debeny and Pouchon said that in a year (I am sure they meant the opening of the spring campaign) the dropping of bombs from airplanes would be fully as important as the throwing of shells from cannon. I suggested 30,000 or 40,000 such planes as America's contribution, but they said that 10,000 would do the trick. Of course that means 15,000—15,000 active, and a maintained reserve of 5,000 to take the place of those destroyed.

Here there was talk about Italy. Italy has done some of the most wonderful things that have ever been done in war (or in peace, for that matter). She did not receive half the praise and publicity which she deserved. If she had had plenty of wheat, coal, and salmon, she would have reached the plains of Hungary in short order, instead of losing what she did gain, and more. She did not get a square deal.

The reason? England is fighting Germany, France is fighting Germany, Italy is fighting Germany, and America intends to; but so far there has been no genuine and high-minded pooling of the common interests. There is probably enough raw material for all the Allies, but so far honest differences of opinion, natural bias, and unconscious discrimination have had more to do with the distribution than equity or the exigencies of a common cause.

A High Commission representing all the Allies should sit in Paris (the center most convenient to all), with complete powers to make instant decisions. In this war every minute lost represents so many lives lost and so much treasure. In this relation (though in no other, save the unity of military plans) the Germans have an infinite advantage over the Allies.

The Allied weakness is precisely the same weakness which opposed to Napoleon enabled that great man to do what he pleased with Europe. He played one ally against the next. While he was pretzing and flattering one he smocked the next one in the face. His skillful agents divided their counsels, and when there was no skillful agent to do the work they divided those counsels for themselves.

Believe it or not that is what the Allies had done to themselves did to themselves from the very beginning. They have not yet economized as one or fought as one. It's ugly and it's salty but it's true.

The French and English, frankly are not fighting the Hohenzollerns. They are fighting the *Germans*. They've been at it a long time, and they ought to know them. When will Americans begin to believe what those who have been fighting the Germans over three years tell them? How long will they continue to believe that the German is not what he is, but what they think he ought to be? That is to say, what he used to be.

The Germans had in the trenches the class of 1918, while the French were still able to hold their male children of that year in reserve. So much for the question as to which nation is being bled the whiter.

I asked if the 1918 Germans were efficient soldiers. General Petain answered that all the Germans with whom he had ever had anything to do were good soldiers.

And then he began at once to talk about America. He said in effect that our entrance into the war had given the French a new lease of life. The early sending of American soldiers to France had clinched the matter. It was a move of extraordinary wisdom and insight. France was as grateful as she could be. But—

Our little army has a thousand things to assimilate before it can be of any value on the battle line. Meanwhile it assimilates a good deal of French food, of which there is no extraordinary surplus. Also that it may be trained and taught it draws from the French army several hundreds of its most efficient officers. These are the chief drawbacks to having an American expeditionary force in France. It is at the moment an additional drain upon the country's vitality. This drain, however, is not serious and is met by the French with great willingness.

It is as if a financier already greatly extended should at considerable inconvenience and at some risk take over and carry a line of securities which he had sound reasons for thinking would presently have a tremendous rise.

The French believe that we shall overcome the difficulties which attend the creation of an immense army and the difficulties of feeding that army and munitioning it. The zeal, quickness and unselfishness of the American officers have made a splendid impression. The progress which has been made at our school of heavy artillery is simply amazing. Even if we had already in America a great army, completely equipped and the tonnage available in which to send it to France and with which to keep it supplied, that army would be of very little use on the battle lines until it had undergone a very considerable and very special training.

The Chances of Being Killed at the Front

Percentage of Losses is Not as Large as Casualty Lists Would Suggest

WHAT are the chances of getting killed or hurt in this war? General Gorgas, the miracle-worker of Panama, answers this question in the *American Magazine* and it is rather surprising to learn from the statistics he presents that the risks are not so great as one has imagined. The writer says:

There seems to be an impression in this country that to fight in the present war means almost sure death to a soldier. As a matter of fact, both in the deeper from disease and in the deadliness of the actual fighting there is no comparison between the war in Europe to-day and our Civil War.

In the Civil War our mortality was something over five per cent. for the four years. It is true that the French armies suffered almost exactly the same death losses during the first five months of this war. But people must not forget that those first five months were the most disastrous period especially for the Allies who were unprepared in every way.

By 1916 the French reduced their mortality to only about two per cent. for twelve months. That is a rate of only twenty per thousand. Even in civil life a rate of thirteen to fifteen per thousand is usual. Therefore it is evident that the additional war risk is surprisingly low.

After a three days' battle in our Civil War—such a battle as Gettysburg for instance—a third of the men engaged were left on the field. You cannot find in the present conflict any three days as disastrous as that.

Yet I will say that if you take a period of several years it seems to me that the chance of a man's being killed in action is greater now than it was during the Civil War. This is because he fights now almost continuously. He is in the trenches most of the time instead

of going into an occasional big battle, with weeks or months of inaction between.

But this risk of being killed in action has been in other wars by far the lesser danger. Death from disease and from wounds was the greater menace. One of the finest aspects of the present great struggle is that these conditions have been reversed. At this stage of the war many commanders report that their soldiers are in better health, even in the trenches, than our civilian population is here at home. There are fewer colds on the battle line in France than there are on Broadway. And the same thing is true of more serious troubles.

As late as the Spanish-American War we lost more men from typhoid fever than from bullets or bayonets. In the Boer War the British, in an army of only about 300,000 men, had almost 60,000 cases of typhoid, with over 8,000 deaths.

In the first three years of the present war, with over 3,000,000 men and in a country much more productive of typhoid infection, they had only 282 deaths! About one to every 10,000 men. With one exception—I'll speak about that later—there has been no widespread disease among the armies on the western front. This is a splendid record.

In our previous wars thousands of soldiers died in hospitals without ever seeing action. Their suffering and death did not aid victory, but actually delayed it. This useless waste of life does not occur now. Thousands of our soldiers, instead of dying of disease, will come out of the army better men physically than they were when they entered it. It is safe to say that more lives will be saved by preventive medicine and modern sanitation than will be lost in the actual fighting. People at home should understand this.

There is another encouraging thing for them to remember. Someone said recently that modern methods of surgery have saved more lives in this war than were lost in Napoleon's campaigns. That is a thing you cannot prove by statistics, but it probably is true. Certainly, to the wounded soldier, the great consideration, the one which gives him hope and courage, is the marvelous improvement in the treatment of injuries.

Greater progress has been made in surgery in the past fifty years than had taken place in the preceding three centuries. The surgeons of the Civil War were not radically different from that of the Napoleonic period. And there is no finer surgery in the world to-day than that which is being done for our soldiers.

The one revolutionary factor in surgery is the introduction of antiseptic methods. People talk now of 'the chance' of infection. During the Civil War it wasn't a chance. It was a certainty. Suppuration was not only expected by a surgeon, it was wanted! If a wound did not show pus in a few days, he was frightened. 'Laudable pus,' he called it.

Erysipelas and pyaemia delayed suppuration. Consequently, when a few days had gone by and there was no pus the surgeon was afraid of something worse.

Intricate and difficult operations were not performed at that time, because no matter how marvelous the technic might have been, the patient would have died of septic poisoning anyway.

So if a man had a badly injured arm, they cut it off. If he had a serious knee wound or a shattered bone in the leg, they chopped off his leg. If he had a bad head wound they couldn't very well decapitate him, so he generally died, not necessarily from the injury itself but from the septic poisoning which followed it.

Compare this primitive procedure with the miracles of surgery which are saving the lives and limbs of soldiers to-day. It can say unhesitatingly that a man who receives an injury in the present war has a much better chance of recovery than a man who received a similar injury in our Civil War.

Antiseptic methods are the foundation on which the entire fabric of modern surgery rests. They have made possible an undreamed of brilliance of technic. We not only are saving lives which in any previous war would have been lost but we are doing remarkable repair work—bone grafting, bone-plating, skin grafting, plastic surgery, etc.

Most men dread being crippled or disfigured more than being killed. So this kind of work appeals to them more than the actual life-saving operations which rouse the surgeon's enthusiasm.

Take plastic surgery, for example. It is being used with sometimes wonderful results to restoring the contour of the face when there has been serious injury to the bones or a radical destruction of tissue. There may be no question on saving life. Yet every resource of surgery is employed to restore not only a man's usefulness but his appearance as well.

Then there's the question of burns. There have been many serious ones in this war, some due to liquid fire, but more to shell explosions. As soon as the special need of better methods of treating this class of injuries became apparent such methods were developed.

The sensational claims made for some of these methods are undoubtedly exaggerated. You can't burn a man to a crisp and turn him out again as good as new by the use of ambrine or of paraffin. The newspapers would make you think so, but they are sometimes over-enthusiastic.

But it is unquestionably true that very fine things have been done in these cases. Not only in this branch, but in all its branches, military surgery is incomparably better to-day than it was in our Civil War. More than that, it is better than it was only three short years ago.

The war itself has developed new operations, new remedies, new antiseptic methods.

The Mistake of Kerensky

He Lost Power by Fighting Home Rule in Russia

THAT Kerensky failed because he did not believe in home rule is the idea advanced by Wm. G. Shepherd, the war correspondent, in an article in *Every Week*. Here is what he says, in part:

There is a thing happening in Russia that will solve its problems. It is a thing that Kerensky tried to stop—a mighty movement that crushed him, and that will crush everything that stands in its way.

This is the movement toward local home rule in the various districts and among the various nationalities in Russia.

The evil of the Czar's government was that it was centralized. Every district, every city, every town, every village, every home, every individual in Russia, felt, every day, the mighty hand of far-away Petrograd.

As soon as the revolution was accomplished, the people of Russia, even the most ignorant of them, began to correct this error. They organized local governments to conduct their personal and local affairs.

Kronstadt sought to have a local government. It wanted to have a representative of Kronstadt at Petrograd, not a representative of Petrograd—and Kerensky—at Kronstadt. Kerensky fought this. He, not understanding the American form of government—which is, in the main, the pattern for the republics of the earth—declared that Kronstadt was trying to turn itself into an independent republic.

What Kronstadt was trying to do was to make of itself a free state in a Russian republic, like Rhode Island or Montana, in the United States.

When Finland tried to do the same thing Kerensky sent troops to the Finnish capital, surrounded the state house, and kept the newly elected members of the new Finnish state from meeting. He said the Finns were trying to disrupt Russia.

When the Ukrainians tried to organize their own state, Kerensky fought them.

As Kerensky fought this *home rule* idea, his own government became more and more highly centralized. Before long all the evils of centralized government that had been peculiar to the Czar's government became apparent in Kerensky's. It was a natural evolution. Kerensky had taken the wrong road, and it had led him to the wrong place. He had to have secret police, he had to send troops to quell riots, he had to fight his old friends, the socialists, and his old enemies, the land-owners and bureaucrats.

Kerensky was born in southern Russia; his training was, more or less, Asiatic. His socialism was not Marxian, it was tinged with Orientalism. It is safe to say that he did not know of the problems that our forefathers faced and solved in those big days when they had to bind together, into the United States of America, the thirteen free and home-ruled colonies.

He did not know, at least in its details, the solution that our forefathers worked out whereby the States were permitted to deal with their own local affairs and make their own local laws so long as their affairs and their laws did not interfere with the affairs and laws of any other state.

Russia, when it overthrew Kerensky did not overthrow the man; he was still the idol of the Russian masses. What Russia *did* overthrow was the centralized government that Kerensky endeavored to perpetuate. It was a relic of czarism, Kerensky himself could not have believed in it. He only thought that the Russians ought to wait until a congress was held which would select the proper form of government in Russia. But the tide was against centralized government, it was toward home rule and state's rights. It wasn't a thing to be settled by a congress, any more than a flood or a cyclone can be managed by a weather bureau. There was no waiting for such a tide as that; it came of itself.

To-day, in Russia, with Kerensky gone and with no opposition to the plan, the various peoples of Russia and the various geographical districts are being formed into separate states. Local home government, by elected officials satisfactory to the people, will mean that Russia can be rehabilitated in all its parts.

Fears Destruction of New York

Expert Believes Germans Will Start Air Raids From Giant Submarines

IN the course of an article in *McClure's Magazine* that he heads "The Super-War" Cleveland Moffett proceeds to show that the war must be fought out to the finish and won and that it can only be won by building ships and airplanes in large enough quantities. To bring this lesson home he shows the danger that exists that during the present year the Germans may bombard American cities by means of airships launched from giant submarines. He describes this danger as follows:

I had a talk the other day with Allan H. Hawley, President of the Aero Club of America, who takes this view emphatically.

"We may assume," he said, "that Germany leads the world in submarine construction, and inasmuch as the United States is already building submarines of 1,200 tons, it is probable that Germany is building them twice as large, or soon will be. She will not tell us of her plans to strike at America until the blow falls, and if we wake up some morning and find half a dozen giant submarines (say of 2,400 tons each) lying off Sandy Hook, we need not be surprised. It is already two years since the U-53 of 800 tons' capacity, lay off our coast, a gentle object lesson from Prussia of what the future holds for us."

"Could airplanes," I asked, "be assembled on the decks of these super-submarines?"

"Yes, I have that on the authority of experienced airplane constructors. The chief engineer of a Canadian airplane company gave me some details the other day. Each submarine would carry about half a dozen planes light built with no landing gear, and a low factor of safety. The fuselage would be stowed away in two parts, hinged together, the engine intact in the forward part, the rudder and tail mechanism in the rear part, the gasoline tank and controls fitted in place—all ready to work. The biplane wings would be made in two left and right folding panels."

He described various other assembling and demountable devices of astounding ingenuity which would accomplish a great saving of time, space and labor.

"How long would it take to assemble such a machine on the deck of a submarine?" I asked.

"How long do you think?"

"Twenty four hours?"

He smiled. "That's about what I thought, but this Canadian engineer tells me that, with six men working *one hour would be sufficient* from the opening of the submarine's hatches to the launching of the bomb-loaded airplane from the catapult car."

"And each of these flyers would carry enough high explosives to—what?"

"To wreck the Brooklyn Bridge, to shatter the Woolworth building, to blow up a munition factory, to put out of business a lighting plant or a railway terminal or an aqueduct."

If it be argued that Germany will not be foolish enough thus to bombard New York City, knowing that such a course would be worse than useless from a military point of view, the answer is that Germany is foolish enough to do anything, as her London record shows. Besides this bombardment might not be as useless as at first appears. It would cause a money loss of hundreds of millions at a time when every dollar counts. It would detain in America large coast defense and aerial defense forces at a time when every soldier and every airplane counts.

We must conclude, then, that the safety of New York City and other coast cities, as this war goes on and approaches the condition of super-war, depends upon the elimination or suppression of the German submarine. And the truth is that, in spite of reassuring statements, in spite of desperate efforts by the Allies to check submarine ravages, in spite of vigilant destroyer and hovering airplanes, in spite of depth bombs, electrical "nets," smoke screens and all manner of guarding and canvoying devices, the wastage of Allied ships has gone on and is still going on, steadily and relentlessly, week by week, at a dreadful rate.

It is a ghastly state of affairs, when the *best* that can be expected from the united efforts of half the world is to build ships as fast as the other half can sink them! We must do better than this. We must solve the submarine problem in some other way than by reaching to completion endless ships for the mere purpose of having them sent to the bottom of the ocean. We must deal with the cause of this evil and destroy the submarines themselves at their bases. Military authorities say we can do this by building immense fleets of airplanes, which means that the decisive victory in this war may not be a land victory or a sea victory but a victory in the air; and it is fitting that America (where the airplane was invented) shall win such a victory.

Unless America can win this decisive air victory within the next twelve months, it may be too late to save the world from an appalling climax of super-war!

This is true even if the present struggle ends in a stalemate, for, in that event, the evil day will be only postponed for a generation and our children will have to face the horrors of a super-war that we will have passed on to them. Which means a Prussian victory, inasmuch as the whole world will then be forced to adopt Prussian military methods, to devote its best energies and resources to creating Prussian super-cannon, Prussian super-aircraft, Prussian super-submarines, Prussian eager-devilishness of every kind in preparation for the inevitably impending Prussian super-war, for one thing is certain, that *the issue between Prussianism and democracy must be fought out to a finish either now or later!*



L. Raven-Hill, in *Punch*

THE LIBERATORS.

First Bolshevik. "Let me see, we're made an end of law, credit treaties, the army and the navy. Is there anything else to abolish?"

Second Bolshevik. "What about War?"

First Bolshevik. "Good! And Peace, too. Away with both of 'em!"

Prussia's Uncrowned King

Leader of Junkers is More Powerful Than the Kaiser?

AFTER believing so long that the power of the Kaiser in Germany was supreme it is unsettling to have it said that there exists a power in Prussia even greater than Wilhelm, and not a military power either. This personage is Von Heydebrand, the oldest and most arrogant of the Junkers. *Current Opinion*, which has gathered together considerable and interesting information about him, calls him "The uncrowned King of Prussia." Von Heydebrand is undoubtedly a very great force and a personality both striking and unique.

The Heydebrands were of the utmost importance in what is now Prussia long before the Hohenzollerns collected a tribute there. The present chief of the Heydebrands clings grimly to privileges, to estates, to feudalism. He is the leader of the conservatives not only in the Prussian Landtag but in the Reichstag of the empire. His attitude to things in general may be inferred from his approval of the judges who sent a sixteen-year-old boy to a penal institution recently to be cured of his socialistic ideas. All Germany has been agitated over the affair. Heydebrand would not send socialists alone to penal reformatories. Democrats should be sent as well. Nothing makes Herr Ernst von Heydebrand und der Lasa quite so sick as that word democracy. He has said so to the Prussian House of Lords. The Heydebrand family motto is "Forward with God for King and Fatherland," and the Hohenzollerns state it. For centuries, according to the historians of the house, the Heydebrands have been despoiled by those Hohenzollerns. Speaking of William II Herr von Heydebrand once observed that he had a very slight personal acquaintance with him. In Prussia a Hohenzollern must be deemed a mere Junker and among Junkers a Heydebrand is better than a Hohenzollern. All the Hohenzollerns in the land could not force democracy upon Prussia against the will of the Heydebrands.

Within a few years of seventy, Herr von Heydebrand is a vigorous orator, whose primeval home is on a great estate called Klein-Tschunkawe, not far from Gontkovitz in the Breslau district. No doubt, according to American standards Herr von Heydebrand would seem a poor man, for his property is mortgaged, his crops are often deficient and much of his land is unproductive. He stones for his financial straits by the pride he takes in his birth. The appointment of the son of a merchant to responsible rank in the regiment of the guard filled him with horror. He loathes the "bourgeoisie" with the fury of the socialists. He deems the industrial magnates of the Rhenish provinces, with their cam-

merce and their capital, the real authors of the miseries of modern Germany. His is agrarian to the finger-tips. His social ideal is a land held by great territorial aristocrats ruling a population of tenants and laborers. The laborers must be well housed and well fed. The tenant farmers must be justly dealt with. Let there be no "nonsense" as he says, about "ideas" filling the heads of the masses with the spirit of rebellion, making them insolent to their superiors, who alone know what is good for them. In the Prussia of the Junkers both before and after the Napoleonic wars, everybody was happy. Then came socialism, democracy, the bourgeoisie. Germany ceased to be primarily an agricultural state. It is a factory hell. The result is world war, for all the nations of the earth are as mad as Germany.

Herr von Heydebrand, however, is something more than the champion of the agrarian conservative "Weltanschauung," or view of the world. He is the statesmen and diplomatist of his party. Men like Count Kanitz, Count Schwerin-Lowitz or Baron von Wangenheim might be considered specialists in agriculture and Commerce. As a specialist, Herr von Heydebrand lets such things alone. They enter only into his "Weltanschauung." His calling is what the Germans call "big politics." In practice, this means a conservative Prussia, the one hope left for a return of the world to sanity. That is how the French daily interprets him. He is sweetness personified to rearing socialists of the Herr Haase school. He shrugs his shoulders at what he is pleased to deem the vagaries of William II., upon whose financial friends he looks with distrust—Herr Gwinner, Herr Ballin and that sort. The business of a King of Prussia is to be a Junker and William II. is all things considered a poor Junker. Making no concealment of such ideas, Herr von Heydebrand is no such conspicuous figure at court as was his yeneger brother. He meets the Emperor only upon the plane of religion, the piety of each manifesting itself in a phraseology of the mystical kind.

With the Serbians in Corsica

Graphic Description of the Exodus From Serbia of the Serbian Settlement in Corsica

SAVE for one event of historic importance —the birth of Napoleon — the Island of Corsica has been little more than a name to the majority of travellers, but the town of Ajaccio and two inland villages in its neighborhood have lately become the scene of a most interesting experiment in war relief and more important, a centre of Serbian homes and Serbian national life, till the refugees are able to return to their own country. Kathleen Reyds in *The Contemporary*, tells the story in part thus:—

It was in the autumn of 1915 that a number of English workers, sent out by various societies to help Serbians, found themselves stranded in Salonica. Those who had been destined for hospitals in Serbia—mainly Scottish Women's Hospital workers—had arrived just as the line to their various destinations was cut by the enemy. There was nothing for them to do but await developments, with the prospect of a return to England if the enemy advance continued. As all the world knows it did continue, and step by step the Serbian army retreated before its onslaught until the whole of the country was in enemy hands, and it became clear that no work would be possible in the country itself. But the opportunity to give aid came in an unexpected way. As the Serbians fled before the German advance they divided into two main streams. One of these, travelling chiefly on foot, went with the retreating army through Albania. The other group, chiefly Southern Serbs and Macedonians, who from their position had longer warning, fled to the uncut portion of the line to the south. In the early weeks of December these began to arrive in Salonica. During that month Salonica station yard witnessed the strangest of strange sights. From the night trains the refugees poured. They filled the cafes round, sitting or lying at full length on benches, tables, and floor —men, women, and children huddled together. They overflowed from the cafes out into the square and there, unwilling to leave, and unable to remove their baggage, they camped in the wintry rain and slush and waited for the dawn. A family's bundles, rolled up in brightly colored Serbian rugs and carpets, were pitched in circles, arranged as beds, and then and there put to use. Boxes of all shapes and sizes, bedsteads, perambulators, stoves—things it seemed seized at random at the moment of flight littered the ground. The weirdness of the scene was enhanced by the light from the camp fires, round which sat soldiers even then singing Serbian songs, while others lay anywhere about the square, wrapped in a blanket, and slept. The passer-by had to go warily to avoid treading on weary, prostrate forms. Here and there a few Macedonian peasants, with oxen and a wagon, formed a little group by themselves. They had "trekked" all the way with what possessions they could load behind the half-starved cattle.

As might have been expected, a good many of the arrivals in the camp were in need of medical attention. Sore feet, high temperatures, exhaustion, became more common as people came in who had travelled on foot a great part of the journey. A hospital tent was therefore started under the direction of a lady doctor who was waiting without work in Salonica, and regular visiting was carried on throughout the camp. Presently sanitary arrangements were completed and baths set going, so that it became possible to do a good deal to ameliorate the condition of the occupants. From its nature, however, the camp could not be a permanent solution of the refugee problem. Salonica already promised to become not the safest of places, and in any case it was not likely that the military authorities would be content to allow some thousands of refugees to stay within its walls. Various proposals were considered and finally an offer of accommodation made by the French Government was accepted and it was decided to take the refugees to Corsica.

The generous offer of the French Government included that of free transport to Ajaccio. It was an liners deflected from Atlantic service, converted into transports for troops on the way to Salonica, that the exiles were taken to their destination, through the months of December, 1915, and January, 1916. From 400 to 800 passengers were generally sent on each ship, and for each of these a passport with a photograph had to be prepared.

It was on Christmas Eve that the first boatload of expectant travellers sailed into the hill-encircled Gulf of Ajaccio. Owing to necessary formalities the disembarking was delayed until Christmas Day, the whole of which it occupied. The French had ready as shelters three large establishments formerly a barracks, an agricultural college, and a convent respectively. A certain number of the refugees were taken into these, and the remainder were placed temporarily by the Serbian Relief Fund into all the available hotel space in the town. All day cabs and carts drove to and fro to and fro through the streets between docks and hotels, packed with refugees and luggage—a seemingly endless stream. It must have been the strangest of Christmas days to the Ajaccio people, curious to the finger tips over the friendly invasion from a foreign land. Those who know the history of their beautiful island perhaps went back in imagination to that earlier invasion of Greeks whose descendants have become Corsican. The Serbs have one and all the firm resolve to return to Serbia at the first possible opportunity, but one wonders, if the war continues longer than our fears anticipate, whether there will be any absorption into the Corsican nation, and what traces will be left of their peaceful occupation in 200 years. Already in the shops notices are seen here and there in Serbian, and certain words such as "nema," "there is none," and "sutra," "to-morrow," are common usage. Amid the babel of tongues one's own speech becomes polyglot and grammar goes to the winds as long as one can make oneself understood!

On the relief side, the most obvious necessity at the beginning was to lessen the congestion in the Prefecture Houses by removing first those on whom such a communal life was inflicting the greatest hardships. Two methods were immediately adopted. Rooms were rented in the town for seperate families, who were provided with absolute essentials immediately, and in one case a hotel (emptied by the war), or another a large villa, was taken by the S.R.F. In these families were placed with a common kitchen and dining hall. A continuation and extension of this method has been found on the whole the best way of helping the refugees in Ajaccio. As soon as the Serbs began to receive a daily "allocation" for living expenses from the French Government they paid to the Mission some portion of what they cost. Later, when Governmental salaries were adjusted, the payments were fixed according to a scale, with a maximum and a minimum limit. Serb servants do the general work of the houses, and for this it has been found possible to employ several *reformes*, able to do a little, and pleased not to feel entirely useless though they could not volunteer for heavy work. The Serbs look after their own rooms and two of the women each week help in the kitchen, while an English worker supervises generally. Four of these Hostels are now opened, the last being specially intended for offering hospitality and rest to convalescents who have been invalided to Corsica from workshop, school and college in France.

There is a small but steady stream of these arrivals in Ajaccio, nearly all young men, and nearly all suffering from consumption in some form. Many of them passed through the island with the hands of students in the early days of the war. In too many cases they return already past hope. Those who have only been attacked by the disease in its early stages spend what time is necessary in the Isolation Hospital and then pass on to the special Hostel. Here they live a healthy open air life, with good food, sunbaths and suitable exercise, and only return to work and studies when completely cured. These youths are the hope of Serbia, disease has already terribly thinned the ranks of those who have never been in the army. To save the remainder is to do a work of the utmost benefit for the nation—while for those who come here to die, the kindly sympathy and attention which surround them for the last few months of their life are surely not gifts given in vain.

Excellent as the Hostels have proved in Ajaccio, the most important and interesting part of the housing scheme has been the development of Serbian colonies a little way inland. In two villages, under hills snow-capped most of the year amid scenery not unlike the most beautiful parts of Serbia, rooms have been taken in numerous cottages. In these chiefly families, small groups of single women, and occasionally single men have been established. Two or three S.R.F. workers stay in each centre, supplying necessities in the way of furniture and a certain definite amount of relief, and looking after the general welfare of the colony. The homely life of a village community is thus open to the refugees, and the centres have acquired quite a Serbian atmosphere. In the village street Serbian weavers may often be seen at work setting up their looms, the children go to the school, where they have their own master for lessons in Serbian in the mornings, and French in the afternoons. Besides this a Kindergarten has been started for the babies in each village, and Serbian girls who have been given a short training are in charge under the S.R.F. helper. The Serbian children are particularly charming, they have the most natural and taking manners and are delightfully spontaneous. It is a real pleasure to go into the Kindergartens and hear them



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sing and recite, or see them at their games. Other features in the villages are reading rooms open for general use and seldom empty, and churches with Serbian priests.

The Serbian woman is at her happiest at the loom, and practically every Serbian woman can weave. The peasant at home makes all the garments for her family, and adorns her walls with many-colored carpets of her own weaving. Over the various processes—combing, washing, spinning and dyeing—the national songs are sung, and are handed on from generation to generation. The garments are picturesque to the highest degree. Characteristic are the gaily-striped stuff aprons worn by the women, and the long woven girdles carried by the men, wound several times tightly round the body. It will be a thousand pities if contact with Western Europe kills this home industry or largely modifies the national costume, and an incidental use of the workrooms is to keep alive the women's interest in their national products and to maintain their skill.

Besides the workrooms for women, there is a workshop for carpenters and from time to time a number of men have been employed making the picturesque peasant shoe, the "opanke." A market garden also has been most successfully developed in one of the colonies, and has been able for some months of the year to keep the Hostels supplied with vegetables.

Most fortunately, the Serbs have a keen sense of humor and this often acts as a solvent where all else would fail, they bear few grudges for real or imagined injuries, and they have an astonishing power of enjoying the present. The light-hearted way in which in the midst of all their troubles and anxieties they can enter into the celebration of their national fete-days for example is little short of marvellous. To see them pioneering the Serbian "kola" is to forget that they have a care in the world. Yet talk to them and you discover at once the strain of Slav melancholy, accentuated by circumstance—a fatalism whose keynote is resignation, whether it is thrown off with a nod or accepted with inevitable submission. Which on the other hand it is weakness, from another point of view it is this passivity which is the strength of their endurance.

In continuating the story of how any one of these refugees came to Corsica and of their life in the island one feels that in these days it is not true that "romance died the day before yesterday." Contact with them brings home more than any statistics how the stuff for tragedy is woven by war out of the lives of the humblest individuals. One is in a perpetual state of wonder that people can lose so much and recover so quickly. Here is life stripped of the unessentials hitherto regarded as essentials—and to meet the need springs eternal the hope which enables even the older men and women to face the prospect of beginning to build up their lives again when the day of peace dawns and brings with it the day of return.

Germans Adopted Circus Methods

How Imperial Staff Took Pointers From Barnum and Bailey

THAT the efficiency of the Germans in moving troops and equipment can be traced to some degree to a close study of circus methods is the substance of an article appearing in "The Odd Measure" department in *Munsey's Magazine*. The writer says:

It was on March 22, 1900, that the Atlantic transport steamship *Michigan* docked at Hamburg, carrying a part of the circus—though it had to make two more trips to England before the entire outfit was carried across the North Sea. From the moment of her first landing great interest was shown by the German authorities in this enterprise so new in their country. Of course, the inevitable press agents had arrived some time in advance, and stories had appeared in the newspapers about the "greatest show on earth," but the Germans had only smiled at one another, or had shrugged their shoulders and sneered at the "American swindle." However, on the landing of sixty-seven railway cars from the Michigan, the port officers at Hamburg began to see something worthy of consideration. Indeed, they did not conceal their astonishment. Other officials soon began to arrive from Berlin and it was very evident to the circus people that their advent was being taken quite seriously.

This was the first time in the history of Germany that cars had ever been landed from a steamship just as they had been taken from the railroad tracks, wheels and all. Moreover, the Barnum & Bailey cars were sixty feet in length while the longest German cars at that time were not over forty feet. At first the officials scoffed at the idea of cars sixty feet long being practicable, saying that they could never go around curves, that they would break in the middle, and so forth. In reply, Mr. Bailey, who was personally managing the tour, merely smiled and said:

"We shall show you many new things."

The German officials insisted that the cars should first be sent to the railway shops at Altona, near Hamburg, for inspection. The attachment of some minor appliances was insisted upon by the authorities there, with whose requirements Mr. Bailey duly complied. The unloading of the *Michigan* was accomplished by the circus crew in thirty-eight hours, and on Easter Sunday, April 15, 1900 the big show gave its first performance in Hamburg. This, of course, was preceded by a big street parade on Saturday, April 14.

The German government required that every part and feature of the entertainment should be inspected and passed upon by a town commission of each city visited, before the doors were opened to the public at a ticket sold. The Hamburg commissioners on arriving at the circus grounds, were frank enough to admit that the White Top City was beyond anything they had imagined. They were amazed by the huge tent, with every convenience for the seating of twenty thousand people, ample space for the three-ring performance and aerial acts and a wide track between the audience and the performers' rings for horse and chariot racing.

They next inspected the huge cook tent, where the entire Barnum & Bailey company, consisting of about fourteen hundred people, were fed three times daily. Then came a fully equipped electric light plant, then a splendid stable, in which were kept more than five hundred dray horses, two hundred performing horses, eighty ponies, thirty-six elephants, and twenty-four camels.

They also visited the menagerie, with its thirty-five wagons of caged animals, and passed through the side-show, with its freaks and different entertainments. The necessary permission having finally been given, the circus threw open its doors, or rather tent-flaps, to the German public.

But what the German officials regarded as most interesting and instructive about the American circus was what they heard about its regular schedule of operations in its own country. They were told that in America this white-topped city went to a different town each day, giving a parade in the morning, a performance in the afternoon, and one again in the evening, that it entertained some fifty thousand people daily, and went on its way to the next town that same evening, conveyed by its own train, which consisted of seventy-five or eighty cars, divided into two or three sections, and that all this was done without the loss of so much as a tent stake. Here were true efficiency and system, well worthy of study and imitation, and the German authorities decided to take advantage of the opportunity.

* * * * *

After four weeks in Hamburg, the American circus men, like the Arabs, quietly folded their tents and moved away. The next stand was Berlin, and here there began a new and interesting chapter of their experiences.

As their train neared the outskirts of the German capital, it was met by a party of army officers, who went carefully over all the sixty-seven sixty-foot cars. The officers were plainly impressed by the efficiency and

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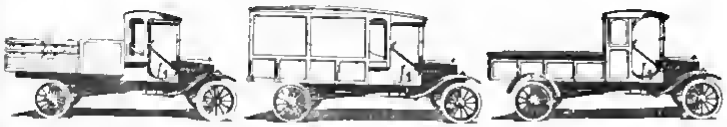
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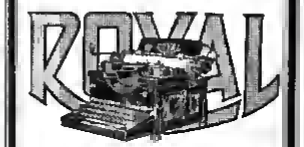
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system shown in transportation. They thought, however, that it would take a week to get the circus in shape to give an entertainment. When it was reported as "all ready for inspection" just eight hours after reaching the station they were loath to believe the report and made a complete tour of the tents to convince themselves.

From the arrival of the circus at Berlin until its last performance was given army officers accompanied this American enterprise all through the German Empire. In most places the military authorities supplied soldiers to do the work of laborers the circus people paying the government for their services. This was a good business stroke, for hundreds of the kaiser's soldiers got a training in efficiency and system, while his treasury received for their services a great deal more than it had to pay them.

In every town of military importance new officers joined the circus and the unsuspicious Americans instructed them in the details of loading and unloading cars, pitching or putting up tents, arranging seats and apparatus, feeding people and animals, taking down tents, and disposing people in cars.

It is the belief of the observer who supplies the above facts that during the seven months' tour of the American show in Germany, the Kaiser's underlings learned much about taking cars of crowds with safety, moving and feeding considerable bodies of people and animals daily, and using larger cars on their railroads than they had ever used before.

A Strange Industry

How New Zealanders Dig the Valuable Kauri Gum.

A STRANGE industry is found in the northern part of North Island, New Zealand—the digging of Kauri gum. It is the solidified turpentine of the Kauri, a strange and wonderful tree found only in New Zealand. Kauri gum is the most prized variety of resin. Describing this industry in *The Wide World*, J. Joslyn says:

The extent of the industry may be gauged when it is stated that between eight thousand and nine thousand tons of this gum is exported annually from New Zealand. The total for 1913 was eight thousand seven hundred and eighty tons.

There is no record as to who was the first to discover the valuable deposits of gum that exist to-day in the northern parts of New Zealand. The Maoris knew of their existence long before the coming of the British, and it is thought that they pointed them out to the early settlers. In any case, New Zealand has exported this article since 1847, soon after we took possession of the islands.

For many years New Zealand was content with five pounds a ton for the gum. Then it jumped to nine pounds, and gradually rose in value until it reached its present price of fifty to sixty pounds a ton, according to quality, some twenty-five years ago. The increased price was not due to any scarcity of the article, but rather to the discovery by the world's leading chemists of its wonderful properties and the valuable uses to which it could be put.

The gum bearing districts cover an area of just over eight hundred thousand acres. This means that this article, worth from fifty to sixty pounds a ton, can be dug up over a space equal in area to that of the county of Cornwall.

At first gum-digging was exceedingly profitable on account of the rich finds that awarded the seeker and the ease with which it was obtained. It was found on the surface, or barely embedded in the soil. When this surface "crop" had been removed, the digger had to search for it below the soil.

For this purpose he uses a spear ten or twelve feet in length. With this weapon he pokes the ground in search of the decomposed stumps to which the gum is frequently attached, bringing it to the surface by means



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of a hook. The gum is found in lumps varying in size from that of a walnut to a man's head. Occasionally pieces are found weighing a hundred pounds and more. One of our photographs depicts a "nugget" weighing two hundred and twenty pounds. The finder stumbled across it within an hour after he had started digging—a rich haul, seeing it netted him a ten-pound note.

For a number of years it was the belief of many that as soon as the surface area had been worked over, the supply would be exhausted. Excavations made in the fields, however, revealed the fact that there existed, at least in many places, two, three, and sometimes four layers of gum, indicating the existence of two or three Kauri forests, which on disappearing,—or, as it is probable, on being destroyed by fire in ages past—left in succession their quota or layer of gum in the ground.

It has been said of New Zealand's gum fields that they have been the means of solving her unemployed problems. To a certain extent this is true for they are open to all British subjects who care to dig there, at a nominal license of five shillings. On arrival at the field he has elected to try his luck in the digger's first step is to select his storekeeper and interview him. On some fields there may be only one store, on others several, but to the digger the storekeeper is everything. It is the storekeeper that gives him his start, and should he ever get into a tight corner through illness or any other cause, it is the storekeeper who extricates him from it. The start comprises, in most cases, the necessary materials for building a shanty and a month's provisions. At the end of the month the digger sells his gum to the storekeeper, and if the result proves him a digger capable of earning his living at this work he becomes a regular customer and is allowed credit in moderation.

The credit system of the gum-fields is practically a necessity, as in most cases the digger arrives with an empty purse. The storekeeper thus necessarily runs a big risk of the digger leaving him with the balance on the wrong side of the books. This often happens, and naturally the honest and capable diggers have to meet the deficiency by paying a higher price for their provisions and receiving a lower price for their gum than would otherwise be the case. The storekeeper is accordingly a much-maligned person, though it can be said of the majority that they only manage to pay their way. If a storekeeper is too harsh or unreasonable his creditor can always appeal to the government.

As soon as the digger has obtained the necessary credit to enable him to start—a month's provisions, a dozen new corn-sacks, twine, needles, and nails—he is conveyed by the storekeeper by bullock-dray, pack horse, or horse-trolly, as the case may be, to the particular spot on the gum-field where he has elected to camp. His first step is to erect his hut. This, as a rule, is a very primitive affair, consisting of a "manuhiri" frame with roof and sides covered with sawn corn-sacks and an earthen chimney. The cooking is all done by camp oven and billy, the ubiquitous kerosene-tin playing a large part in the kitchen department. The furniture consists of a sack bunk and packing-cases adopted for various purposes. This simple dwelling can be erected in a day. It has the advantage of being light for transport purposes, and is very easy to pull down and re-erect. This is necessary, as the digger does not, as a rule, stay long in one camp, but shifts to different portions of the field as the spirit moves him.

Many of the men who regularly follow this vocation and are married have quite comfortable cottages of timber and iron, surrounded by neat gardens. Many of them own stock and do a certain amount of farming.

Commerce Will Be Revolutionized

The Effect After the War of a Trans-Oceanic Air Service

IN discussing the future of aircraft in *Collier's*, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu goes, in a practical way, into the possibilities of flying across the Atlantic. This, he contends, will be quite feasible and proceeds to outline the most practical routes. He then deals with the effect this tremendous development will have on commerce, claiming that it will eventually revolutionize things. On this point he says:—

Assuming that the eastward flight from St. John's to the west coast of Ireland can take place in seventeen hours (it should rather take less at an average of about 100 miles an hour), connecting services will be established to convey letters from every important city in the United States and Canada to some point of departure where the aeroplanes will be resting at their moorings or in their sheds. As to the actual time taken, we must not allow less than twenty-four hours say, from Montreal or New York to the west coast of Ireland. Thence to London we must allow another eight hours, or thirty-two hours in all. But think what this will mean to commerce. Letters posted, say, at six o'clock in the evening in New York or Montreal will be delivered in London during the morning hours of the second day. An answer can be then written, posted, and delivered in New York once more within the same time—7,000 miles or more of land and water covered in about four days! The fastest mail delivery from office to office, single passage, before the war, by the fastest steamers, such as the Mauretania and Lusitania, was never much less—I think I am correct—than seven days and fifteen days return. That is, a letter written on Saturday morning before twelve, leaving London in the afternoon, used to arrive via Dublin at Queenstown about noon on the following day, Sunday, and with luck was delivered in New York on the Friday afternoon of the same week, a little over six days, as against two days in the future. I am purposely taking this trans-ocean service, which will be one of the most difficult, as a test of probability, for mail service between London, Paris, Rome, Egypt, India, the Far East, between the north of Europe and the cities of China and Japan, is merely a question of the establishment of

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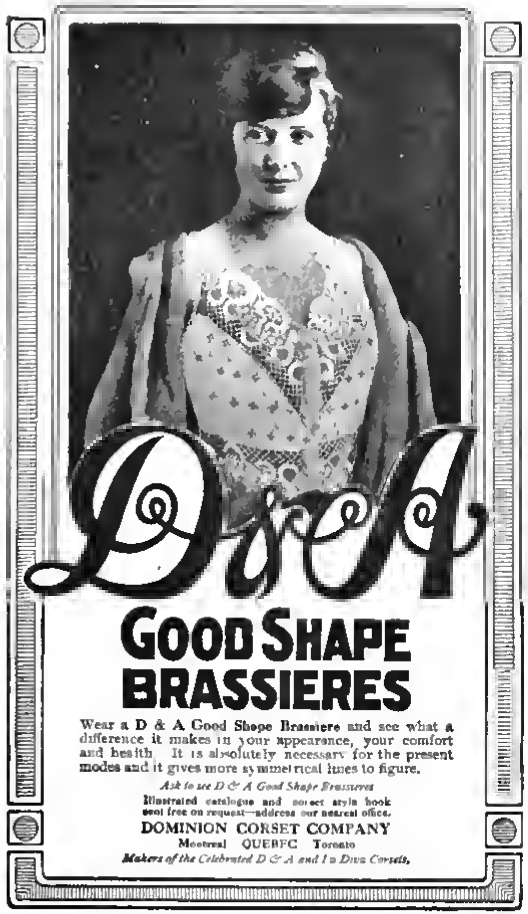
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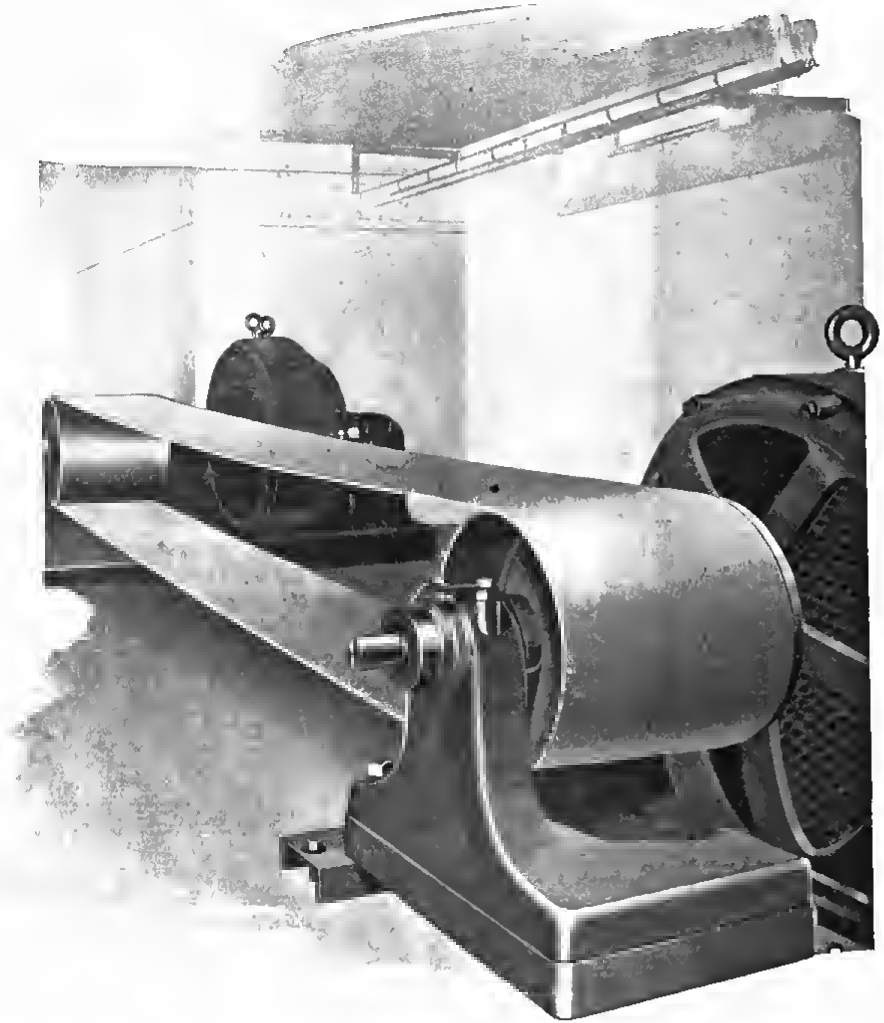
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gether would soon become apparent. Ar
firmly believe though it may seem improb
to-day that the most important, the a
lasting, and the yet unforeseen effect of
wide-world development of aviation will
strongly in the direction of peace.

Teuton Women Ma Revolt

Novelist Declares They are Tired of C ditions Under Which They Live.

THE prophecy that the women of G many may arise and overthrow the' perial Government is made by Gertrude Ath ton, the novelist. In the course of an art in *The Bookman*. In discussing her ne novel which had a feminine revolution Teutondom as its theme, Mrs. Atherton p ceeds to express her belief that the uphea is not only possible but highly probable says:

There is no question that for about fift years before the war there was a thinb secret, silent, watchful but outwardly pea revolt going on among the women of G many. I do not think it had then reached working women. It took the war to w them up. But in that vast class which spite of racial industry, had a certain amo of leisure owing to the almost total abse of poverty in the Teutonic Empire, and wl minds were educated and systematic trained, there was persistent reading, m tating upon the advance of women in ot nations, quiet debating unsuspected of t masters, and they were growing in numl and in an almost sinister determination ev year. Of course there were plenty of he *frans* cowed to the door mat, and, like the p letariat, needing a war to wake them up; there were several hundred thousand of other sort.

Now, all these women need is a leader. working women have their Rosa Luxemburg who think out loud in public and get th selves locked up; and, moreover, do not peal to the other classes—for Germany is most snobbish country in the world.

Just consider for a moment what the G man women have suffered during this wa

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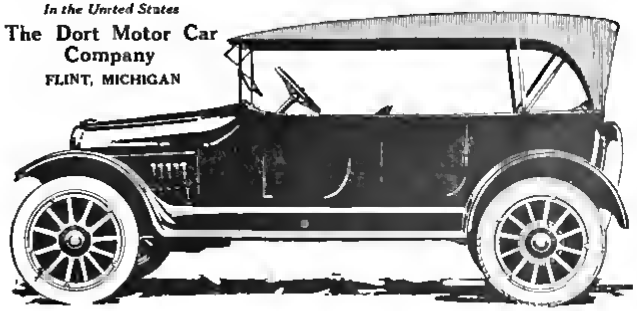
The five-passenger touring car is $1,125, *the three-passenger fleur-de-lys roadster is* $995, *the Gray-Dort Special, beautifully finished and with extra details of equipment is* $125 *above the list. All prices are f. o. b. Chatham.*

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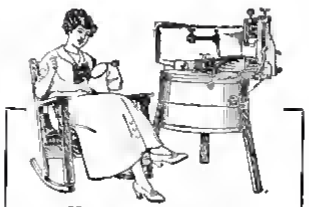
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a war that they were told was forced upon their country by the aggressive military acts of Russia and France, but which, owing to Germany's might would hardly last three months. For nearly three years they have never known the sensation of appeased hunger, and having always been immune, esteem have suffered the tortures of dyspepsia in addition to hunger. But, far worse, they have listened almost continuously to the wails of their children for satisfying food, children who are forever hungry and who often succumb. Karl Ackerman whose accuracy no one has questioned, states in his book, "Germany the Next Republic?" that in 1916 sixty thousand children died of malnutrition in Berlin alone.

These women have lost their fathers, husbands sons—well, that is the fortune of any war, but they are beginning to understand that they have lost them, not in a war of self-defence, but to gratify the insane ambitions and greed of a dynasty and a military caste that are out of date in the twentieth century. Their parents, when over sixty, have died from the same cause as the children. Their daughters, both unmarried and newly widowed are officially pregnant" or the mothers of brats the names of whose fathers they do not know. The young girls of Lille hardly have suffered more. The German victims are sent for, then sent home to bear another child for Germany.

Now, we know what the German men are. These women are the mothers and wives and sisters of the German men. In other words, they are Germany, body and bone and brain-cells, capable of precisely the same ruthless tactics when pushed too hard—if they have a leader. That to my mind is the whole point. Given that leader they would effect a revolution. Nor would they run the risk of failure. The German race is not eight-tenths illiterants and two-tenths intellectuals, emotional firebrands, anarchists and sellers-out like the Russians. They are uniformly educated, uniformly disciplined. They will do nothing futile, nothing without the most secret and methodical preparation of which even the German mind is capable. It will be like turning over in bed in camp; they will all turn over together. They are damnably efficient.

German Plot in Roumania Failed

A Secret Treaty With the Imperial Government Was Repudiated.

THE plight of Roumania is in some respects the most pitiful feature of the present situation. With Russia out, the Roumanian army is almost certain to be ground between the German and Bulgarian armies and the Allies can do nothing to help. In this connection it is interesting to read in the *Saturday Evening Post* a story of how the decision to intervene was arrived at. It is from the pen of Wm. T. Ellis and reads, in part, as follows:

At the outbreak of the great war a grand council of state was held in Bukharest, both past as well as present cabinet ministers attending. Roumania's relation to the situation was thoroughly canvassed, and all present except one man, a former premier, declared that Roumania's sympathies and destinies lay with the Allies, and that if she participated in the struggle it should be on the side of France and Britain and Russia. After the discussion had reached this point the old King, who had been showing increasing signs of surprise and depression, produced a paper, saying in effect: "But, gentlemen, I have here a document which settles the question. It is an agreement made with the Kaiser that in case of war Roumania will join forces with Germany."

At once there was an outburst. The cabinet knew nothing of the existence of such a document. They expressed indignation that the Kaiser should treat their sovereign as a vassal, coming to private agreements with him as if he were merely the governor of a province and not the head of an independent government with a constitution and a cabinet. For the nation they repudiated any agreement which had not been made with the responsible heads of the people and in accordance with the law. If Roumania entered the war it would be on the side of the Allies. Meantime the army would be mobilized and made ready.

The blow nearly killed the King on the spot. He could not realize the country of which he was the head would fight against his dear Germany. He brooded so deeply over the supreme tragedy which had come to him that some of his friends feared for his reason. Mercifully death released him before hostilities began between Roumania and the Kaiser. For it had been necessary for the country to temporize for a time, until it could be made ready. There never was any doubt about which side she would espouse despite a lavish German propaganda.

As one young officer said to me, himself a large landowner and a member of the aristocracy: "We had resolved that before we would allow Roumania to be turned over to Germany by the King we would take our revolvers and go down into the streets and start a revolution. I did not care about my estates, my name, my life or anything else. The only thing was to save our country from making any such horrible mistake."

There are several reasons for Roumania's affinity with the Allies. She is a Latin nation, and not Slavic or Teutonic. Her particular pride and boast is that she is more truly Roman than the Italians, being the remnant of the Eastern Roman or Byzantine Empire and having kept her stock and lineage pure amid her mountain fastnesses. Hence the "Rum" or "Rome" in her name, and her scholars do not favor the present tendency of the English-speaking world to spell Roumanian without the "o", they would prefer to drop the "u." Having resisted the racial tides of Slav and Teuton and Turk, the little country clings tenaciously to her ancient Romoe inheritance, and the common people it is said, have retained the essentials of the language of Cæsar.



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THE Algonquin Provincial (Ontario) Park is an unspoiled territory of nearly four thousand square miles, starred with hundreds of beautiful lakes and intersected by winding streams No reserve that is easily accessible to the people of the eastern section of the North American Continent can excel it in wealth of attractions for the lover of the great out-of-doors Away up in the Highlands of Ontario, two thousand feet above the level of the sea, the Park is a wonderful spot in which to renew the energies of a tired body or refresh a wearied spirit. Its tonic air filters through hundreds of square miles of pine, balsam and spruce; the days are unusually long with bright sunshine, while the cool evenings are a time of enchantment The Park makes an especially strong appeal to the fisherman and the canoeist, but the accommodation is such that the most varied tastes can be pleased There are excellent hotels, including the well-known "Highland Inn," and the log cabin camp hotels, "Nominigan Camp" and "Camp Minnesing," for those who want to be in the wilderness, yet enjoy all the comforts of good service and social companionship The Park is about two hundred miles north of Toronto and one hundred and sixty-nine miles west of Ottawa on the Grand Trunk Railway System

The Nightmare of Peace

Germans Fear After-War Conditions But Are Preparing to Fight Hard

UNDER the title, "The Nightmare of Peace," Carl W Ackerman, contributes to *The Saturday Evening Post* a remarkable article on conditions in Germany and the steps which the Germans are taking to handle trade after the war He shows first that they are looking with dread to the end of hostilities, knowing the serious conditions which will immediately ensue To meet these conditions Dr Helfferich has been appointed to take charge of trade preparations Mr Ackerman writes:

In writing about the period after the war, everything of course depends upon the outcome Everything said about reconstruction must begin with an "if." If the Allies win one result may be expected If Germany wins another outcome is probable If there is a compromise who knows how it will come out?

Though the German military leaders believe they can decisively defeat the Allies during 1918 it is significant that none of the German business, commercial or banking interests share this opinion The latter are confident that they will not be defeated and that the nation will emerge from the war as strong as any other European power but they are not counting upon or preparing for a Teutonic victory In the same way it is true, they do not expect an Allied victory For this reason Doctor Helfferich and his co-workers are not making their plans on the basis of any other than a compromise peace All of Germany's economic schemes are founded upon the assumption that Germany and her opponents after the war will come to an understanding regarding all questions at issue during the war, from the "freedom of the seas" to European boundaries

Well and good for Germany if there is nothing to do when peace is made but to begin life anew! Well and good if the German people and the world are going to forgive and forget! But about such a peaceful future no one in the land of the enemy is dreaming Germany has reached the industrial climax of the war Not only are economic conditions disquieting but there are differences of opinion developing with respect to the status of commerce when the military celebration is over Business is disturbed because the leaders are not certain what attitude the government is going to take The people are restless because they fear lower wages, higher taxes and years more of suffering and shortages Unlike 1914 when the whole nation "arose as one man" to fight, Germany to day is divided Some want government ownership and government control after the war Others want private control and no Hohenzollern supervision The people who have been earning from three to five dollars a day as common laborers are not in a mood to submit to lower wages if a change from government control to private direction produces it. Labor is more independent To day there are not such happy prospects for the government to control the labor markets and order workmen from factory to factory, or from city to city, in military fashion, as the government proposed in the Reichstag in 1916 The man with the Iron Cross, when he is discharged from army service, considers himself of more importance than before the invasion of Belgium

Last year the government was so certain the submarine campaign would stop the fighting before Christmas that the Reichstag busied itself with the economic problems of the transition period and peace But the submarine failed, and now another remedy must be found The crisis is approaching, and because the Kaiser fears the outcome he has called Doctor Helfferich to save the nation's industrial face During the war the government has been master of its own destinies and those of its subjects The devil's



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THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
143 University Avenue . . . TORONTO, ONTARIO

wages have been high and so have the profits, but the nightmare of peace has come

Judging only from what Doctor Helfferich and President Fabarius say the German business men and manufacturers have had enough of government regulation and imperial restrictions. Until the United States declared war, and until the submarine failed, Germany was ready to trust her life and future to the Hohenzollerns. But not to-day! In the brief space of one year this reformation has taken place. During the war it was "United we stand, divided we fall." To-day the slogan is: "United we collapse, individually we succeed." The Hohenzollerns were all right to fight a war, but now that the world is against the German Government, now that even the neutrals are prejudiced against the war lusts of the military party, the business men shout: "Give us freedom!"

If we were to stop here and accept these cries for freedom and for peace we should be deceived. Though it is undoubtedly Helfferich's intention to make the Allies believe the German Government is not planning an economic attack when peace is signed, the official notices to the German newspapers betray the real intention of the government.

Behind Helfferich's barrage of talk the Imperial Government announces that it is to assume complete control of importing all grain for Germany when peace is signed, and, further, that similar organizations are to be established throughout Central Europe. There is only one conclusion to be drawn from this, and that is that Germany as a nation intends to send its representatives abroad to purchase the grain, import it in German bottoms and sell it through the government grain bureau to the retailers.

Though there are outward appearances that German business men want "freedom of action," there is every evidence that the government is planning to keep the control it has over business and commerce, over industry and food.



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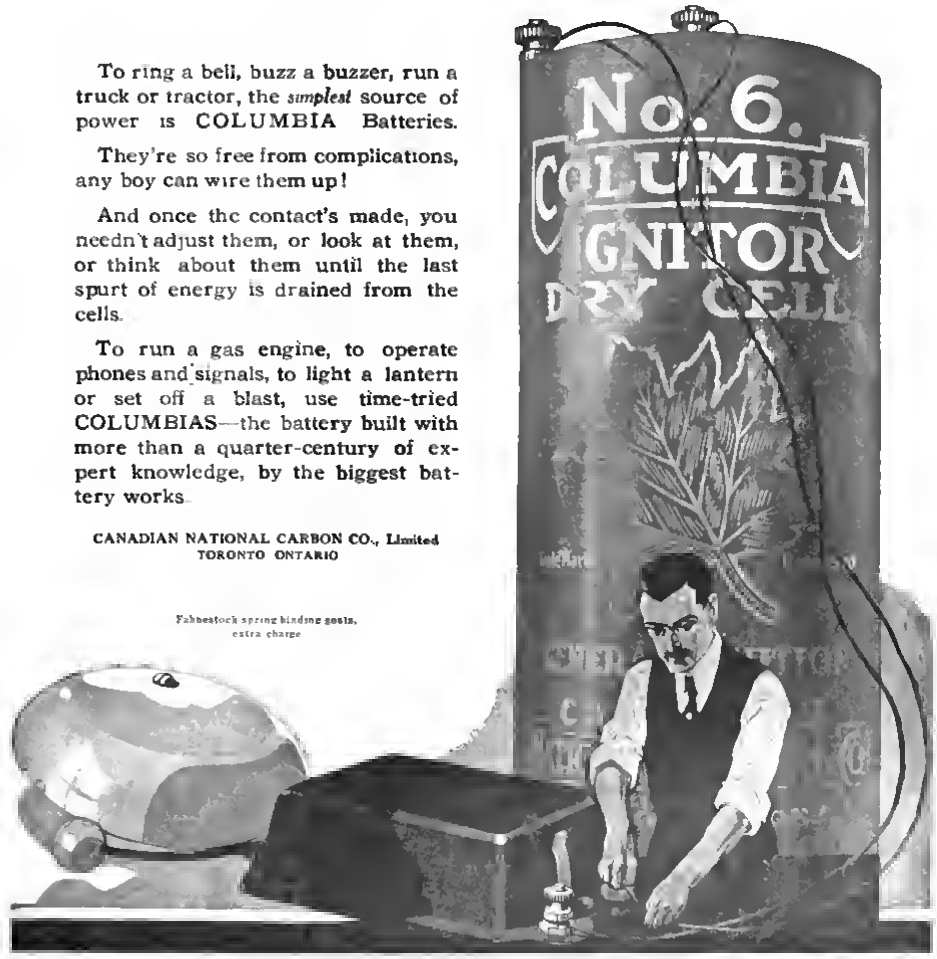
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A few weeks in Khaki in touch with our seasoned battalions Overseas, and the men of this new army will develop into the same "Fighting Sons o' Guns" of whom George Pattullo wrote admiringly in the Saturday Evening Post:

*"The Canadians at the Front shave every day. Let that sink in. Right up there in the trenches—often ankle deep in mud, sleeping in funk holes, each man cooking his own meals, fighting lice and rats and Boches, with everything combined to break down habits of cleanliness—**they rigidly observe the rule for smooth faces and chins. Of all I saw, that hit me hardest, because it meant** so much".*

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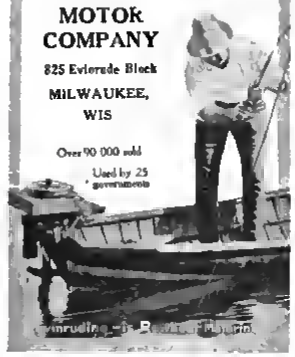
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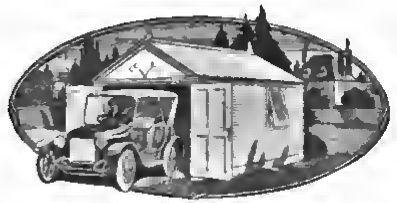
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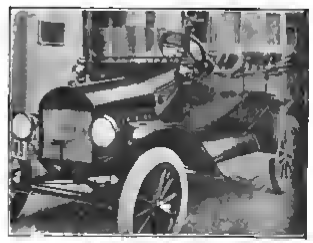
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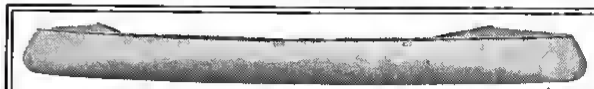
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Avoid Imitations

"Viyella" is stamped on the selvedge every 2½ yards.

DOES NOT SHRINK

Suppressing the Truth

Continued from page 46

patents who have brought us to our present extremely serious situation?

Are Canadians generally to be allowed authoritative information that will cause them to give the necessary moral support that Sir Robert Borden and Lloyd George need to secure other capable leaders like the Geddes brothers, Northcliffe and Beaverbrook, who are urgently essential to ensure a complete victory?

Or are they to be kept in darkness because of a few weak-minded, excitable editors, who see things through dark spectacles, whose world is in their back-yard, whose inspiration is an occasional excursion to the servant's hall, or because old party hacks in Cabinet jobs fail to recognize their own incapacity, or because some big profiteers wish things to continue as they are?

It may be said Lloyd George has full power but one of his most intimate friends writes that time and again he has had to give way on what he considered very vital points to his colleagues and a misinformed public opinion, and in each case he has put himself on record.

This is the big problem before the people of Canada to-day. Colonel Maclean, through MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, the *Financial Post* and elsewhere, presented the views of the big, strong, lusty Canadians in the army and out of it who fear no foe, but who fight best when the odds against them are greatest, and who want the truth, the men of the Northern clime, the men who held the line when the poor, weak Africans fled terror stricken before the first gas attack. There are Africans in Canada, in the press as well as in the fence, who are frightened by the truth that they openly and by underhand channels appeal to the Censor, to the Secretary of State, to somebody to do something to arrest Colonel Maclean, suppress the *Financial Post* and do everything necessary to keep the facts hidden. They misrepresent and deliberately lie in their desire to mislead.

They are the greatest friends Germany has had in this country. When Colonel Maclean was pleading in the *Financial Post* in 1914 for the immediate organization of a Canadian expeditionary force totaling 380,000 and arguing for conscription and saying our only hope lay in our navy being able to hold out long enough to enable the army to get ready for a five or six-year war, these ill-informed prophets quoted editorially Lord Emmett to show that there was no immediate necessity for bringing overseas forces, and the Toronto *Telegram* said, September 12th, 1914: "Let every Canadian be of good cheer. It is becoming more manifest every day that the great war will be one of months rather than of years, at least so far as the critical stage is concerned." That same paper still further aided German propaganda when it lulled its readers into inactivity by belittling German preparations and conditions, and as late as last year it editorially presented with boisterous delight, as its very own, certain opinions, and when we publish these as news, not as views the editor wants us suppressed.

They are beginning to talk out in England against the mismanagement by the clique of incompetent office holders. Sir Donald Maclean, described by Sir Robertson Nicol, in the *British Weekly*, as "one of the ablest and most trusted of Liberal members," said in the House of Commons the other day the nation will gladly give authority for the large number of additional men asked for if it is reasonably convinced they are going to be rightly used. "That is the difficulty of the whole situation. If we were dealing with malice we would know where we were, but we are dealing with colossal stupidity." And Sir W. R. Nicol, himself one of Lloyd George's strongest supporters, knows perhaps better than most men how much the Prime Minister needs



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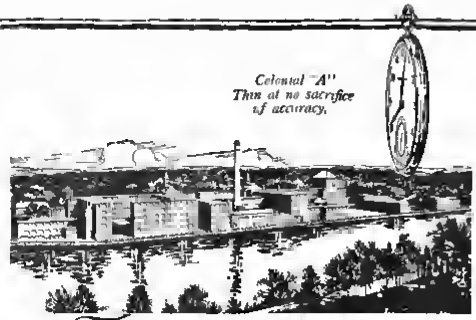
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"Your Jeweler Will Show You"

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY
Montreal

the moral support of Borden and Canada in his fight against Germany and powerful incompetent influences at home.

From se we have been we refrain from quoting from his references to the rottenness of war conditions which lead him to say:—

"If things go on as they are going on now there is no prospect of any favorable termination of the war."

There is perhaps no better informed man, with his life-long experience in European politics and his thorough knowledge of the peoples, than Dr. Dillon, of the *Daily Telegraph*, London. The latest product from his pen is a complete endorsation of the *Financial Post's* policy since the war began. He writes in the latest *Fortnightly Review*:—

"Russia, in her Manchurian campaign, was much better off than Japan far men and munitions. Yet she also lost the war because she was wanting in those very essentials in which the Coalition is deficient to-day—in leaders and in organizing capacity. The Allied peoples have indeed the will to win, but their Governments have failed to translate that will into efficacious acts. Failure, however, is not always censurable and the rulers of the Entente States—all men of integrity and patriotism—cannot fairly be blamed for their intellectual limitations. And if they are not only unacquainted with the master-facts of the problem, but are also unaware of their ignorance, they can hardly be condemned for neglecting to have recourse to those specialists who do know. It is their misfortune rather than their fault that they neither represent the present generation nor grasp its exceptional needs, but are types and spokesmen of what I would term the Ritzonian period of civilization.

"The Ritzonian is one of an intellectually and morally middle-class crowd who loves indolence and luxury, loathes system, shuns effort, feels an insolent contempt for merit and labor, and fancies himself fitted to undertake a task of any magnitude. In the political sphere Ritzonianism is pettifoggery improvisation, distrust of general principles, and negation of the law of causality. It is a trait of the Ritzonian statesmen that they purvey flaccid purpose with stunted aims, which they seek to achieve by expedients and compromises. It was they who thought that in the ruthless struggle between intelligent organization and haphazard improvisation the latter must win in accordance with the doctrine of muddling through. Of that struggle they adapted a narrow, rootless conception and shaped their fitful action congruously with that. They learned to question the man consonant with the countries, peoples, and Governments on whose behavior the success of our undertakings depended, and when information, advice, or warnings were volunteered the authors were snubbed and their writings suppressed."

Turning to the United States we get further endorsement. A British officer, recently on duty there, who has been following the silly attacks on the *Financial Post* by some weak-minded editors has been good enough to send us from his files an editorial from the New York *Tribune*, an ultra-British newspaper, which endorses our policy in every particular, as follows:—

"What we need—what the whole country is coming to recognize we need—in the war council is men. If we may so phrase it of the Cassett and Carnegie and James J. Hill mould. We would even go so far as to say men of the Harriman, J. P. Morgan and Marshall Field type—men of a peculiar combination of imagination and daring, men of the seeing eye and the doing hand. In brief, men of organizing, co-ordinating and executive genius.

"Can such men be found? Will the President, without thought of political consequences or party advantage, appoint such men? Can he work with them and through them when they are found? We still believe that he can and we still believe that he will.

"We believe it notwithstanding the angry manner in which he retorts even upon men of his own party who presume to criticize the conduct of the war.

"We believe it in spite of Senator Chamberlain's experience.

"We believe it because the alternative is fraught with such consequences that it might mean, in this fatal hour, a world disaster.

"One of America's foremost newspapers, a staunch supporter of the President, said tersely the other day: 'Every business man, every loyal American, ought to have over his desk a card bearing the words, "Germany is Winning This War."'

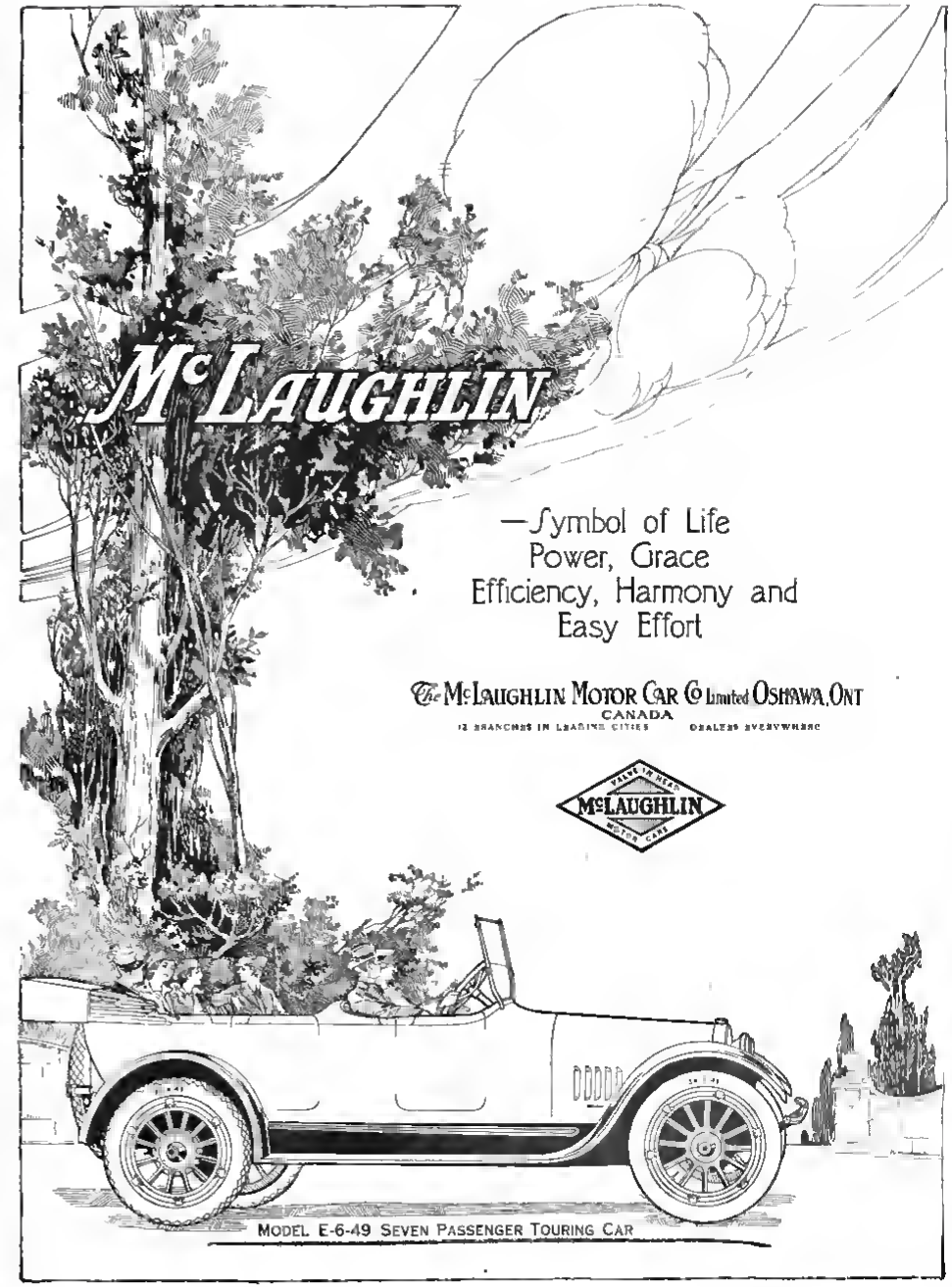
"This fact is coming home to the American consciousness. It is coming to the realization of Congress."

Finally let us quote Theodore Roosevelt, who writes that in the United States since the war broke out "it has been incessantly insisted that it was unpatriotic under any consideration to tell an unpleasant truth or to point out a governmental shortcoming. The result has not been happy. . . . *Let us insist that the truth be told. The truth only is ever a weakness. The American people wish the truth and can stand the truth.*"

If the people at home can stand the truth if the people of the United States demand the truth and ask that the worst phases of the situation be presented to them every time they look up, then the spineless Canadians who fear the truth ought to be classified, as Professor MacNaughton of McGill University, in a recent speech tersely said as "men of weak hearts and feeble guts," and be interned before they infect others.

As our present war plans have not got us anywhere why not let us now try the plans advocated by men whose experience shows they are at least worth considering. We were brutal in our treatment of such men as Lord Shaughnessy and Sir Herbert Holt when they told us what was wrong, what would happen if we continued on our stupid ways. Canadians are beginning to think for themselves and they are now beginning to talk about the sane advice given by such men.

In Canada our Premier has accomplished much, despite the load of incompetents a wrong political system compelled him to carry, and he has come through extremely well many delicate domestic situations, that his own party, much less the public, knew nothing about. It is said he has been called to England to advise Lloyd George on plans for the further prosecution of the war. He will no doubt be asked as to Canadian opinion. If he will consult the men the *Financial Post* spends for he will be told they desire the immediate calling in of the experts of the Empire a reorganization, and then a fight to final victory with all Canada's resources in men and money. And they have more to lose than any other class in Canada. They are the leaders in this country—the men who will have to organize the resources and provide the employment when the war ends.



Diplomacy or War—Which?

How Capital and Labor Can Work in Closer Harmony

A REMARKABLE article on the adjustment of relations between capital and labor appeared in *Cattas Factory Timss*, from the pen of Sir Charles Macara. It is interesting to note that it was Sir Charles Macara who was referred to in the article by Colonel Maclean in February MACLEAN'S in connection with the cotton embargo and the war. He writes.—

Last week you published a letter from me in which I vindicated the rights of Labor. Perhaps you will kindly grant me space this week to say something about the rights of Capital, and to show how urgent is the demand to-day for effecting a reconciliation between the conflicting claims of Capital and Labor.

Before entering upon that subject I would like briefly to refer to a statement made in a letter which appears in your last issue. Replying to my argument that this war had disproved the Socialist view that all wars are sought after and deliberately encouraged by the Capitalist class, and will "cease only with the suppression of the Capitalist system," the writer of the letter advances the statement that wars are the "result of capitalism". It would be no less true to say that wars are the result of maintaining navies and armies but it would not be true to say that our armed forces are wholly maintained by and for any one class in the State, or that these forces are waiting to exterminate a people and devastate a country at the call of any one class.

Again, my letter clearly showed that I was not concerned in any way with the German inducements to wage a war of extermination and destruction, but to show that the entry into the War of this country was not the outcome, as the writer of the letter would seem to suggest, of the machinations of the Capitalist class. Great Britain had the choice between war and an intolerable alternative. For her it was not, and is not, in its essence a war of interests, it is a war of ideals. Not a war of aggression but a war in defence of principles the maintenance of which is vital to civilisation. The German nation—militarists, capitalists, professors, priests, students, and the large class which is usually embedded under the general term of "workers"—had cultivated a warlike restless, ambitious spirit of conquest, and the nation in arms was turned into a pack of wolves instead of watchdogs.

I am asked if my suggestion is that "it is purely a military caste in Germany who forced the war?" and the questioner answers it by saying that it was the capitalist class in Germany who persuaded the military class that war was necessary. Perhaps my interrogator will allow Mr. H. M. Hyndman to answer his question. About the time Germany sprung the war upon us Mr. Hyndman wrote an article in which he spoke of the military caste "which, holding Germany in its grip, had resolved to make war upon Europe". That, according to Mr. Hyndman, was the position in spite of the fact that the Social Democrats, with nearly five million votes in the election immediately preceding, formed the largest party in the Reichstag.

Sir Max Waechter, in an article ("*Fortnightly Review*," May, 1913) written to prove that the nations of Europe were being crushed by the burden of militarism that militarism is perpetuated and increased by their divisions, and that armament can be restricted only when the Europe-in nations become united said: "In Germany antagonism against England is very widespread, principally among the masses and it is so intense that during the recent Morocco crisis the German populace would have enthusiastically welcomed a war with England without thought of the consequences. This may appear exaggerated but the writer happened to be in Germany at the time, and noticed the prevailing excitement with great concern. Happily the German Government did not allow itself to be carried away by popular passion, but the danger lies in this that at some other occasion the Government might be unable to withstand the war clamor and be forced into war in order to save its existence. The prejudice among the German masses against England has been artificially created. Happily a large proportion of the cultured and business classes are friendly to the British nation." I was in Berlin myself at the culmination of the Morocco crisis, and knew how near we were to war at that time.

But it is not my immediate purpose to defend war between nations, but to put in a plea for a peaceful issue out of all our industrial afflictions. In the past it cannot be said that all our ways have been ways of pleasantness, and all our paths have led to peace. We have been too prone to array our forces on the field of war. Would it not be a good thing for the nation—for employers and workers alike—if instead of perpetuating industrial strife and thereby weakening our commercial supremacy we were to turn to the field of diplomacy?

In my last letter I spoke of the rights of Labor. There are also quite distinctive rights which belong to Capital. There has been too great a tendency among the workers to countenance the ruthless violation of treaties of peace to regard the sanctity of a grievance as binding only upon the employer and leaving the worker free to ignore the pledge made on his behalf by his duly accredited trade union representative. Strikes and lockouts are alike a state of war. They are essentially barbarous and inhuman expedients, and the misery and suffering which follow in their train indiscriminately involve the innocent as well as the guilty section of the community who are held to be responsible for the disaster.

The "sympathetic" strike is the latest form of tyranny, and the evils caused by this weapon of Labor, whilst ignoring all the principles upon which a sound system of collective bargaining can be set up, create a profound feeling of suspicion and distrust between employers and their workpeople, bring widespread distress to the class of people in the community who can least afford to suffer the deprivations which this industrial manoeuver of war entails, and weaken our stability as a nation.

My contention is that without direct State intervention the employers of the country on the one side and the workers on the other, and to the great advantage of both, could adjust their grievances without resorting to antiquated and merciless methods of force, the evils of which are so apparent. We should demand that the wheels of the machinery of the Industrial Council might be made to revolve when there is a danger of a serious breach between the principal parties of industry. The workers in the cotton industry will know that I have long since advocated the establishment of a tribunal for dealing with deadlocks in labor disputes, and that in 1911 the Government, acting on my proposal, decided that the best means to strengthen and improve the existing official machinery for settling and shortening industrial disputes by which the general public are adversely affected was by the formation of an Arbitration Board. I do not close my eyes to the fact that arbitration in the past has been disappointing. The workpeople have distrusted it. They had a suspicion that it too often proceeded on the principle of "Heads I win; tails you lose." On the other hand, the employers distrusted it because of the growing repudiation by the workers of many of the settlements.

In the cotton industry we have taken a lead in improving the relations between capital and labor. The industry is highly organized, the leaders of the trade unions are men possessing the highest qualifications for the work they have to do. This the employers have always recognized and appreciated. The workers' interests have not suffered in their hands, and will not suffer in the future provided they receive the cordial support of the rank and file of the vast army of operatives. In the conference room they have proved their ability in the past, and the introduction of a court of arbitration will not in any way lessen their influence or that of their unions. All I ask is that instead of paralyzing industry by having recourse to strikes and lockouts which belong to the age of barbarism we should bring all the wisdom possible to bear on our grievances, whether real or imagined, and thereby secure peace with honor.

A remarkably good illustration of the way in which the employers' and operatives' representatives can work together for the general welfare of the industry is provided for us in the admirable way in which the Cotton Control Board has accomplished the most difficult task of steering the industry clear of the rocks which at one time threatened to wreck it. The employers alone could not have steered the ship of industry into safety. Nor could the operatives' representatives unassisted have supplied the ballast necessary to secure a safe passage. Employers' and operatives' leaders combined have fought successfully against a turbulent sea of controversy, and relieved a terrible period of anxiety by their statesmanlike conduct and grasp of essentials. When we consider what has been accomplished by the Cotton Control Board it is idle to suggest that it is necessary to appeal to the strike and the lockout to adjust any differences that may occur in the future.

But wherein lies the secret of the success of the work of the Cotton Control Board? It is surely to be found in the fact that arrangements were made by the Board of Trade compulsorily to bring the whole of the cotton industry—the federated and the non-federated firms—the unionist and the non-unionist workers—into line. The instance of this was made manifest in the report of the Inquiry on industrial agreements. The newly-formed Industrial Council in 1912 urged that any agreement that was reached in behalf of the employers and workers in any one industry provided it received the sanction of three-quarters of the persons employed in that industry, should be held to be binding on the remaining quarter. If this advice had been acted upon when war broke out, many millions of money would have been saved to the cotton industry, which is admitted to have been the most hardly hit of all our industries.

If many years' observation and reflection entitle me to make a recommendation, it is that we should henceforth resolve voluntarily to abandon the wasteful and expensive methods of the past in the future conduct of our industrial affairs. We have to accept one of two alternatives—conciliation or alienation—a drawing together of the forces of industry or to risk the danger of a wider breach between them. The latter would hamper trade at one of the most critical times in our history. Besides playing into the hands of those nations who are to-day trying permanently to cripple us, such a policy would make our organisations practically useless, and the increased competition which we will have to meet when our armies return from the field of action would find us unprepared to meet it, inasmuch as we would be engaged in a guerilla warfare among ourselves. Conciliation on the other hand would open up a new and happier era, and when once established would not be departed from, since it would place our industries on a higher, firmer, a more secure and lasting basis because the evil which had for so long been troubling us and conspiring to our ruin had been eliminated.

The Black Hole of Germany

Continued from page 32

tion factories and had refused. They were being starved into submission.

We passed the Belgian camp on our way to and from work and we often wondered what was going on in that silent camp behind the closely guarded barricades.

"Poor devils," said one of my chums to me one morning," they are dying in there rather than make shells to be used against their own troops. Last night I saw two bodies carried out. They are being slowly starved!"

Others had seen the same grim testimony to the thoroughness of German methods. That was the only news we ever got out of the Belgian camp—but it told an eloquent story of what was occurring within.

MOST of us worked in the coal mines, but some were selected to look after the coke ovens. Their task was to load the coke, as it came out of the ovens, into cars or trucks to be carried away. Each man had to load twenty tons a day. Close watch was kept. The hours were supposed to be from 6 in the morning until 6 at night, but any unfortunates who had not completed their allotted work by closing time had to keep at work right through until the full twenty tons had been loaded. Sometimes there would be a scarcity of cars. It made no difference to the prisoners, however. They had to wait until the cars came and then load the daily amount before they got off duty.

It was terrible work. The heat from the coke ovens was intense and by the end of the day the men would be absolutely played out. They would return to the camp so thoroughly fatigued that not even the activities of the fleas, which infested all of us and which bred in our bunks by the million, could disturb their sleep.

They were allowed every second Sunday off.

Sometimes the strain became so unbearable that the coke makers would go on strike and refuse to work. The method followed by the guards in such a case was perhaps the most callously brutal thing in all my experience. The men would be forced to stand at attention *immediately in front of the oven doors*. The heat pouring out would be so intense that their faces would become scorched and burned. They had to stand in this inferno sharply to attention. If a muscle sagged the butt end of a rifle or even the sharp point of a bayonet would bring the offender sharply up.

Men would faint after a few minutes of this. The guards would sluice the recumbent figures with buckets of water, drag the men to their feet and make them stand in the most exposed positions of the line. Flesh and blood could not stand it long. Maniacal laughter would break out, sharp cries of pain and frantic appeals to the mercy of the guards.

"Then back to work you go," would be the ultimatum of the guards.

And back they would finally go—with drawn faces that would smart excruciatingly for days after and with a vertigo caused by the intense heat—back to complete their full twenty ton apiece that very day!

Work at the coke ovens soon reduced a man to a mere skeleton. It was the form

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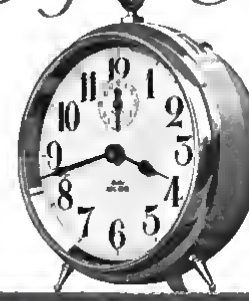
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Why We Should Bathe Internally

Adds Many Years to Average Life

By R. W. Beal

MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible recource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post-mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit, and impress them so profoundly, that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is neccesary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also they have almost no cauception of how little carelessness, indifferance or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable, but preventable, through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Men of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness, but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five or ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexions clean, your head keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practice internal bathing, and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is. Why people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "The WHAT, THE WHY AND THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J.B.L. Cascade," whose life-long study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 242, 163 College Street, Toronto, mention having read this article in MacLean's Magazine, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book now, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information, which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?

Continued from page 77

of punishment that they held over all of us—a term at coke making.

I could go on, piling horror upon horror. Perhaps what I have told will suffice, however, to show why that camp set back in the desolate coal mining country of Westphalia is called the Black Hole of Germany. Perhaps also what I have told will show how necessary it is to wage this war to a victorious conclusion. A nation which will do the unspeakable things that I have witnessed must be beaten to its knees and taught that such crimes against God and man will no longer be tolerated.

The Magic Makers

Continued from page 35

on plugs and contacts which he regarded MacTier with contemplative eyes.

"As I get it," he said slowly, "you're the boss magic-maker for this outfit and it's up to you. I don't know that I reckoned on anything just like this when I chartered the *Siren*, but seems to me now that it's your job to fill this blamed tribe so full of juice that they'll go as crazy as the rest of us, and then we'll all break even. If this was Rintoul's game, it just means that his generator wore out pumping current into this pack of thieves, and then they turned on him. So I reckon you'd better handle this contraption mighty carefully. There's just one thing more," he added, "that might help some. You can give about five times the shock if you make the people who are holding hands dip their fingers in water first. I tried that on some of the crew last year and it most lifted them off the deck."

Jock laughed grimly, after which in this chill and smoky igloo might have been observed a curious scene which had this result of settling for all time any doubt that may have lurked in his mind as to the efficacy of this diminutive box with its twisted wires and smooth metal cylinders.

Late that night the big man lay for hours staring into the darkness, while, for almost the very first time in his life, he wondered whether the burden he had assumed was not too great for his powers. He had a curious sensation that their northward journey was ended, and that whatever area of this mysterious land still lay unexplored, would remain so as far as concerned this hazardous expedition. Without arms, life in this desolation would be insupportable and Nanook had seen to it that they were utterly weaponless. It appeared now that from the very first the brown-faced hunter had had in view a mysterious aim, quickened into ruthless decision by the magical powers so casually revealed to him, and that from the moment when these were exhibited he had forged, steadily and inflexibly, toward the gratification of his ambition. Here, the expedition which was to rescue Henry Rintoul was marooned in an unknown corner on the roof of the world, surrounded by those who might yield neither to pity nor persuasion, who were too strong to overcome, and to whom the re birth of the magic which had once amazed them was evidently of tremendous import. What escape was there, Jock demanded of himself, while that magic still lived? What escape, he grimly wondered, when it once more vanished. And just as the horizon seemed darker than ever there came faintly to him, through the curving walls, the long drawn howl of a wolf.

A moment later there was a shuffling at the mouth of the tunnel and Nanook lurched in. "You may hear strange things to-night," he said hurriedly, "and of these I have come to tell you and also to say that you need have no fear if you stay inside the igloo. But there is death outside."

Into Jock's mind shot the vision of the mangled and feather-clad Husky whose torn body they had found after just such a night as this. "It is the wolves?" he hazarded.

OUT of the darkness came the noise of Nanook striking hard with his flint against the fragment of steel, then a steady stream of tiny red sparks which, directed on a pinch of tinder that lay beside the stone lamp, gradually wakened the latter into a glow. In another moment the oily wick broke into a dull yellow flame under the steady blast of his round and puffing cheeks. Beside it the hunter loomed, an indistinct and shapeless mass.

"They are not only wolves but evil spirits, for in them are the souls of the bad men who have died or been killed on Hudson Bay for many years. And lest their souls run free over the whole of the land the Great Spirit gathered them together and sent them to this island," Nanook broke off, his eyes flashing, his lips compressed.

"Go on," said MacTier evenly. An amazing thought was stirring within him.

"It is a strange thing to tell, but this tribe that lives here has seen, and therefore knows. For many winters the wolves ran wild and there was no war between them and the Huskies, but not long ago there was a man here in this very place who went mad, and, taking no arms with him, ran shouting into the North, and because his spirit was wild like their own, the wolves came to him and made him their master."

"Who was that man?" demanded Jock, interrupting suddenly.

"I do not know, but only know that he was mad. Sometimes he has been seen a long way off and always the wolves are with him. Him they obey like dogs that have been whipped. Together they hunt and kill and together they eat, and it is death for the dog or the man that meets them when it is dark."

SALTY BILL rolled over in his robes and sat up straight. "Then why in blazes don't you kill him? Mean to tell me there's a whole darned tribe held up by a few underfed wolves that travel with a fool?"

Nanook shifted ever so slightly. "Perhaps to-night he will run through the village, and then if my friend likes to take him and kill him he will get much thanks, and it may be," added the hunter with a touch of satire, "the wealth of five black foxskins. More than this I cannot tell you, but it would be well that if you hear the madman hunting you stay inside."

And with that Nanook disappeared and behind him there remained silence till Salty Bill, after peering uncertainly into the face of Sergeant MacTier, broke into a stream of oaths. "Mad!" he exclaimed viciously. "Of course the wolves are mad, and the man that drives them, and you, too, MacTier, and myself, and Nanook, and the whole damned outfit. We're all mad or we'd never be here.



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And what's more we'll stay here till we rot, or freeze to death."

But Sergeant MacTier had plunged into profound contemplation. In the glimmering light of the oil lamp his eyes had turned to a cold steel grey. Bill looked at him wonderingly. However arduous or perilous circumstances might be, this man seemed invariably to be able to bring to bear upon them some new phase of courage and resource. Presently the sergeant's voice came in:

"Bill," he said with extreme deliberation, "I'm thinking that we're in the middle of a Chinese puzzle and the answer to it may not be far off. Cast back to yon wolf that saved the day a little while ago. Where did he come from, why did he come? Man, man, but we're on the edge of strange things."

"Seeing as I never kept no menagerie," hazarded the skipper, "I ain't much of an authority on the habits of wolves, tame, wild or mad, but I reckon he ain't no cross-tempered bachelor that picked out this God forsaken island to live on, and that where there's one there's more."

BUT just then MacTier stretched forth a mighty arm, and his fingers sank vise-like into the skipper's shoulders, for in that instant there drifted again from the wilderness a weird and heart-stilling sound. This time it was not one wolf but many. Strung along the horizon they seemed to catch up the wild defiant note and fling it one to the other along an interminable line that grew steadily nearer. Finally these individual howls blended themselves into one mocking cascade that mounted to the very stars and set the whole night thrilling with a vague and suggestive horror. Over the cluster of igloos there spread a silence like death while the very domes themselves appeared to shrink closer to earth in preparation for the onslaught. Salty Bill turned purple in the face and sat stiffly, slowly clasping and unclasping his knotted and sinewy hands, while Jock, whose face had become grimmer than ever, blocked the mouth of the tunnel with boxes and hundles, and squatting behind this barricade, extended his massive arms as though prepared to destroy by main force whatever might thrust itself between the rough walls that led into the darkness.

Nearer and nearer swept that wild and yelping chorus, till, through its insensate crescendo could be caught the haying of individual wolves whose voices, hoarse and deep-throated, rose crashing above the sweeping maelstrom. By this time the wave had reached the outskirts of the clustered igloos and, dividing itself into rivulets of gaunt and leaping forms, streamed round and enveloped each individual dome as the mouths of great rivers widen to encircle individual islets ere they reach the sea. Closer it came, till, through the two foot snow wall, the captives could almost catch the sound of panting bodies and the quick pad-pad of pointed feet. And just as the river moved on it encountered one lone sleigh dog that had failed to find shelter in time. Instantly on its crouching carcase there was piled a yapping mound. In the still air a mingled and awful cry sounded more fiercely, and there came sharply the vicious snap of long and locking jaws, the pitiable and muffled scream of terror, and finally a dull snarling and ravening, as, for an instant, the deluge paused to satisfy the hunger of its gray battalion. But only for an instant this lasted, and on it swept, till, striking the shore line, it swerved northward and tore headlong up the broad fringe of ice that lay flat and gleaming under a misty moon. Then, just as the chorus dwindled there was flung back to the cowering village a shout of human laughter wild and thrilling.

Jock felt the hair rise slowly on his head and instinctively he moved over and put his hand on Bill's shoulder. "That's done with for to-night," said the big man even, "but, God knows, it was bad enough. Nanook may be a liar, and I don't doubt that he is, generally speaking. But he gave us the truth about this business, and it's as well we were inside. Now get to sleep if you can."

After which he sat motionless for hours with that peal of laughter ringing shrill in his ears. Death he had seen, of man and beast, anguish he had known and witnessed, for to those who love the North does the North bring strange offerings that tax the soul of her worshippers. But, thinking of all he had seen and heard, there was not anything upon which his wandering mind could fasten that had in it the inhuman and elemental horror, the demoniacal and unearthly significance of that far-flung laugh.

Thus, hour after hour, and long after his companion had dropped into a restless slumber, sat Sergeant MacTier, till, once again, the ghostly heralds of dawn stole up the white streets of that lonely and shining village.

CHAPTER VIII

THE Nanook who pushed his way into the igloo next morning was confident but unusually subdued. To Bill's impetuous questionings he seemed at first unwilling to reply, till, having been assured by Jock that that very night strong magic would be made for the hunters of the tribe, he became slowly more communicative. "There was no harm done by the evil spirits, except that one dog, being foolish, was eaten alive, but he was not a large dog and he could not pull much so it does not matter."

"But where do these wolves come from?" persisted the skipper. "Where do they hang out and why can't you round up your hunters and make a job of it?"

"It is easy to talk," answered Nanook bluntly. "There was one man not long ago set out to kill them and he has not yet returned, and we know that he will never return. We cannot leave the women and children without guard and, what is more, when the madman laughs he turns all our bones to water and we cannot shoot straight."

Jock nodded with a touch of sympathy. "I can understand that myself, we heard him."

"But it is worse, much worse!" said Nanook grimly. "When he stands in the middle of the village and laughs and asks if there is no one who will come out and talk with him! We know that all around him wait the wolves who do not speak while the master is speaking, and that there would be much death but little talk." He paused for a moment and shot a quick glance. "I have told the men of the tribe that to-night they will come here and there will be much feasting and after that there will be strong magic. It will be well for you," he added significantly, "that the magic be very strong."

To be continued

The Tale of the Joyful Jane

Continued from page 44

gift to Corrie. I wish I could pull in a finger who'd cut him up piecemeal, hole after hole."

"Father, I think you're horrid," said Mary, who was not a bit interested in Mr Corrie's vices or virtues. And giving him a snappy little peck on the forehead she departed for the night.

III

THERE could be no doubt about it. Corrie was a golfing Minotaur, a war profiteer, a son of the horse-leech, a lean and hungry Cassius, all rolled thinly into one. In a word he was an Argentomaniac, which seems a horrible accusation to hurl, but it is true. In the vulgar tongue, he was an incorrigible pot hunter. He had a burglar's craving for plate. Let a new trophy be presented to the club for competition and Corrie would regard it as a fox contemplates a plump and hapless rooster that has ventured recklessly into No Man's Land. After taking in its aesthetic points, he would weigh it in his hands, investigate its marks, flip it with an enquiring finger nail to hear the musical ring of the metal, and then sit down to figure out just the place it would occupy best in his trophy cabinet. He had a collection of prizes that would have stocked a silversmith's establishment. Cups and medals and salvers, shields and mugs and spoons. He went about amassing metals with the painstaking enterprise of a junkman, and the ruthlessness of a Hun prince of the blood looting a church altar or a widow's chateau. To suggest that he was unpopular at the club does not convey the proper impression.

The Governors' Challenge Cup was a big silver tank on three legs, one of those monstrosities that are excrescences on the hide of the royal and ancient game. As a plutocratic baby's bathtub it would have possessed virtues, but as a token of a golfer's victory it was a gross banality. Still it represented the high-water mark of Carsdale golf.

When it was brought into the club dining room, and put on exhibition prior to the big contest, it seemed to cast a leery blight on the entire establishment. It was a jibe, a taunt, a sneer, to the proletariat of golf, the honest rank and file of the course. Everybody knew how things would turn out. A few brave fellows, plucky enough to put up some kind of a fight, would turn in fair cards, but Corrie would wade through them, playing his bloodless, soulless game, pack the cup into its box, tuck it under his arm, and take it to his lair. It was not the cup itself, not the lickings it involved, that worried members, but the smirking, frosty humptiousness of Corrie. Of course, there was always a chance that he would drop dead during the competition, or lose an arm or leg by some favoring interposition of Providence. But, apart from these improbable occurrences, the cup was as good as his.

THE soreest man in the entire club and county, during three days, was Tom Jordan. He was as sore as a boil, an aching tooth, a pet corn in a tight shoe, a hoked politician. And when Tom was sore, he was sore, and the world knew about it. Things, apart from the Joy-



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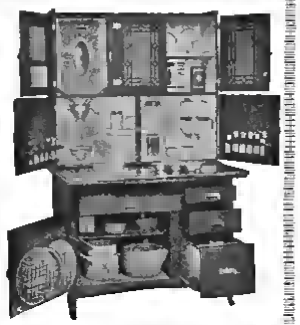
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ful Jane, were not going at all well. Mary had not been quite the same to him since he suggested new avocations for Bob Beatson, and this, added to the impending triumph of Corrie, made the world rather a vale. Mrs. Jordan was a kind of Swedish neutral, which means she preserved outward impartiality, but inwardly gave much aid and comfort to the anti-Tom confederation.

Jordan saw Bob at the Country Club now and again, but the youngster never seemed to care for a full-blooded game. He would make a bluff at it but, when a man goes out with just a pretty girl and a mashie, and they cut across, regardless of the plan of the artist who laid out the grounds, it is fair presumption that golf is a minor interest.

"Guess a straight eighteen hole game would rack him all up," said Tom irritably to his daughter. "I saw him hit out real savagely with a toy mashie the other day, and the ball went a full hundred feet but it seemed to tucker him out badly."

"Yes, you see," said Mary. "He has to take care of his hands. And then he is always seeking for ideas and inspirations. You might not think it, but he has always his profession in mind. He is like you used to be, though not quite as cross when you were thinking out the Jane—always pondering things, and figuring out plans and improvements."

"When I went out to think, I didn't take a girl with me," he grunted.

"Perhaps you might have come on quicker if you had," she answered flippantly.

"Huh!" he retorted.

"You'd be astonished, father, to know what ideas and plans come into his mind when he rambles over the course," she smiled. She was always smiling these days, even when he was grumpiest, he meditated darkly.

"I daresay I should," he replied.

"He is going to play real golf from now on," she said. "I've told him that he ought to. A man's got to be a mixer. Who knows what it may lead to? He may be painting the portraits of most of the golf folks soon. He does not like Mr. Corrie either. Mr. Corrie drove into us when we were approaching the fifteenth green. We had only stopped a minute or two to rest."

"The course isn't a drawing room," he replied. "Still that Corrie thinks he owns the place. He'll think so still more after the cup contest is over."

"I suppose he's sure to win?" she asked.

"Unless Providence intervenes," he replied with that gloominess with which faith regards Providence in trying situations.

"Bob sent in his entry to-day. He said he might as well be in the swim," she told him.

"Swim!" he scoffed. "It will be in the sink. What on earth does he pick out a scratch competition for as a starter?"

"He can't do worse than get beaten, like the rest of you," she replied unfeelingly. "Then again he hasn't the Corrie scare on him like other players seem to have."

"Well, if by some miracle he can put a fence between Corrie and that cup, I'll think a mighty lot better of his art," he said. "But, Mary, don't make a mistake and be too friendly with young Beatson. He might get notions into his head."

"Why, father, what kind of notions?" she asked in wide-eyed innocence.

"Oh! Just notions," he answered vaguely. "And remember, Mary, he hasn't a dollar in the world, and precious little chance of making any. One of these days you'll be a pretty rich woman, if all goes right."

"Father!" And she rose from her chair. "If anybody else said such a thing I should say he was a——" Then she paused.

"A what?" he asked rumblingly.

"Just what you call that Mr. Corrie. I should say you were a —— snob." And with such undaughterly remark she left him to cogitate, flinging back to him a smile and a kiss at the door to neutralize the sting.

IV

IN the club room was the deepest gloom. The run of the draw had brought Corrie against the club's likeliest men, and they had gone down like ninepins. Beatson had experienced phenomenal luck. First he got a bye, then played the worst man in the competition, managing to foozle home a hole or so ahead, and then his third opponent scratched. The fourth round was a contest of dubs. Bob's opponent could do nothing right while Bob himself was little better, but just good enough to win in a horrible encounter, and land into the final—the scrubbiest finalist the competition had ever known. Little wonder the club was in dark despair.

A few of the more frivolous minded sought to give a sporting fillip to the occasion, and shoot a joy dart or two into spectral gloom.

"Isn't there a sporting soul in all this mob of undertakers?" enquired Stokes, a giddy young broker. "A hundred to twenty-five on Corrie!"

"If you are really wanting spending money, why don't you send the hat round nicely?" grunted Marchbank, the club secretary.

"Hundred to twenty then, old dear," answered Stokes. "Come on, some of you. Show your sporting blood and give the lad a show of backing."

There was a grizzled old Scotsman, a visitor from a neighboring club sitting in a corner. His name was MacDougall, and what he did not know about golf and golfing was not worth knowing. He looked up from his benedictine, and fixed Stokes with his glittering eye.

"I'll take that," he said, to the general astonishment. MacDougall was rather notorious for his extreme carefulness. "We ought to encourage the lad. I've known him since he was a baby, and his people before him. Just a hundred to twenty, eh, Stokes?"

"Double it, or more, if you like. Say five hundred to one hundred," offered Stokes.

"I'm no plutocrat," said MacDougall. "But make it double, two hundred to forty. There's always a chance. Corrie might get lumbago or something like that. I win if Beatson gets the cup?"

"That suits me," replied Stokes. "He's as likely to get lumbago as that lawnmower out there. He only gets what nobody wants him to get, and that's not lumbago." They were an unfeeling lot.

Jordan gave MacDougall a lift back to town in his Jane. He knew the old Scot and was suspicious. If the old man had broken out into philanthropy toward a stock broker, it was a conclusive sign of senile decay.

"A sporty little flutter, that of your's Mac," said Jordan.

"Just an impulsive fancy," replied MacDougall. Jordan knew that his companion was as much given to impulsive

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fancies in finance as a wheelbarrow is to amorousness.

"But look at Bob's performance. Enough to make a man shiver," said Tom.

"Beat his man, didn't he?" enquired MacDougall. "What's the use of punishing your mount when the race is in your hand? A good jockey doesn't ride his horse all out. A nose is as good as twenty lengths, and a good sportsman doesn't make a show of his adversary."

"You think Bob has a chance?" asked Jordan.

"Golf's a funny game, Tom," said MacDougall sententiously. "That's its charm. Everybody else, playing against Corrie, has been licked before he got to the first tee. In '97 I was in Scotland and at Muirfield saw a Scotch undergraduate laddie, Jack Allan, with not a hundred to one chance, as it was thought, lift the amateur championship of Great Britain against the pick of the land. It's a funny game."

THAT evening Tom Jordan was more silent than usual, his daughter more exuberantly joyful.

"Going to the final to-morrow?" he asked Mary.

"Rather! Wouldn't miss it for worlds," she answered.

"I should think you'd hate to see your friends slaughtered by a butcher like Corrie," he said.

"You've got to stand by them, win or lose," she replied, with sheery sportsmenship.

"And you think Bob has a chance?" he enquired.

"Golf's a funny game," she declared.

It was MacDougall's reflection Jordan was not superstitious, but was prone to be influenced by coincidents. The night was yet young. He decided he would take a breath of air. So, putting on hat and coat, he strolled along to the club. There was a festive crowd in the billiard room. Corrie was there. Beatson at the billiard table was putting up an unusually good game. Some of the members were chaffing him on the long odds that prevailed against him, and he was taking it all very cheerily.

"Come on, Tom," shouted a friend across the room. "Any part of five hundred at five to one on Corrie for tomorrow. How big a piece of it do you want?"

Tom saw Corrie's tight shut mouth open the least bit to smile.

"I'll take the bunch," replied Jordan.

There was a roar of laughter and applause. Young Beatson stopped as he was about to make a stroke and looked over at Mary's father, frankly pleased.

His home lay in the same direction as Jordan's, so they strolled along together.

"That was a mighty nice compliment, Mr. Jordan," Bob said. "I don't want to talk about chances, but I'll do my best to give you a sporting run for your money."

"Go to it, Bob," said Jordan. "Lick Corrie and I'll——. By Jupiter, I'll let you paint Mary's portrait."

Bob expressed utmost gratification, but did not feel called upon to say that the work was already far advanced. It does not do to tell fathers everything, all at once.

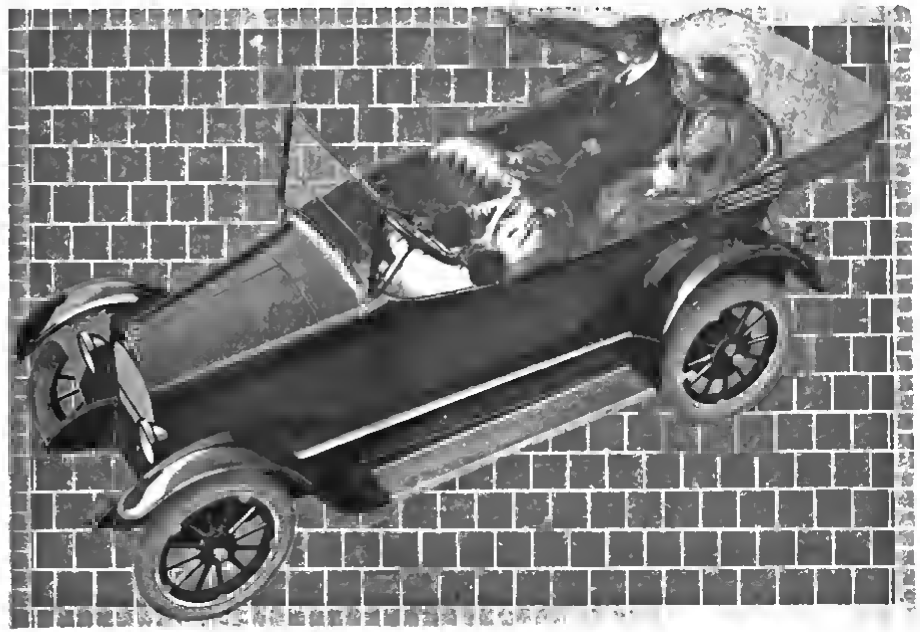
V.

WITH all golfing, and some barbarian, Carsdale behind him Corrie drove off from the first tee, a long ball, straight down the middle of the course. Bob followed on the same line. The stroke was

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the whippy, graceful sweep of the golfer who has learned his game in the classic schools—easy stand, smooth swing, natural follow through. Corrie, and others, seeing the manner of the smiting, knew there might be a game after all. Both approaches were played faultlessly, and with a couple of putts each they halved the hole. Thereafter the gallery settled down to a real fight. The dark horse was a goer, and knew track tricks, wherever he'd learned them.

The next three holes were halved in par golf, every stroke a fighting blow, nothing asked, nothing given, nothing wasted. Then there was a break in the monotony—a long putt at the fifth giving Corrie the lead.

At the seventh Beatson squared the game, and they turned on equal terms at the ninth. Corrie was playing with machine-like exactness, Beatson less careful and precise, but saving himself in tight pinches by dash and brilliance that made his game the more delightful of the two to watch. Jordan was in the seventh heaven of delight, the more so as a new anxiety appeared on Corrie's face now and again. It was improbable that the faultless playing could be maintained. One or the other would crack presently, and the advantage usually is with the steady, rather than the brilliant man. At the eleventh, without any warning at all, it seemed that the crack had come. A bit of bad luck in the lie from the tee put Bob at disadvantage, and Corrie snapped the hole, like a terrier bolting a rabbit. At the twelfth Bob found a bad bunker with a plucky, hazardous shot, and lost the hole hopelessly, while at the thirteenth an uncanny long approach putt from the very edge of the green ran down for Corrie, leaving his antagonist no chance at all. In a few minutes the even game had turned into a procession. With three down and five to play the match appeared to be as good as over. Jordan and Mary were in extreme gloom. Stokes chaffed MacDougall about the bet.

"Guess it's my lucky day," he said with a laugh.

"The game's not finished till the winning stroke goes down," replied the Scot.

"Rotten luck at this stage of the game," conceded Stokes.

"So long as your man keeps his courage up, there's nothing to be afraid of," replied MacDougall. "I remember Johnny Ball being the wrong side of Dormy Five, and winning all five in a row, and then the decider for good measure."

THERE was a water hazard at the fourteenth. Corrie, with better local knowledge, played short, and to the right. Beatson went neck or nothing for the green beyond, a glorious long hall. It seemed to be clearing the obstacle, and then a gust of wind caught it, beat it down, and it fell with an ominous splash into the pond. And there it floated, a tantalizing white speck on the water. Playing the odd, Corrie reached the green. Beatson under ground rules was entitled to drop behind and lose a stroke. He stood a moment on the edge of the pond considering, then selected a short-faced, stubby kind of niblick-mashie and waded into the pond, amid the uproarious shouts of the mob who loved sporting chances. MacDougall appeared to be in an ecstacy, and stood rubbing his hands.

"Just what Freddy Tait did at Prestwick in '99," he said.

There was a splash and a jet of water shot forward, concealing the ball for the moment. Then it was seen pitching near the green and running toward the pin.

The recovery put Corrie off his game. He tried to run down a long one, and missed, Beatson getting back a hole. The fifteenth was a short one, necessitating a mashie pitch over sandy waste on to a fast, sloping green. Bob pitched perfectly, just clearing the sand, and running on with a spiral cut motion that pulled it up near the flag. Corrie was clearly anxious, and overpitched. The ball struck the hard, fast green, and bounded away fifty yards.

One up and three to play. Anybody's game still. By careful play Corrie managed to snatch a half at the sixteenth. The seventeenth was the hardest hole to win back on the whole course, being an easy three. Both drives were good. Then Corrie showed the white feather. Instead of taking his mashie and pitching over a bit of rough, he tried to run through with the putter. The ball hopped hither and thither among the little hummocks and stopped short of the green.

"Duffer's golf," grunted MacDougall.

BEATSON went to his mashie, curved a dainty little chip over the rough, and settled up sweetly to the very edge of the hole. Corrie tried to run down, but failed wretchedly. All square and one to go.

The last hole was the hardest of the links. There was a high hummocky hill to be negotiated, covered with thick bramble and fern. Beyond this was a grassy plateau, thirty yards or so wide, affording an excellent lie for an approach shot to the green. Both men reached the spot safely with irons. There was left a hundred-yard shot to a green with a fast, tricky, sloping face.

Playing the odd, Corrie got there and stuck on the edge of the rough. Beatson pitched up a shot that dropped on the rim of the green and stopped on the upper edge of it. Corrie played timorously, leaving himself a long putt. He hung a long time over the stroke. The ball travelled past the hole and then fluking trickled back and dropped in. Bob had a twelve-foot putt for the hole and match, or he might play for a half and safety. He chose the big risk, and gave his ball a chance. Straight for the cup it ran. It never looked like missing, and dropped into the tin with a decision that seemed to be the reward of plucky, decided play.

VI.

THE club house was crowded. Probably that accounted for the fact that Mr. Jordan was not able to find his daughter after the tumult had died down somewhat. Daughters are difficult that way very often. Then by an odd coincidence he found that young Beatson was missing. It might be modesty on the victor's part, but Jordan doubted. He hopped happily into his Jane. It had been a perfectly corking day. He was five hundred to the good. Corrie looked fearfully glum, as if he had been cruelly robbed of his property. Beatson was, after all, a regular kind of lad, even a bit more than that—game as a pebble and not a dab of yellow in him. It was an awful pity he did nothing in an earning capacity but paint. There was no chance for him in Caredale. If the folks there wanted to stick their pictures on the walls in gilt frames, they sent a photograph to an "enlarger" and he did his worst. Then they hung the atrocity over the antimacassar in the par-

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Pushing the Production

"FOR the love of Mike, there goes that darned main shaft again." So spoke Wallis, superintendent of the Sterling Munition Works, to his foreman. "It's not enough that I get held up with bad varnish and rough boring and have to close down for four days, but something else has got to come along to improve matters. I suppose this means sending the gang home to-day, as well as laying off the night shift. What the deuce is the matter with that shaft anyway; that's the fourth time it has broken in the same place during the month. What'll we do?"

"Well," said the foreman, "I hate to send the gang home, they have lost too much time altogether lately, and they're beginning to get sick of it. Wait a moment, let's have a talk to that new millwright who came in yesterday. Hey, George, come here. What about this shaft? How soon can you fix it? When can we start running; to-morrow, I suppose?"

"To-morrow? Why to-morrow? I'll have you running inside of an hour. Don't let those men go home," said George.

"Whit a minute," said the foreman, "that can't be fixed in an hour, that confounded shaft in all out of alingnment and will have to be taken down. We might as well do it right this time. Come on, get busy."

"All right," said the millwright. "I'll get busy, but I will tell you I can get you running inside of an hour, alignment or no alignment."

"Well, you've got to show us," said the superintendent and foreman together. "If you can do that you're some millwright, and a valuable acquisition to our staff."

"Sure I will show you. Let me have your chauffeur and car for about twenty minutes. I want to run down to Darling Brothers, Limited, in Prince St. They manufacture the Clark Flexible Coupling. I've used them before. They are the very thing, either for an emergency or everyday use. You see, the Clark Flexible Coupling is a strong, simple and compact device consisting of two sprocket cut flanges held flexibly together by a roller chain. This allows automatic adjustment to all positions of alignment, and gives perfect flexibility at all times and in all directions. So you see, Mr. Wallis, this is just the thing we want, and I am sure the shaft will never break again—at least, not in the same place. What do you say, shall I get one?"

"Sure, get one," said Wallis. "And if it does whint you say it will, I'll give you a gooo cigar and mavbe something else. Hurry now and get back."

The coupling was installed, and about a month later the superintendent called the millwright into the former's office where the following conversation took place.

Said the superintendent: "Well, George, I see your 'Clark Coupling' is running to form as you predicted, and I want to take this opportunity of telling you that its installation was the means of our living up to our promise on delivery, to say nothing of our prestige. How much an hour are you getting, George?" Said George: "I'm getting 45c, sir." "No," said the superintendent, "you've made a mistake. You me in you *were* getting 45c, you are *now* getting 50c, and incidentally you will be known as the "foreman" millwright. Continue to suggest along the same lines, and—one never knows, ah, George?"—Advt.

The Tale of the Joyful Jane

Continued from page 87

lor, a perpetual penance to their offspring. It was an awful pity that all Bob's punch and pep would be wasted on spotty cows and sporty ladies. He knew there were pictures that sold for thousands and even hundreds of thousands, but the artist had to be dead a few centuries before his market boomed, which was an inconvenient kind of arrangement, and of no value whatever in an argument with butcher, baker, or candlestick-maker. Still, he'd keep his word. Bob should paint Mary's portrait. If it wasn't too bad, he might take Mrs. Jordan next, and, if the worst came to the worst — by Jehoshaphat! no one should say he skulked—he'd climb the altar of sacrifice himself, and be painted.

He was sorry to have missed Bob, for he had meant to take him home to dinner. He drove in at the back gate of his home, put the car into the garage, and entered the house by the kitchen door. He went into the dining room. The windows were open leading to the veranda. Outside stood Mary and Bob in very earnest conversation. Just as Jordan was about to cough discreetly and retire tunefully, he heard Bob giving certain opinions on automobiles. He had no compunction whatever about listening.

The young cub was actually pulling the Joyful Jane to bits. It was a wonderful success, Bob was admitting, had a ripping good engine, stood up to its work man fashion, but, from the artistic point of view, was rather appalling. It was rural, bucolic, Carsdaley Jordan listened, aghast at the presumption, as the two talked of streamline, shape, style, color, finish, until he could stand it no longer. He stepped through the window, and Bob rose politely from his chair to greet him.

"I must be off," he said. "I just stepped in for a minute."

"I hunted high and low for you at the club to ask you to dinner," explained Jordan. "We'd like you to stay. Never mind about dressing. We are plain folks."

Mary looked demurely grateful, and went indoors to help her mother with the preparations.

"Well, it has been a great day," said Mr Jordan, dropping into a chair. "I'm just tickled to death you trimmed Corris, and trimmed him at his best. He's been cock of the walk too long. But, I say, what's that I heard you saying about my car?"

"You don't mean that you heard me?" asked Bob. "It must have sounded awfully rotten form, from your guest, too."

"Never mind about that," said Jordan. "The public is a pretty fair judge of cars, and I've sold a tidy bunch of thousands of them."

"Yes, it's a good car, in parts," replied Bob. "The pity is that it ought to be such a lot better. The engineering part is all right, but when you come to the artistic part, it falls down badly."

"A thousand's tha price," said Jordan. "Na more, no less."

"I think the improvement would cost no more," answered Bob. "Ughness is more expensive than beauty. In an amateurish sort of way I have thought a lot about car styles and appearance." And he launched forth into a learned dissertation about automobiles that made Jordan open his eyes. The kid knew something besides painting and golf.

"The idea," continued Bob, "is to make the beauty of the body match the quality of the mechanism. In one way anything satisfies the general public that is shiny and splashy, and will carry its load, but if I have the right idea of your notions, I don't think that will satisfy you. You want to turn out a car that will be the soundest and most artistic that can be put on the market for the money. That's the Jordan idea."

"You bet it is," answered Tom. "Look here, Bob, why don't you sketch your ideas for me. I am not so bound up with my own notions as to reject better ones, and I buy brains when I can find them."

"Exactly," said Bob, taking out a pocket sketch book and turning its pages till he came to a sketch of the Joyful Jane, but a more joyful one than Jordan had ever dreamed. In comprnison with its grace and beauty, Jordan's car looked like an express wagon engined.

"But the cost of it!" exclaimed Tom.

"It ought not to cost a dollnr more than the present car," replied Bob. "There is no more material used. It means practically the same outlay but put to artistic purpose." And he gave a little lecture on the line of beauty as applied to cars, decorative art, harmonies of color, eye-charming, heart-cheering. Thara it was on paper, a thing of beauty, and a joy if not for ever, at least as lang as a car ought to be a joy from the manufacturer's standpoint.

"It's a peach," admitted Jordan. "Are you very busy, Bob?"

"Not too busy," replied the other gravely.

"Too busy to take up this artiatic side as a business proposition?"

"I don't think so," answered Beatson. "I've got my way to make."

"Consulting designer's job would not interfere with your art?" enquired Mr Jordan.

"Not a bit. The end of all art is to be practical. That is the outcome of its idealism," orated Bob. "Besides when a man thinks of getting married, he has to keen his eye on the main chance."

"Married, eh!" said Jordan.

"Not yet, of course," explained Bob. "I've got to make something for a wife to live on. I was coming over some evening to have a little talk with you, Mr Jordan, about some plans Mary and I have in mind."

"Come to dinner, please!" said Mary, peeping out at the window. Jordan looked from Beatson to her. A very artistic color scheme arranged itself on her pretty face. Then he turned to look at Bob again.

"We'll have a talk about the plans Mary and you have been framing after dinner," he said. "It has been a great day, son, mighty great day. Come in, and make yourself at home." And he pinched Mary's pink cheek.

In England well to do people are standing in line for their food supplies, and they at least are learning that the talk of famine is not a story devised to frighten children. That is Lord Rhondda has said, the food wanted by mankind does not exist. The sword shortage is not strong enough, they would say, against a really thing known as India famine.

Labor Will Unmask the Kaiser

Continued from page 41

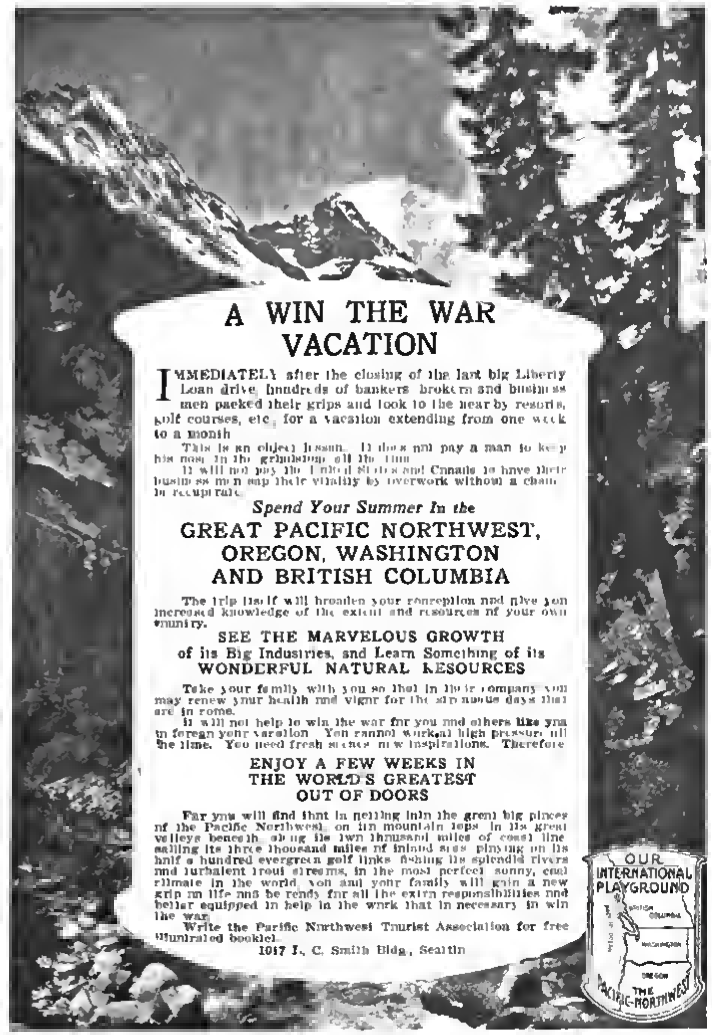
the operation of coal mines. If the ...s are poor for 1918 and the cost of ... continues to mount, we cannot ...d to have the cost of living press on ... We shall simply have to take over ...forms of the distribution of food and ... the consumer his supplies at the low... figure possible, and give the pro... the highest prices possible in order ... stimulate production. *Hit and miss ...thods are gone for ever. Whether we ... or not, Government transportation ... distribution will be universal by ...*"

...us is the true significance of the Gov... ment's first step towards the socializ... of all distribution, and though the ...bia cold forced the step to avert want ...rants, the war was forcing the step ...months before the drop of the mercury ... not a socialist, but I confess I am ... one of millions of non-socialists who ...ome the step. We must either in... the and increase yet again wages to ... the increased cost of living, and ... see the cost of living increase to ... the increased cost of wages, till our ...and collapses—which it did in the ...s of coal—there was not coal in New ... for the hospitals for another twenty ...hours—we must either see our pre... collapse or change our system, and ...oking over of rail and mine and food ...ibution is the beginning of the change ...e system. It is fighting fire with fire, ...defeating Bolsheviki doctrines by an...iating demands with government ...n.

I quota the vice-president of one of ... great shipyards: "The flag has ...ed. The race is on. The race be... autocracy and democracy, slavery ... freedom, the race between the Ameri... workman and the German submarine. ...we build the bridge to victory fast ...gh? Can we save the freedom of the ...l?"

...condition will he tolerated that will ...mme labor, or foment strikes; for ... ultimate analysis, the winning of ...war is going to depend on American ...; and American labor is looking ... not only with the Russian reds, ...with the German socialists in an in...tional brotherhood. The war has ...dy passed into the hands of labor; ...it looks as if kid-glove diplomacy ...also passing into the hands of the ...great brotherhood. Because I set ...things down as a narrative of pass...acts, I have no opinions nor pro...es to offer. I see the danger of the ...an red doctrine; but that is going ...each its own remedy before many ...er moons have passed. Six months ...its reefed in from hunger will send ...a back to field and plow; and I do ...believe we are going to repeat those ...failures, though the propaganda is ...trong among us. Also, if an inter...al brotherhood of labor cracks the ...atmos beneath the Hohenzollern ..., I do not believe that brotherhood ...or will ever again consent to inter...al wars; and I should like to take ...t off and wave it in the face of a ...rising like the dawn.

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A WIN THE WAR VACATION

IMMEDIATELY after the closing of the last big Liberty Loan drive, hundreds of bankers, brokers and business men packed their grips and took to the near by resorts, golf courses, etc., for a vacation extending from one week to a month.

This is an object lesson. It does not pay a man to keep his nose in the grindstone all the time.

It will not pay the United States and Canada to have their business men sap their vitality by overwork without a chance to recuperate.

Spend Your Summer In the

GREAT PACIFIC NORTHWEST, OREGON, WASHINGTON AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

The trip has it will broaden your conception and give you increased knowledge of the extent and resources of your own country.

SEE THE MARVELOUS GROWTH of its Big Industries, and Learn Something of its WONDERFUL NATURAL RESOURCES

Take your family with you so that in their company you may renew your health and vigor for the strenuous days that are in store.

It will not help to win the war for you and others like you to forego your vacation. You cannot work at high pressure all the time. You need fresh scenes, new inspirations. Therefore

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For you will find that in nestling into the great big places of the Pacific Northwest, on its mountain tops, in its great valleys beneath, along its two thousand miles of coast line, sailing its three thousand miles of inland seas, playing on its half a hundred evergreen golf links, fishing the splendid rivers and turbulent trout streams, in the most perfect, sunny, cool climate in the world, you and your family will gain a new grip on life and be ready for all the extra responsibilities and better equipped to help in the work that is necessary to win the war.

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Hand It Out To Them as They Pass——

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COWAN'S ACTIVE SERVICE CHOCOLATE

A 100

The Final Touches

Continued from page 38.

sons from Calgary came over at the first. One son is killed, the second is second in command of a battalion in the line, and the third son is the commandant of the C.T.S. The man is a force in the world—it is to be hoped that Canada will utilize his energy and personality when Fritz has sounded "lights out" and the army comes home. Napoleon said that in an officer character counts more than ability—Critchley has both and the cadet or officer who passes through the C.T.S. must be made of strange clay who doesn't receive a healthy, vigorous mauldng during the process.

I have not the space to deal with the training of artillery officers nor the excellent depot of the Canadian Engineers where the Tunnelling, Field and Signal Companies do their technical and arduous training. I have no room for any description of the Canadians in the R.F.C. nor the Canadian Machine Gun Depot, but have contented myself with the preparing of infantry officers for the front. All branches of the Canadian corps have won imperishable glory, but no one will begrudge me the statement that the real heroes of the war are the infantry. If we win or lose, the final result rests with the man in the front line trenches.

"He is a decent enough young fellow but that is about all that can be said of him."

It is a long cry from the teller's wicket to the trenches, but body and soul he was a better man far his training. Rupert Brooke, with the pounding of the enemy's guns in his ears, wrote: "There is a corner in some foreign land that is for ever England."

The decent enough bank teller lies in a quiet, shaded spot in Flanders. Some scarlet poppies growing red stand sentinels of beauty over his grave—that is for ever Canada.

Austria May Dominate Germany

Writer Suggests That Conditions May Reverse Present Positions of Two Empires.

SO far the war has had nas very striking result in the matter of relations between Germany and Austria. The Hahenzollern have almost absorbed all Austrian interest. Is it possible that this position will be reversed before the end of the war—that the Hohsburge will gain their old ascendancy over all German-speaking Europe? A writer using the pen name of Febriens advances the view in *The Fortnightly* that this may actually occur. After tracing the history of the conflict between the houses of Hohenzollern and Hapsburg, this writer continues:

The war of 1866 with Austria and that of 1870 with France are milestones on the road on which Prussia endeavored to advance towards the complete domination of all Germany, including Austria, and the war of 1914 was to bring about the consummation of the policy which the Hohenzollerns have steadfastly pursued for centuries. The present war was likely to result in Austria falling completely under Germany's domination whether Germany was victorious or whether she was beaten.

Men and nations rise to greatness by the struggles and by their sufferings. Adversity is a most excellent teacher. The Prussian national character had been immensely strengthened by the terrible sufferings endured between 1806 and 1813. Iron is tried and steeled by fire and nations by their sufferings. The experiences of that period have not only created the determination and the will to victory of Prusso-Germany, but they have aroused among the people that undying hatred of France which was manifested both in 1870 and in the present war. That savage hatred was caused probably not so much by the feat, national humiliation, and loss of territory, which after all signify but little to the individual, but by the tyranny with which the French armies ruled Prussia during seven years and by the enormous and exhaustive extortions which they practised. Germany has, with incredible shortsightedness applied the *regime* under which she suffered from 1806 to 1813, not merely to Belgium and France, but to all the countries with which she is at war. She has thereby steeled the character and determination of her enemies and has sown a seed of hatred which will last for many decades, and perhaps for centuries.

One-man government established Prussia's greatness and one-men government brought about her downfall. Frederick William III., unlike his father, was only dull, weak and vain, but not vicious. The people remained loyal to him and deplored his misfortunes. They considered that Napoleon, not he, had been the aggressor. Had Frederick William II. possessed the character of his father, or had the war with France been caused by criminal recklessness on his part, they might have risen against him and driven him out of the country. In 1808 Prussia easily forgave Frederick William III for the national disaster which was caused only by weakness and lack of judgment on the part of the King. Will the Germans and the Prussians so easily forgive William II. if the war should end in Germany's downfall, and if the people should find out that it was brought about by the Emperor's reckless? Prussia's ruinous institutions were modernized in consequence of Jena and Auerstedt. Defeat led to the liberalizing of the Prussian Government and the national institutions. A defeat in the present war should have similar consequences. It should democratize Germany and might make it a republic.

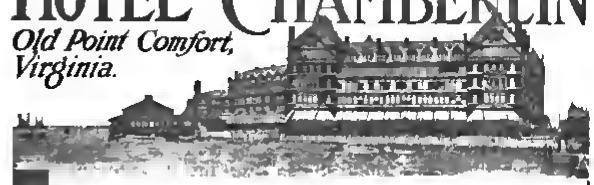
Prusso-Germany has waxed great at Austria's expense. For centuries she has persistently pursued a policy hostile to Austria. The present war may result in Austria's disappearance as an independent State. The Dual Monarchy may become a German vassal, unless, indeed, the Hahsburgs should make a separate peace with the Allies, stipulating that for the Slavonic, Italian, and Roumanian territories, which they are bound to lose in accordance with the Allies' declaration of policy made to President Wilson, they should give Silesia and the South German States as compensation. Silesia was Austrian until 1740, and the South German States followed Austria's lead until 1866. If war should bring about such a rearrangement, Austria might once more become the predominant power in Germany and Prussia would lose what she has won during centuries. The Emperor Karl of Austria may conceivably revenge himself upon Frederick William I. and Frederick the Great.

Knitting Record Broken

In the February issue of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE attention was drawn to the remarkable record of Mrs. Linton, of Mitchell, Ont., who, since the war began, has knitted 523 pairs of socks. We have since heard of the still more marvellous achievement of Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, of Godrich, Ont., who, from February 1st, 1915, to February 1st, 1918, has knitted 648 pairs of socks for the Red Cross and is still knitting as vigorously as ever. Notwithstanding the fact that she is in her 82nd year and totally blind this wonderful old lady knits her socks without any assistance, even in the matter of turning the heel—a feat by no means easy to accomplish at the best of times.

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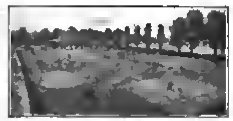
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Letting You Into A Secret

THEY were talking about things in general—Jones and Brown. But it was easily see by Jones that Brown talked with a positiveness and definiteness lacking in himself Brown evidently had real knowledge about things and this gave him an assurance lack ing in Jones. Jones found himself talking in generalities, and he had the sense to know tha what he had to say wasn't very convincing. In the end he spoke up. "Brown, tell me, wher do you get your information? You talk like one who knows. You use facts to fortify you opinions, and you seem to have a wealth of information about things Canadian. What's th secret of your greater confidence and knowledge?"

And Brown said. "I'll tell you, Jones, how I have strengthened myself in confidence and knowledge, as you put it. I read my newspapar in a new way now, and I make it a point to know a good deal about Canada, the land of my birth, residence and affection.

"For years—until I was forty—I read newspapers, as many others do—pretty thoroughly. I read about accidents, and meetings and fires, and everything else. One day I woke up,—was wakened up, to tell the truth—to discover that I was just frittering away time when I read everything—Then I determined to concentrate my interest on matters Canadian—the things about Canada that really matter.

"I wanted direction. I needed a focal point, as it were. What should be skipped, and what should be read closely? I was floundering. I am not much of a politician, and I abommate party politics. I wanted to see things fairly.

"Then one day I made the acquaintance of THE FINANCIAL POST. It seemed to me to give me the direction I needed. I found it was sifting things for me, and giving current affairs their right proportioning. At any rate, it was a new kind of newspaper to me, and I read it with zest.

"I am a business man, and business in its largar aapecte is the special field of THE FINANCIAL POST. I found the paper written in a readable way, and that it has a breadth of interest pleasing to me. So I subscribed for THE POST, and every Saturday and over the week-end this paper is pretty thoroughly read by me.

"I find that the reading of this paper helps me gat out of my daily newspapar the meat in it. As a matter of fact, I read my daily newspaper and other papers with a new and informed interest which makes my reading a profiteble thing.

"I read somewhere that an hour a day apent on any subject would make a man master of that subject in 10 years. Well, I do not know that I am seeking to be a master of Canadian affairs, but I do know that for the past two years or so I hav been having a new joy in life. I am really trying to knaw m Canada.

"I clip a good deal, and my scrap book on Canada is a treasur house for me, I collate the material I put in that book, an whenever I want to read up any particular subject, I hav before me, gathered up, a surprising amount of materi obtained from many sources.

"I take luncheon at the Club daily. There are eight of us wh gather daily at the same table. One is a wholesaler, anothe is a banker, another a publisher, another a manufacturer, a other a menufacturers' agent—and so on. We have a repr sentative gathering.

"We talk about many things, and about Canada most of all. take great satisfaction from the knowledge that I am able hold up my end of the conversation. To tell you the truth, is this reputation that spurs me on to keep myself brushed u all the time. I own up, also, to practising a little subtlety guide the conversation in the direction of a subject that I a well informed on, and then I bide my time, letting othe wrestle with it until they have told all they know. Then is n chance, and I am able to say something useful to a compar that is attentive.

"Jones, if you want to improve the quality of your informatio read purposefully, objectively. Cut out the reading of ever thing under the sun. You are a business man, the same as am. Why not read definitely along the line of business? Yo will find it a most pleasurable kind of reading, and you find that you will acquire the sifting mind which will enab you to pass over a lot of stuff of no value to you, and seize o material of real value.

"I recommend THE FINANCIAL POST as a paper that wi give your reading direction. It has helped me much, and believe will help you. At any rate, it is easy to try it out."

IF JONES wants to try out THE FINANCIAL POST he can have it go to him by mail for four months fo a dollar bill. One thing that ought to impress and please Jones is that THE POST is not a one-man paper. is produced by many men, each a surpassingly well-informed man on the subject he writes. One man write on matters pertaining to agriculture, another on the iron and steel industry, another on the food problems an milling and cereal subjects, another of insurance, another on textiles, and so on. The special contributed article which are a regular feature of THE POST are by authorities or by men of position. Besides which, THE POST surveys many fields of interest and this survey is world-wide. It is a meatful paper, in very truth, and assures those who read it regularly an amount, kind and quality of reading not commonly found in a single newspaper. If you would make your daily reading take on a new interest and value, we suggest that you should sign and forward the coupon opposite.

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The Sleep Walker

Continued from page 20

He spoke to me twice, in fact, before I knew it.

"Shall we go on, sir?" he asked, glancing back at me over his shoulder.

"Go on!" I shouted, knowing well enough by this time what I said, surrendering merely to that blind and cowardly panic for self-preservation which marks man at his lowest.

We thumped and swerved and speeded away on the wings of cowardice. I sat there gasping and clutching my moist fingers together, as I've seen hysterical women do, calling on Latreille for speed, and still more speed.

"I don't know where he took me. But I became conscious of the consoling blackness of the night about me. And I thanked God, as Cain must have done, when he found himself alone with his shame.

"Latreille," I said, breathing brokenly as we slowed up, "did we—*did we kill him?*"

My *chauffeur* turned in his seat and studied my face. Then he looked carefully back, to make sure we were not being followed.

"This is a heavy car, sir," he finally admitted. He said it coolly, and almost impersonally. But the words fell like a sledge-hammer on my heart.

"But we couldn't have killed a man," I clamored insanely, weakly, as we came to a dead stop at the roadside.

"Forty-two hundred pounds—and he got both wheels," calmly protested my enemy, for I felt now that he was in some way my enemy.

"What are you going to do?" I gasped, for I noticed that he was getting down from his seat.

"Hadn't I better get the blood off the running-gear, before we turn back into town?"

"Blood?" I quavered as I clutched at the robe-rail in front of me. And that one word brought the horror of the thing home to me in all its ghastliness. I could see axles and running-board and brake-bar dripping with red, festooned with shreds of flesh, maculated with blackening gore. And I covered my face with my hands, and groaned aloud in my misery of soul.

BUT Latreille did not wait for me. He lifted the seat-cushion, took rubbing-cloths from the tool-box, and crawled out of sight beneath the car. I could feel the occasional tremors that went through the framework as he busied himself at that grisly task. I could hear his grunt of satisfaction when he had finished. And I watched him with stricken eyes as he stepped through the vague darkness and tossed his foul-tele cloths far over the roadside fence.

"It's all right," he companionably announced as he stepped back into the car. But there was a new note in the man's demeanor, a note which even through that black fog of terror reached me and awakened my resentment. We were partners in crime. We were fellow-actors in a drama of indescribable cowardice. And I was in the man's power to the end of time.

The outcome of that catastrophe, as I have already said, was indefinite, torturingly indefinite. I was too shaken and sick to ferret out its consequences. I left that to Latreille, who seemed to an-

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derstand well enough what I expected of him.

That first night wore by, and nothing came of it all. The morning dragged away, and my fellow-criminal seemingly encountered nothing worthy of rehearsal to me. Then still another night came and went. I want through the published hospital reports, and the police records, with my heart in my mouth. But I could unearth no official account of the tragedy. I even encountered my good friend Patrolman McCooey, apparently by accident, and held him up on his beat about Gramercy Park, to make casual inquiries as to street accidents, and if such things were increasing of late. But nothing of moment, apparently, had come to McCooey's ears. And I stood watching him as he flat-footed his way placidly on from my house-front, with one of my best cigars tucked under his tunic, wondering what the world would say if it knew Parley Kempton, the intrepid creator of sinewy supermen who snarl and fight and shake iron fists in the teeth of Extremity, had run like a rabbit from a human being he had bowled over and killed?

I still hoped against hope, however, trying to tell myself that it is as easy thing to knock the life out of a man, passionately upbraiding myself for not doing what I should have done to succor the injured, then sinkingly remembering what Latreille had mentioned about the weight of my car. Yet it wasn't until the next night as I ventured out to step into that odiously ponderous engine of destruction that uncertainty solidified into fact.

"You got him," announced my *chauffeur* out of one side of his mouth, so that Benson, who stood on the house steps, might not overhear those fateful words.

"Got him?" I echoed, vaguely, resenting the man's use of that personal pronoun singular.

"Killed!" was Latreille's monosyllabic explanation. And my heart stopped beating.

"How do you know that?" I demanded in whispering horror. For I understood enough of the law of the land to know that a speeder who flees from the victim of his carelessness is technically guilty of manslaughter.

"A man I know, named Crotty, helped carry the body back to his house. Crotty's just told me about it."

My face must have frightened Latreille, for he covered his movement of catching hold of my arm by ceremoniously opening the car door for me.

"Sit tight, man!" he ordered in his curt and conspiratorial undertone. "Sit tight—for it's all that's left to do!"

I SAT tight. It was all there was to do. I endured Latreille's accession of self-importance without comment. There promptly grew up between us a tacit understanding of silence. Yet I had reason to feel that this silence wasn't always as profound as it seemed. For at the end of my third day of self-torturing solitude I went to my club to dine. I went with set teeth. I went in the hope of ridding my system of self-fear, very much as an alcoholic goes to a Turkish bath. I went to mix once more with my fellows, to prove that I stood on common ground with them.

But the mixing was not a success. I stepped across that familiar portal in quavering dread of hostility. And I found what I was looking for. I detected myself being eyed coldly by man who had once posed as my friends. I dined alone, oppressed by the discovery that I was being deliberately avoided by the fellow-members of what should have been an organized companionability. Then I took a grip on myself, and forlornly argued that it was all mere imagination, the vaporings of a morbid and chlorotic mind. Yet the next moment a rounter shock confronted me. For as I stared desolately out of that club windaw I caught sight of Latreille himself. He stood there at the curb, talking confidentially to three other *chauffeurs* clustered about him between their cars. Nothing, I suddenly remembered, could keep the man from gossiping. And a word dropped in one servant's ear would soon pass on to another. And that other would carry the whisper still wider, until it spread like an infection from below stairs to above stairs, and from private homes to the very house-taps. And already I was a marked man, a pariah, an outcast with no friendly wilderness to swallow me up.

I slunk hame that night with a plumb-bob of lead swinging under my ribs where my heart should have been. I tried to sleep and could not sleep. So I took a double dose of chloral hydrata and was rewarded with a few hours of nightmare wherein I was a twentieth century Attila driving a racing car over an endless avenue of denuded infants. It was all so horrible that it left me limp and quailing before the lash of daylight. Then, out of a blank desolation that became more and more unendurable, I clutched feverishly at the thought of Mary Lockwood and the autumn-tinted hills of Virginia. I felt the need of getting away from that city of lost sleep. I felt the need of "exteriorating" what was corroding my inmost soul. I was seized with a sudden and febrile ache for companionship. So I sent a forty-word wire to the only woman in the world I could look to in my extremity. And the next morning brought me a reply.

It merely said: "*Don't come.*"

The bottom seemed to fall out of the world with that curt message, and I groped forlornly, frantically, for something stable to sustain me. But there was nothing. Bad news, I bitterly reminded myself, had the habit of travelling fast. *Mary knew.* The endless chain had widened, like a wirelese wave. It had rolled on like war-gas until it had blighted even the slopes beyond the Potomac. For Mary knew.

It was two days later that a note, in her picket-fence script that was as sharp-pointed as arrow-heads, followed after the telegram.

"There are certain things," wrote Mary, "which I can scarcely talk about on paper. At least not as I should prefer talking about them. But these things must necessarily make a change in your life and in mine. I don't want to seem harsh, Parley, but we can't go on as we have been doing. We'll have to get used to the idea of trudging along in single harness. And I think you will understand why. I'm not exacting explanations, remember. I'm merely requesting an armistice. If you intend to let me, I still want to be your friend, and I trust no perceptible gulfs will yawn between us when we chance to dine at the same table or step through the same cotillon. But I must bow to those newer circumstances which seem to have confronted you even before they presented themselves to me. So when I say good-bye, it is more to the past, I think, than to you."

That was the first night, I remember, when sleeping powders proved of no earthly use to me. And this would not be an honest record of events if I neglect-

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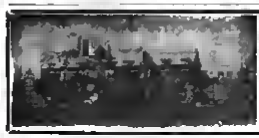
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ed to state that the next day I shut myself in my study and drank much more Pommery and Greno than was good for me. I got drunk, in fact, blindly, stupidly, senselessly drunk. But it seemed to drape a veil between me and the past. It made a bonfire of my body to burn up the debris of my mind. And when poor old patient-eyed Benson mixed me a bromide and put me to bed I felt like a patient coming out of ether after a major operation. I was tired and I wanted to lie there and rest for a long time.

To be continued.

The Pawns Count

Continued from page 28

baked streets, and with his absence Fischer abandoned his almost unnatural calm. He strode up and down the room, fuming with rage. At every fresh click of the tape machine, he snatched at the printed slip eagerly and threw it away with an oath. No one took any notice of him. Van Teyl rushed in and out, telephones clanged, perspiring clerks dashed in with copies of contracts to add to the small pile upon the desk. There came a quiet moment presently. Van Teyl wiped the perspiration from his forehead and drank a tumblerful of water.

"Fischer," he asked, "what made you go into this so big? You must have known there was always the risk of your wireless report beating it up a little too tall."

"It wasn't our report at all that I went by," Fischer confessed gloomily. "It was the English Admiralty announcement that did it. Can you conceive," he went on, striking the table with his fists, "any nation at war, with a grain of commonsense or an ounce of self-respect, issuing a statement like that?—an apology for a defeat which, damn it all, never happened! Say the thing was a drawn battle, which is about what it really was. It didn't suit the Germans to fight it to a finish. They'd everything to lose and little to gain. So in effect they left the Britishere there and passed back behind their own mine fields. So far as regards reports, that was victory enough for any one except those muddle-headed civilians at Whitehall. They deceived the world with that infernal bulletin, and incidentally me. It was on that statement I gave you my orders, not on ours."

"It's a damned unfortunate business!" Van Teyl sighed. "You're only half way out yet, and it's cost you nearly three hundred thousand."

A dull spot of purple color burned in Fischer's cheeks. His upper lip was drawn in, his appearance for a moment was repulsive.

"It isn't the money I mind," he muttered. "It's Lutchester."

Van Teyl was discreetly silent. Fischer seemed to read his thoughts. He leaned across the table.

"A wonderful fellow, your friend Lutchester," he sneered. "An Admirable Crichton of finance and diplomacy and love-making, eh? But the end isn't just yet. I promise you one thing, James Van Teyl. He is going to marry your sister."

"I'd a damned sight sooner she married him than you!" Van Teyl blazed out.

Fischer was taken aback. He had held for so long the upper hand with this young man that for the moment he had forgotten that circumstances were changed between them. Van Teyl rose to his feet. The bonds of the last few months had snapped. He spoke like a free man.

"Look here, Fischer," he said, "you've had me practically in your power for the best part of a year, but now I'm through with you. I'm out of your debt, no thanks to you, and I'm going to keep out. I am working on your business as hard as though you were my own brother, and I'll go on doing it. I'll get you out of this mess as well as I can, and after that you can take your damned business where you please."

"So that's it, is it?" Fischer scoffed. "A rich brother-in-law coming along, eh? . . . . No, don't do that," stepping quickly backwards as Van Teyl's fist shot out.

"Then keep my sister's name out of this conversation," Van Teyl insisted. "If you are wise, you'll clear out altogether. They're at it again!"

Fischer, however, glanced at the clock and remained. At the next lull, he hung down the tape and turned to his companion.

"Say, there's no use quarrelling, James," he declared. "I'm going to leave you to it now. Guess I said a little more than I meant to, but I tell you I hate that fellow Lutchester. I hate him just as though I were the typical German and he were the typical Britisher, and there was nothing but a sea of hate between us. Shake hands, Jim!"

Van Teyl obeyed without enthusiasm. Fischer drew a chair to the table and wrote out a cheque, which he passed across.

"I'll drop into the bank and let them know about this," he said. "You can make up accounts and let me hear how the balance stands. I'll wipe it out to return, whatever it is."

Fischer passed out of the offices a few minutes later, followed by many curious eyes, and stepped into his automobile. A young man who had brushed against him pushed a note into his hand. Fischer opened it as his car swung slowly through the traffic:—

Guards at all Connecticut factories doubled. Officers caught last night in precincts of small arms factory. Was taken alive, disobeying orders. Be careful.

Fischer tore the note into small pieces. His face was grimmer than ever as he leaned back amongst the cushions. That were evil things awaiting him outside Wall Street.

To be continued.

War is making bare the world's cupboard, the granaries are being emptied: the flocks thinned, the herds butchered, the mines scraped. War is making everything dear except human life; the destructive months is consuming more food essentials than it is producing. Want follows hard in the wake of the chariot wheels of Mars, and the whole world is threatened with hunger, the menace of which will become greater with the prolongation of hostilities. Victory will go to the combatants who are best fed and nourished. The food question is now paramount.



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Record of New Books

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The Girl from Keller's. Harold Bindloss (Geo. J. McLeod, Ltd., Toronto. $1.40.)

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Salt of the Earth. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick (Geo. J. McLeod, Ltd., Toronto. $1.40.)

A realistic novel revealing to us the heart of Germany, by an author who understands her theme.

Chronicles of St. Tid. Eden Phillpotts (Macmillan, Toronto. $1.50.)

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Her Wedding Night. Max Pemberton. (Wm. Briggs, Toronto. $1.35.)

An exciting story of the escape of a Belgian girl from Brussels through the aid of a young Englishman.

Boy Woodburn. Alfred Ollivant. (Wm. Briggs, Toronto. $1.35.)

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Aliens. William McFee. (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto. $1.50.)

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Trueheart Margery. Norma Bright Carson. (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto. $1.35.)

An account of the relations of a mother and daughter. The author is the editor of the *Book News Monthly* and this is her first full-length novel.

A Family of Noblemen (The Gentlemen Golovlov). By M. Y. Saltykov (N. Shedrin). (The Musson Book Co., Ltd., Toronto. $1.50.)

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WAR BOOKS

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The Note Book of an Intelligence Officer. Eric Fisher Wood. (Geo. J. McLeod, Ltd., Toronto. $1.75.)

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An unexaggerated account of the fighting airmen founded on Captain Bott's personal experience. Is at present one of the best selling war books in England where it was published under the title of "An Airmen's Outings."

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Comrades in Courage. Lieut. Antoine Redier. (Wm. Briggs, Toronto. $1.35.)

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Serbia Crucified. Lieut. M. Krunich. Translated by L. M. Bruce. (Thomas Allen, Toronto. $1.50.)

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The Warfare of To-Day. Lieut.-Colonel Paul Azan. Translated by Major Julian Coolidge. (Thomas Allen, Toronto. $2.)

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MISCELLANEOUS

America Among the Nations. H. H. Powers. (Macmillans, Toronto. $1.50.)

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The Garden On an Economy Basis

By John R. Avery

THE gardener this year is working between two pressing needs; he must make every square foot of his ground produce to the limit, and as seed is scarce he must observe the strictest economy in that. This doesn't mean that he can afford to take any risks with old seed, though no old seed must be wasted. The Department of Horticulture of Macdonald College warns us that the supply of sweet corn, beet, carrot and onion seed is limited and many late orders will go unfilled. The gardener who has any seed left over from previous years will do well to put it to a germinating test at once as the use of old seed which has been tested and found good may mean that someone else may not go short. Parsnip seed is good for only one year; carrot and celery usually one to two years, but tomato, turnip, cucumber and beet seed should be fairly good for five or six years provided they have not been kept in an extremely dry or very damp place. In buying new seed our best safeguard is to choose a reputable seedsman and pay a fair price and to choose standard varieties or those which have done well with us before—and to order early that we may not be disappointed. It is better economy for the home gardener who requires comparatively few plants to buy his cabbage, cauliflower, tomato, celery and egg plants unless he has good facilities of his own for getting them started very early under glass.

When it comes to compiling the list by all means take the women into the conference that provision may be made for stocking the larder with canned or stored vegetables against the certainty of meatless days next winter.

So much has been said of the waste in many war gardens last year on account of the large amount of lettuce and cress and radishes and other short season crops planted and allowed to go to seed that we are in danger now of going to the other extreme and omitting the greens and salad plants from our gardens almost entirely, and giving the space to storable and "canable" things. This would be rather a serious mistake, as the salad plants and greens, including lettuce, spinach, celery, cabbage, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, asparagus and seasoning herbs while they have little actual nutritive value, contain mineral salts absolutely essential to health and not found in any of our other foods. By adding to these succulent, or flavor, or medicinal plants, call them what you like, such other seasoning herbs as sage, thyme, summer savory and the wholesome onion which is not sufficiently appreciated in our dietaries, we can flavor our stews and soups, dressings and dishes of more tasteless foods until meatless days lose their boredom.

When we speak of the more nutritive vegetables, the roots, potatoes, parsnips, beets, carrots, the legumes beans and peas, and the seed plants like corn, we are considering that we have more room than would be found in the average home garden. Practically every consumer, it is hoped, will have a home garden this year, but in addition most families will have a war-plot large enough to supply themselves with vegetables for the whole year, and the larger proportion of these vegetables should be the kinds that will help to take the place of the foods we want to save for export.

We might well grow more parsnips and salsify or vegetable oysters. Parsnips are not far behind potatoes in point of nutriment and they are an almost sure crop. The reason that many people believe they do not like parsnips is largely because we do not practise enough appetizing ways of cooking them; parsnips plain boiled are not in the same class as parsnips creamed, or parsnips cooked and mashed, pressed into cakes and fried. The vegetable oyster, too, has a high nutritive value and is a pretty fair rival of the oyster for flavor.

Sweet corn should be sown both for use throughout the whole season and for canning. There should be at least two varieties, an early and a late sort, or several sowings of the Golden Bantam will keep up the supply very well. A very early kind is Peep-o'-day, and two of the most reliable late varieties are Country Gentleman and Stowell's Evergreen. With peas we must practise several sowings or there will be no surplus for canning and drying after they have satisfied our table use. A good succession is Surprise, Thomas Laxton and Dwarf Telephone. Alaska and Thomas Laxton are good varieties for canning.

A bean specialist has said that bean-growing is a gamble, so many conditions over which we have no control have a hand in it, but because the bean is the best of our vegetable substitutes for meat it is worth taking some ventures with. The string or snap beans are of two kinds, yellow pod and green pod and both have pole or climbing varieties. For small gardens the dwarf or bush kinds are perhaps the most useful, but the green-pod string beans are very bountiful in their yield, very meaty and excellent for canning. Kentucky Wonder and Old Homestead are favorite varieties. Of lima beans it is well to plant both pole and dwarf varieties, King of the Garden being good in the former class and Early Valentine, Buprees' Stringless, Green-pod or Golden Wax in the latter. For drying for winter use the Navy, red and white Kidney Beans, black beans and green Flageolet.

There are two distinct types of squashes worthy of our consideration, summer and winter squashes. The summer varieties will make a crop in the shade of a cornfield, while the winter varieties want the ground to themselves and suffer severely from extreme heat and drought. One winter variety and one summer variety should be enough—for the winter squash either the green or golden Hubbard, and for summer the Early White Bush.

Probably the variety of beets grown more for canning than any other is Detroit Dark Red; however, Crosby Improved Egyptian and Edmand's Blood Turnip are good sorts for this purpose. Just as in the case of bean seed, there is a



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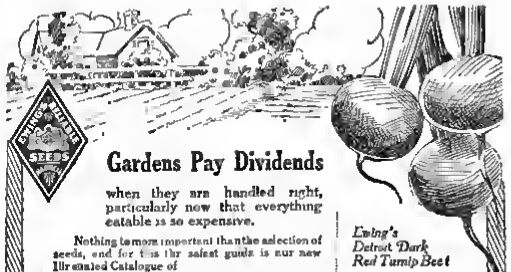
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variation in the beet seed from different seedsmen for some given special attention to the improvement of this crop. In buying seed, growers should take advantage of this work in seed selection. Owing to the fact that most persons wish to do all their canning at one time, it is sometimes advisable not to plant beets until late in the spring. They may, however, be planted any time from May to August. They are ready for use from sixty to eighty-five days after planting, and the date of planting should be governed, therefore, by the time one desires to can the beets.

Spinach is one of the most important crops to grow for greens. For spinach, rich, sandy loams are satisfactory for the early spring crop, and muck soils after being subdued are especially adapted to the early summer or fall crop. Poor soils that dry out can be improved by applications of humus-making material. As this crop is relatively hardy, it can be grown where the temperature falls rather low in the spring. This plant will not grow on a soil that is in a highly acid condition. It is, therefore, very important that lime should be used. Soil for spinach should be plowed deep, harrowed and smoothed until the topsoil to the depth of four inches is in very fine condition and level on the surface. The more thorough the preparation is the better will be the crop.

Crops preceding spinach should be kept free of weeds. Good rotations are spinach followed by late celery the same year, onions and spinach, or spinach and tomatoes; or peas and spinach. On soils other than muck, manure or clover should play an important part in the rotation, on account of the humus that is derived from them. Some of the best varieties of spinach are Victoria, Long Standing, Giant Thick Leaf, and Savoy Leaf. The seed of spinach is so cheap that very little attention has been given to producing high quality strains.

It is impossible to tell just how much seed will be required by each gardener, but the following table will serve as a general guide. The amount of seed in each case is sufficient to plant a row one hundred feet long.

String beans	1 pt.	Kale or chard	½ oz.
Lima beans	½ pt.	Parsley	1 pkt.
Cabbage	½ oz.	Parsnip	½ oz.
Carrot	1 oz.	Salsify	1 oz.
Cauliflower	½ pkt.	Onion sets	1 qt.
Celery	1 pkt.	Onion seed	1 oz.
Squash	½ oz.	Radish	1 oz.
Beets	2 oz.	Peas	1½ pts.
Sweet corn	1 pt.	Spinach	1 oz.
Lettuce	½ oz.	Turnip	½ oz.
Cucumber	½ oz.	Tomato	½ oz.

The new gardener may be somewhat at a loss to adapt different kinds of vegetables to different soils, or to know what vegetables require especially well-fertilized soil. Among the vegetables that do well on new soil are beans, beets, cabbage, corn, cucumbers, peas, pumpkins, radish, spinach, squash, tomatoes and turnips. Some that require especially well prepared and fertile soil are lima beans, carrots, celery, lettuce, onions, parsnips, salsify and potatoes.

An average maple tree will produce four pounds of sugar in a season. If 200,000 farmers in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces would each tap one hundred trees, Canada would have enough sugar to last three months and the crop would be worth approximately $15,000,000.

Raising Armies in China

Allies are Drawing on Oriental Man Power to Fill Ranks

PRETTY soon Chinese soldiers will be fighting on the battlefields of Europe. The decision to recruit soldiers from among the Chinese has been recently made, and the methods being employed are interestingly told in *Scientific American* as follows:

It is now some time since China joined the ranks of the powers who are doing what they can to make the world uncomfortable for the German idea of Kultur. It has seemed that the participation of the Celestial republic could mean but little so far as any effect upon the conduct of actual hostilities is concerned. But while the task of officers, if nothing else, would obviously prevent the despatch of a Chinese army, as such, to the fighting front, it may not be long before we shall see individual Chinese in the thick of the fray.

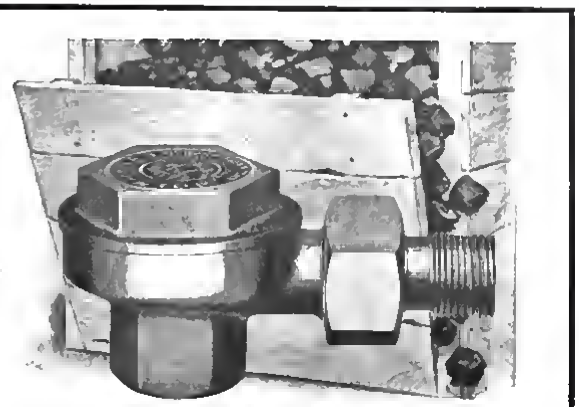
The Allies have decided to tap China's boundless reservoir of man power not as has been suggested in some of our western states for the sake of the cheap labor which has hitherto been the limit of the Chinaman's activities outside the land of his birth but for actual service in the lines. For their first effort in this direction they have chosen the province of Shantung, home of China's stardiest workers. With the consent and encouragement alike of the provincial authorities and of the central government of China, the British and French representatives here have called for Chinese volunteers and the call is being answered.

After he has been accepted the Chinese recruit becomes for a moment a human envelope to be sent under European officers to whom all Chinese look alike. It will be necessary, therefore, to have a ready means of identification. So he is given a steel bracelet engraved with his individual number which is tied up with the other necessary data about him by the official records. To make sure that there shall be no mistake about it the steel bracelet is neatly riveted about the owner's wrist, after which he could not lose himself if he wanted to—it would take a blacksmith to lose him.

When he is thus safely tagged the recruit is given the equivalent of eight cents and sent to the nearest barber shop. Contrary to the usual impression, he is quite willing to have his queue cut off. Originally a badge of servitude to the Manchu dynasty, the queue for long has meant nothing to the country one way or the other. Now that it has come to mean nothing to his government the only reasons for not having it off long ago are that his emotions against it are quite as passive as those for it, and that eight cents are far from a matter of indifference to him—the idea of spending all that money for a shave is one that would never enter his head in a million years. When some one else puts up the money, however, he proceeds obediently to the barber-cutter's.

The next thing on the program is a brand new experience—something quite outside the wildest imaginings of any Chinese laborer. He is given a bath! It is the first time anything of the sort ever happened to him, and his emotions are not recorded, though they probably take the form of wondering why in the world any one should go to all this trouble to spill a lot of water over him when the river—filled with garbage and sewage and worse—is so handy.

Once the enervated filth of a lifetime is separated from him, the new soldier gets a brand new suit of soldier clothes and is handed over to the drill-master. He submits docilely to his period of training, learning readily enough the simple things that are taught him. Finally he is ready to go aboard the transport, with all his belongings in a huge bundle on his back. He doesn't know what it is all about, and nobody takes the trouble to tell him; but once he has found out what is expected of him, he makes a fairly satisfactory soldier—and certainly a numerous one.



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Using the Whip-hand

Continued from page 23

initiated and carried along through the earlier stages which the public will not hear about until the definite conclusions are embodied in an order-in-council. Many important measures are under consideration to-day of which no whisper has reached the country. Premature publicity would defeat the purpose behind them.

Other matters of widest scope are being carried along in the full white light of publicity. There is the Canada Registration Board, created to take toll of the man and woman power of the country and to prepare for mobilization. The probable scope of the board has not yet been definitely defined but unquestionably far-reaching measures will ultimately be carried out under its jurisdiction. It has been decided not to resort to conscription of labor for the farms and essential industries yet, but the machinery will have been created for whatever radical steps become necessary if the war lasts another year or two years.

The reorganization of the Food Controller's office was proceeded with and resulted in the establishment of the Canada Food Board. Time alone will tell how much improvement follows, but unquestionably the machinery has been put on a better basis.

Finally, there is the vexed and staggering problem of the railways. Probably more time has been given to this than has been applied to all the other problems combined. And, apparently, it is yet far from a settlement. One wing of the cabinet wants to take the railways over but the other wing draws back from the brink. The hesitation is natural, too, for the deal would run into the hundreds of millions.

THE course of true union has run smooth so far. It looked doubtful, at first, if Conservatives and Liberals could work evenly in double harness. When it was figured that the radical Westerners, the get-things-done boys who had "put over" female suffrage, prohibition, referendum and recall without "batting an eye-lash" as the saying is, would have to sit in with the Eastern Conservatives, who naturally balk at sudden changes, the prospects for trouble looked reasonably certain. Could Frank Carvell sit down calmly in deliberation with the men he had so fiercely assailed? Yet the melting pot process has been reasonably successful so far. There has been diffidence rather than belligerency among the members of this queerly-assorted cabinet. They are not just sure of one another.

Occasionally the rumor is heard around the country that Sir Robert Borden is contemplating an exit and a picture is drawn of N. W. Rowell and Sir Thomas White tilting for the vacant leadership. Such rumors simply drop out of recollection when one goes to Ottawa. Sir Robert is very firmly ensconced in the saddle and has no idea of dropping out. If such an idea did enter his mind the other members of the Government would take prompt steps to drive it out. The Premier is unquestionably proving a good tandem driver. The courage that he showed in forcing the conscription issue is recognized now to be one of his regular, every day characteristics. The Borden backbone is exactly where a backbone should be and he has, as well, an admirable store of patience and tact.

Outstanding figures in the combination are Rowell, Foster, Carvell and White. As president of the Privy Council, Mr. Rowell presides at all cabinet sessions. He has been a strong advocate of the principle of testing public opinion and it was largely due to him that the labor conference was held at Ottawa and later the convention of prominent women.

Sir George Foster's illness has kept him to some extent in the background but his voice still carries weight in all cabinet deliberations. Hon. F. B. Carvell has become an unquestioned power in the cabinet. When an issue comes up, the query 'Where does Carvell stand?' assumes an immediate importance. Sir Thomas White has worked very hard, so hard, in fact, that it has been necessary for him to take a long holiday. He takes the work seriously; he is like another Atlas, holding up the world on his broad back.

THE aforementioned ministers are all prominent and very real powers in their way but a new sun has swung into the firmament. Ask anyone in touch with happenings on Parliament Hill what is doing and who is doing it and one name immediately begins to bulk in the conversation. The Hon. J. A. Calder has become a real power in Ottawa. Bringing down from the West a reputation for ability as an organizer, he has already amplified it by the firm way in which he has taken hold. Calder promises to become the Eric Geddes of the cabinet. He gets things done.

This is the reason. When any question comes up for settlement, Calder reaches for a sheet of foolscap and a pencil. He figures it out from every angle, carefully and fully. He never jumps to conclusions, never makes a snap decision. By the time he has made up his mind the foolscap is criss-crossed with figures and he knows exactly what he believes and why he believes it. And then he goes straight ahead!

His friends say that he does everything on the same principle. He steadily improves his golf by the use of pencil and foolscap. Sitting down to his desk he figures that on the thirty one times he used his iron to get over a certain bit of ground the average result was such and such, while on the twenty-eight occasions that he resorted to the wood the ball travelled an average of so many yards; and he proceeds to figure out which club he should always use there.

The Hon. Mr. Calder has applied his plan for organization and driving power to all the problems that come before the cabinet. A keen observer said the other day, "There are two great organizing geniuses in Canada—Sir Clifford Sifton and Hon. J. A. Calder. Sifton is not popular. Calder is." When Calder, he will travel far.

Hon. Mr. Crerar is also showing some of the power that brought him to the fore on the prairies, but he has hardly found his feet as readily as his colleague. Altogether the combination is one of considerable brilliancy and unquestioned high purpose—a reliable lot to trust with the whip hand of Union Government.

THE coming session will be a short one, to all appearances. There will be no organized Opposition. The Laurier Liberals are so exclusively from Quebec that their voice will not have the weight that otherwise would attach to so considerable a body. Sir Wilfrid himself is taking the situation quietly and easily. He will watch the Government closely but it is the guess of close observers that his tactics in the House will be far removed from guerilla methods. The Old Chief is too old a hand at the game, too fine a fighter, to feel any white heat of resentment. Much of his material is new and untried, but some surprising talent may be uncovered during the session. Here is what is called on the race track a "hot tip"—watch Sam Jacobs, M.P., from Montreal. He is a two fisted fighter, a splendid smashing critic as keen as a finely tempered blade. There are one or two good Oppositionists from the Maritimes also.

It is not likely that much opposition will come from members on the Government side. Ordinarily a Union cabinet would face some criticism from private supporters. Unionist members will remember, however, that an attack on Government policies would earn the applause and support of the Quebec minority. And, as things stand in the country, that applause would hang around a member's neck like the albatross on the Ancient Mariner.

The League of Free Nations

Continued from page 16

League of Nations' to an attentive and respectful Peace Congress. But there is a more natural way to a league than that. Instead of being made like a machine, the League of Nations may grow like a tree. The Peace Congress that must sooner or later meet may itself become after a time the Council of a League of Nations. The League of Nations may come upon us by degrees, almost imperceptibly. I am strongly obsessed by the idea that that Peace Congress will necessarily become—and that it is highly desirable that it should became—a most prolonged and persistent gathering. Why should it not become at length a permanent gathering, inviting representatives to aid its deliberations from the neutral states?

I can conceive no such Peace Congress as those that have settled up after other wars settling up after this war. Not only has the war been enormously bigger than any other war, but it has struck deeper at the foundations of social and economic life. I doubt if we begin to realize how much of the old system is dead to-day, how much has to be remade. Since the beginnings of history there has been a credible promise of gold payments underneath our financial arrangements. It is now an incredible promise. The value of a pound note waves about while you look at it. What will happen to it when peace comes no man can tell. The rouble has gone into the abyss. Our giddy money specialists clutch their handfuls of paper and watch it flying down the steep. Much as we may hate the Germans some of us will have to sit down with some of the enemy to arrange a common scheme for the preservation of credit in money. And I presume that it is not proposed to end this war in a wild scramble of buyers for such food as remains in the world. There is a shortage now, a greater shortage ahead of the world, and there will be shortages of supply at the source and transport in food and all raw materials for some years to come. The Peace Congress will have to sit and organize a

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share-out and distribution and reorganization of these shattered supplies. Probably, too, we shall have to deal collectively with a pestilence before we are out of the mess. Then there are such little jobs as the reconstruction of Belgium and Serbia. There are boundaries. There is Poland. There is Armenia. About all these smaller states, new and old, that the peace must call into being, there must be a system of guarantees of the most difficult and complicated sort. I do not see the Peace Congress getting through such matters as this in a season of weeks or months. The idea the Germans betrayed at Brest that things were going to be done in the Versailles fashion by great moustached heroes frowning and drawing lines with a large black soldierly thumbnail across maps is old-fashioned. From first to last the peace negotiations are going to follow unprecedented courses.

THIS preliminary discussion of war aims that has been getting more and more explicit now for six months is quite unprecedented. Apparently all the broad preliminaries are to be stated and accepted in the sight of all mankind before even an armistice occurs on the main, the Western, front. The German diplomatists hate this process. (So do a lot of ours. So do some of the diplomatic Frenchmen.) They are dodging and lying, they are fighting desperately to keep back everything they possibly can for the bargaining and bullying and table-banging of the council chamber, but that way there is no peace. And when at last Germany says "nap" sufficiently to the Allies' "anap," and the Peace Congress begins, it will almost certainly be as unprecedented as its prelude. Before it meets, the broad lines of the settlement will have been drawn plainly with the approval of the mass of mankind.

But here for the present I will break off this discussion. I have tried to suggest that this League of Nations we all desire may be really latent in the Peace Congress, and may be developed out of the Peace Congress. If this is right, then it is of supreme importance for us to get clear ideas of just exactly what sort of representation we want at the Peace Congress. And it follows also that the time is ripe and over-ripe for us to set up some preliminary conference with all or most of our Allies in which their representatives and ours, destined ultimately for the Peace Congress, may work out a common plan and a common habit of co-operation. People seem to have given extraordinarily little thought to that matter. But the sort of men who go to the Peace Congress will almost certainly determine the character of the Council of the League of Nations that may arise out of it. If the European Allies send the wrong sort of man without a proper support behind him in the country, the Peace Congress may prove the world's supreme failure to meet the needs of this great time.

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Germany's War Crises

Teuton Military Critic Reviews a Series of Crises Which Were Passed

ACCORDING to the military critic on a prominent German newspaper the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, there have been several stages of the war when Germany was in desperate straits. At each crisis Germany could have been beaten but managed to struggle past the danger time, such at least is the fact that seems to lurk behind the information that is rather cautiously advanced. The writer says:

The first crisis was swiftly reached while the thunder of the German cannon was heard in Paris, when the military collapse of France, which seemed so imminent, was averted by a miracle, and "the French Government brought to a calmer judgment, the French people inspired with renewed heroism, by the cool calculations of Kitchener." The full danger of this crisis was little realised at home in Germany at the time.

The fateful days which quickly followed in Southern Poland and Galicia produced the second crisis. While Joffre, on the Aisne, might reasonably hope to break through, the Russian Grand Duke was calculating upon a victorious entry into Breslau or Cracow. During these weeks the German situation bordered often upon the desperate. Yet this crisis was weathered, and the enemy optimism, which counted upon the collapse of German resistance in the first autumn of the war, was shattered.

In the spring of 1916 there supervened, in the threatened fall of Constantinople, the third—and what may be called the Orient—crisis. As it did not directly endanger Germany its significance was not fully perceived in that country. Yet it was a menace to Germany's whole Oriental policy, and even—at the worst—to the framework of the Austro-German alliance. "But the fortune of war was with us. The enemy enterprise was undertaken in half-hearted fashion, and—without detracting from the valor of our Turkish allies—we cannot conceal the truth that it was to the indecision and the mistakes of the enemy that the successful defence of Constantinople was mainly due." The ensuing entrance of Bulgaria into the war, the conquest of Serbia, and the costly but aimless expedition of the Entente to Salonika all followed as the corollary of Turkey's deliverance. The "Orient crisis" was past.

1916 is admitted by the writer to have been a highly critical war year for the Central Powers. "Kitchener's millions were ready, for the first time England threw into the field a modern mass-army, unsurpassably well-equipped and with an unlimited supply of munitions." France tapped unsuspected new sources of strength, the prolonged assaults on Verdun were consuming Germany's reserve of strength. Then began the battle of the Somme. Almost at the same time the Austro-German armies had to withstand the tremendous pressure of Brussiloff's onslaught, which had forced a breach in the Eastern front, while Cadorna had broken the Isonzo line. Then Roumania cast in her lot with the Allies. "Truly a crisis worthy of a world-war, the widest concentration of attack in the world's history!" We all know the end, change in the supreme command, new ideas, ruthless methods—a complete turn of the wheel of fortune, the crisis for the Central Powers was over, critical hours for the enemy were beginning."

At no time during 1917, the writer maintains, was the situation critical for the Germanic Powers; the "Hindenburg Line" was never in jeopardy. Two strategic crises only did the year bring forth—the crises of the Italian defeat, whereby the Anglo-French armies were deprived of their offensive power in the West; and the food crisis in England produced by the submarine campaign. This last, he says, may well prove to be the most fateful crisis of all, since it is both continuous and cumulative and is one for the dispelling of which no present plan exists.



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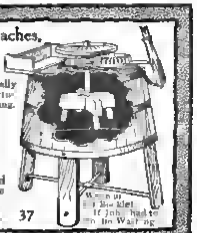


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Manufactured by

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Makers of Economy Products to Modernize Your Home.

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Victory Blue	Gray
Jet Black	Dull Black
Cardinal Red	Yellow
Navy Blue	Cadet Blue
Sage Green	Cerise
Burnt Straw	Brown
Violet	Lavender
Old Rose	Natural

Directions on every package for mixing to get most any desired shade.

SPECIAL OFFER

75c Value for 40 cents

Go to your nearest dealer. He will give you one of Ekin Wallick's 50c books "The Attractive Home" and a 25c bottle of Colorite for 41c. A beautiful book to 8 authors. Tells how to arrange furniture, rugs, curtains, etc. How to make simple pieces of furniture at little cost etc. If your dealer cannot supply you we will send Mr. Wallick's Book and Colorite upon receipt of 40c. Be sure to name color wanted. A. Ramsay & Son Co.



EDITED BY ETHEL M. CHAPMAN

The Creed of a Working Woman

YOU will be called upon to be patient more often than to be brave — to do the commonplace thing more often than the spectacular. When the war set women all over the world fitting into uniform for one line of service or another, when it gathered them into meetings to discuss national problems, when governments called them to the capitals for advice, the casual observer remarked that woman was coming into her own; that her chrysalis had reached the stage of its unfolding and she would emerge from its confines to try her wings in the sun.

What the casual observer saw was only the froth arising from a strong undercurrent. The uniforms and platforms bore evidence of what a few women were thinking and doing but they told nothing of the quiet, steady service of the great mass of women whose work came within the confines of no uniform, nor allowed a respite to attend many conferences—women in their homes, in professions, women who were busy keeping the wheels of the nation's industries turning just as they had done before the war only working harder because there was less money and more of the work that men had had to leave. Even among the most enthusiastic "joiners" a more sober spirit is showing. The girl who strutted around with her hands shoved deep in the pockets of her khaki trousers has forgotten now that there is anything unique in her appearance; she only knows that she couldn't work so fast or safely or tirelessly in a skirt. The new things have lost their novelty and the women who really want to serve are getting down to such unpicturesque things as scrimping along so they can save a little more to may to lend to the country; putting dinner fare on their tables that they may help to stave off starvation for the army and the nation; going out in the field and rein to help in the toil of the field; if they can't do that, taking care of their homes themselves and using the of the unnecessaries requiring labor, that others may be released for the work of production; or where their training has placed them in the business or professional life of the country, simply working harder to meet the new, conditions of labor and the world's need. When the powers in charge invested women with the responsibility of making the world's food go around they followed a well-proved precedent of starting a campaign," and attempted to give a little picturesqueness to a commonplace matter by window-cards and illustrated posters. Across the line they even invented a uniform for the "kitchen soldier," a sort of Hooverall some woman has called it. Undoubtedly all this gave an impetus to the movement, but the window-card canvass is about over and the uniform is after all not very much different from any other big pinafore, and food conservation is a monotonous task at the best—just as often happens. It is the most valuable thing of service a woman can give just now. It is work which requires actual personal inconvenience and sacrifice. Other calls we have answered by deputy. we gave "our" men and suffered in sympathy but not the actual hardships and horrors of their experience, we gave "our" money, but why not? It was the easiest way in the world to secure some peace of mind in the thought that we were discharging in some degree, our share of the obligation. where it was only a loan it was even a good investment. The call to save food, we cannot answer by deputy. it confronts us personally three times a day and it takes courage to set out the plainer, and what seems to our pampered families and guests almost meagre, fare, especially if we have the money to buy the things we considered necessary in more prodigal times. Still, the woman who cares is doing it.

Then there is the question of production. Our college girls and business girls with their uniforms and badges are doing excellent work on farms. The girls and women who live an farms do not wear badges or uniforms but in the ranks of productive woman-labor they stand first. Last Spring a bride went to her new home on a farm. Immediately after, her husband's hired man was drafted and they couldn't get another, and the young woman like most of her women neighbors went into the fields. She said "I didn't want to go out this year; there was so much I had planned to do in the house. Besides I had never done outside work and while I had had considerable experience with driving horses I thought those big horses would kill me."

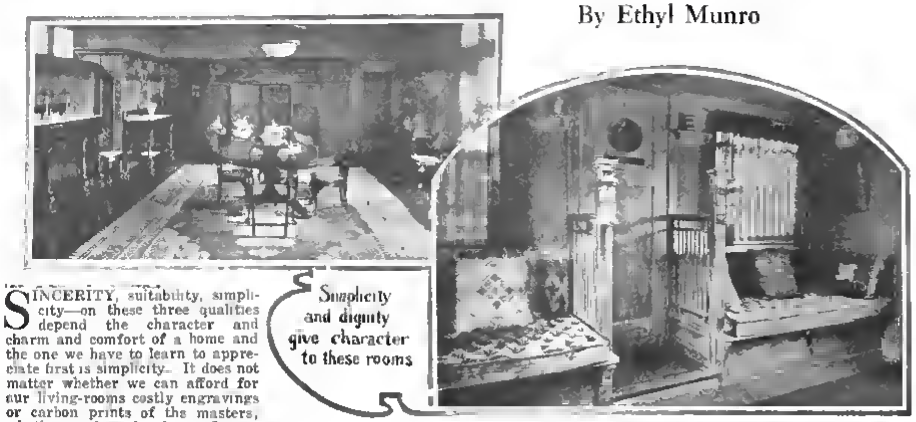
These people are well-to-do; they could live comfortably by cultivating a part of their farm and letting the rest go to pasture, but they know the world's need—they have been told of that until they begin to wonder innocently why no drastic measures are being taken to meet the need—why labor and machinery are not being conscripted from less necessary fields to the work of food production. In the meantime the seed should be in the ground and there is no time even for agitation so the woman on an—unspectacular work, sometimes the hardest kind of drudgery, and as often as not the woman's strength coming to the breaking point because she is trying to do not only a man's work, but to crowd in a woman's work with it after hours.

And what are other women, apart from those who are actually producers themselves, doing to relieve this? There are a few women who have always had someone to polish their floors and wash their clothes and do sundry other chores around their homes who have now found that they can do more of this work for themselves and so release labor for other fields. There are women who have decided that they can get along without certain luxuries whose manufacture involves the use of valuable material and labor needed for agricultural work. Incidentally this may be the forerunner of a happy solution of the servant problem. The maids we had depended on for Canada are now working in the fields and factories of Europe; they will be needed there for years to come, and maids will be increasingly scarce in Canada. Perhaps we may find the woman of fine brains and education turning their splendid ability into the keeping of their own homes, taking a pride in the management of their kitchens, the care of their nurseries, the simple artistic beauty of their homes. It won't be spectacular work but it will mean a wonderful lot to the coming generations.

And perhaps the most seemingly trivial, as well as the most important, need of the times is the courage to keep right on, however, discouraging the outlook may be. The novelty of Red Cross knitting and sewing died long ago but the need of Red Cross supplies is increasing every day. There is nothing more monotonous than saving money but it is inevitable that there must be more war loans. It must be a hopeless Easter in France with the statues in the churches torn down, and the homes levelled to the cellars, yet the spirit of the French women is undaunted. If the war has robbed them of the dearest things in their lives it has also given to their creeds a spirit which we might well borrow—to work harder, pray longer, and smile more.

Simplicity in Our House Interiors

By Ethyl Munro



Simplicity and dignity give character to these rooms

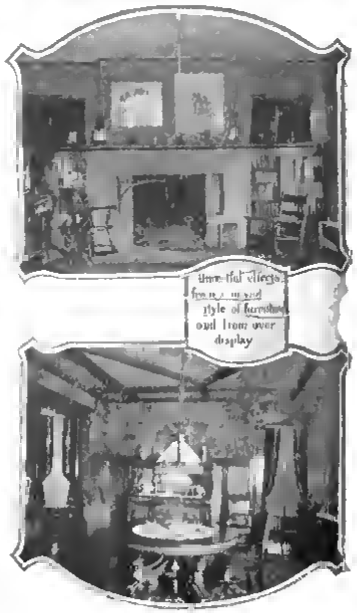
SINCERITY, suitability, simplicity—on these three qualities depend the character and charm and comfort of a home and the one we have to learn to appreciate first is simplicity. It does not matter whether we can afford for our living-rooms costly engravings or carbon prints of the masters, whether we have hot house flowers or potted geraniums — the effect may be as dignified with one as with the other. It is when superfluities of furniture or decoration confuse the eye, when one article after another clamors for attention on its own account instead of unobtrusively forming a part of the whole picture, that even the costliest room becomes cheap and vulgar and unrestful. At this season when most housekeepers are considering the spring renovating of their houses there may be some comfort in the thought that the charm of the finished room does not depend so materially on its costliness as on the fact that every thing in the room has a meaning and a purpose, that it has been planned for real beauty and fitness rather than display, and that it reflects in its own way the personality of the woman who planned it. In war years we do not want to spend elaborate sums on decorating our houses, but sanitation alone will demand that some rooms be done over this spring; if we have made some mistakes in the past we can begin with these rooms to get the atmosphere we want in the house.

Beginning with the walls there are just about two general principles to remember—first that the wall is a background for the furniture and pictures or any rare bits of bric-a-brac belonging in the room, therefore it should be unobtrusive in tone and design, second—in Nature's decorative scheme she keeps the darker heavier tones down close to the horizon shading to lighter colors farther above the sky-line. It is easy to see the force of these rules when we remember some room we have seen where the elaborate scrolls or flowers or peacocks in the wall paper claimed more attention than all the other features of the room together and almost made us close our eyes to get rid of them, or when we remember a room with fairly light walls and a dark frieze which seemed so heavy as to threaten to fall through. Having provided for these essentials of restfulness and arrangement of tones we can work out our own ideas in the way of original color schemes.

Because Nature uses green with practically all her flowers, the inexperienced home decorator is likely to think that green will "go with" anything. But it is a yellow-green which grows with the jonquil, a gray-green with the blue iris an apple-green with the white blossoms and still another deeper green with the violet—which goes to show that no hard and fast rules can be made for color combinations. The individual woman will create her own, but she will get the picture clear in her mind before she decides finally on the merest details. Here are some suggestive schemes.

Imagine a living room with woodwork stained a soft wood-brown if the furniture is English oak, or painted a flat cream if the furniture is mahogany, with a rich taupe-brown velvet or Axminster rug, hangings of a chintz showing a well covered tan ground and lamp shades and upholsteries of golden brown with touches of warmer colors. This touching up with warmer colors such as yellow, orange, or rose is important as there is danger of a brown room running to sombreness. The green and yellow or rose or lavender or blue of blooming plants is one of the best arrangements for brightening such a room. Or suppose the woodwork of the room is light oak or old ivory, a delightful scheme could be worked out in blue, but care must be taken to avoid the shades that are cold or hard or utterly insipid. A soft gray-blue is attractive and makes a good background for furniture. In a dining-room a Dutch blue might be used but this is a little hard for a living room. For a living-room a tapestry paper is blue, soft green and other blended tones would be particularly pleasing. With a tapestry paper, plain blue velours would be a good choice of upholstery for the furniture; with a plain wall use a "tapestry" material for the upholstered furniture and figured curtains in similar tones.

Where fumed oak is used in a dining-room living room or den, the decorative scheme must be more solid. A tone like putty or sand for the walls, with lighter shade for the ceiling, curtains of cretonne in a grayish brown ground with glints of old gold and blue would be



Have that allegedly fine mixed style of furniture cast from your display

A Chance to Buy the

Branston VIOLET-RAY HIGH FREQUENCY Generator

at a

Reduced Price



During the two weeks from April 8th to 20th, you will have the opportunity of purchasing the Branston Violet Ray Generator at a reduced price.

During this period our dealers in all parts of Canada are authorized to sell our standard $40.00 Model 7 Machine, Complete with Outfit, at the very special price of $34.50.



Absolutely Harmless



Relieves Rheumatism



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Banishes Neuralgia and Headaches

This is a very Special Introductory Offer. It will be open for two weeks, April 8th to 20th AND NO LONGER

Medical Science has given its unqualified approval to the Branston Violet Ray as one of the most prompt and effective curative agents the world has yet discovered. There is no pain but yields to its influence, no weakened body but can be strengthened and improved by it. What will you not give for something that will effectually remove and prevent pimples, blackheads, dandruff and falling hair?

Just think what it will mean to you to be entirely free of bodily aches and pains, to have your system so fortified that the attacks of rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica or neuritis could not distress you or cause you a sleepless night.

The Branston Violet Ray Generator will do all this for you and more. The cost of a few treatments from the physician pays for a machine, and enables the whole family to benefit by it.

A treatment book is given with each instrument, containing full charts and instructions, telling you just how to treat each disease.

Doctors use the Branston

Doctors endorse the Branston Violet Ray Generator—Sanitoriums endorse it—the Military Hospitals endorse it for they are using it on their patients with excellent success. You can get the same good results at home.

Can be used in the Country

The absence of electricity in your home need not keep you from enjoying the benefits of this wonderful scientific discovery. You can get a portable Branston Generator which will operate from its own dry cell batteries.

A Copy of "Health Rays" FREE

If there is not a dealer in your town selling the Branston Violet Ray Generator, write to us direct. We will see to it that you are supplied. Send the coupon asking for our illustrated booklet "Health Rays," and full particulars of the Special Offer. Then if your order is mailed in or on or before April 20th you can take advantage of the reduced price.

CHAS. A. BRANSTON COMPANY
Manufacturers
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Chas. A. Branston Co.
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FREE

Without any obligation on my part, please send me your book "Health Rays" and full particulars of the Special Reduced Price Introductory Offer of the Branston Violet Ray High Frequency Generator.

Name .....

Address .....

Dealer's Name .....

This $40.00 Machine for

$34.50



This is the finished Model 7 put up in leather covered case, 12 x 9 x 6½ inches, silk lined. Complete with connecting cord, No. 1 Surface Electrode, No. 2 Metal Electrode and No. 4 Cone Electrode.

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.

good. Be careful about using red in a room like this. It is not the cheerful color it is commonly supposed to be; it will make a room smaller, and cast gloomy shadows at night. In contrast with this room suppose we had mahogany furniture. The walls and woodwork could be made old ivory or we might have a creamy-gray back ground and any one of a hundred delightful colors for hangings and upholstery—a rug in blue and yellow, plain old blue hangings, and a window seat upholstered in blue velours or tapestry, or we might have a combination of gray and old rose. For a guest room with either mahogany or white enamel woodwork and furniture there is nothing prettier than French gray and pink in chintz for the windows and cauille shades and a plain gray rug with border of pink.

Then we come to the furnishings. It takes a really artistic soul to appreciate simplicity in house furniture. There is so much that is new, or fashionable or striking, that shows the money invested in it, so we find parlors crowded with expensive, elaborate, uncomfortable chairs and over-carved tables while the grandmother's rocker whose high back and low arms were carved to give rest to the human body is relegated to the garret, and the broad old writing desk with convenient book shelves above is replaced by some unsteady spindle legged thing supposed to be French. It is probable that little new furniture will be bought this year, but it may not be amiss to be reminded again of the three essentials in any new pieces we do buy—sincerity, suitability, simplicity. The old period furniture is always good in style, but it should be tested for comfort before purchasing, many a chair strictly high class in appearance will cause an aching back in fifteen minutes. The latest period furniture which is dependable for comfort and appearance alike is the American arts and crafts furniture or mission furniture, and the fact that the design belongs to our own continent may be another point in its favor. Reed and wicker furniture too is good because it does not make any pretence of being something which it is not. Stained brown or green to match the room, and upholstered in chintz in harmonizing colors it becomes one of our most attractive furnishings. And if we have an old plush or haircloth parlor suite with good springs but whose covers are wearing, a set of chintz slip covers will give us a new room at very low cost.

Then the room may be made or marred by the finishing touches like curtains, cushions, pictures and bric-a-brac. We have said a good deal already about the hangings, shadow-curtains etc. These of course only sort of frame the window while a light and more delicate curtain goes next to the panes. The simpler these can be the better. They may be made of sheer voile, marquisette or scrim with possibly dotted muslin or fine cheesecloth for the bedrooms and will be prettier if their only trimming is a line of hemstitching. Except in the muslin curtains ivory and deep cream tones are better than white. For the side curtains where chintz or figured silk to match the other furnishings has not been used Shantung silk is very effective and most durable since it can be laundered so easily.

Then we came to the last finishing touches, the purely ornamental things. We have a wise bit of advice from some one who said: "Do not have in your house anything which you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful." It does not matter whether a thing is beautiful to anyone else of course, but it must have a meaning for us if it is worth giving a place in our homes. To crowd our walls with pictures just because they have found their way into the house, or to litter our tables and shelves with trinkets and souvenirs just because they have been given to us can scarcely fail to give a meaningless and confusing array. It is possible to get prints from our favorite paintings of the great masters at reasonable cost and to have these prints framed in the simplest unobstrusive panels of oak or mahogany which enhance rather than take from their beauty. And when we begin to give place only to the things we love and to get rid of the things whose atmosphere we have disliked or tolerated we at once begin to put character into our homes because we make them express our own personality.

THE ADVERTISEMENT WHICH WON THE $1,000 PRIZE

Text of the Prize Winning Advertisement

"THE most marvelous machine can never be a person, but Thomas A. Edison, the inventive wizard, has at last mastered a human voice reproducing instrument that does not betray itself in the very presence of the artists.

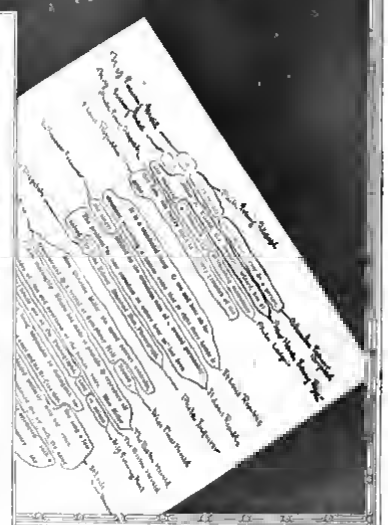
"It is a wonderful thing to see and hear an instrument Re-Creating a human voice that is right there beside it, the singer thrilled by the consciousness of a second personality. The problem 'to hear ourselves as others hear us' has been solved by the Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph.

"Miss Christine Miller, the noted concert contralto, demonstrated in a recital at Symphony Hall, Boston, how absolutely Edison has made it possible to reproduce all shades of tone and evanescence of the human voice. Miss Miller, standing beside one of the phonographs sang in unison with herself; it being impossible to distinguish between the singer's living voice and its Re-Creation. She sang a few bars and the instrument blended perfectly with her voice. She ceased and the instrument continued the air with the same beautiful tonal quality. Had Miss Miller attempted such a concert in Salem, in the early days of this country, she would have been hanged for a witch.

'The large audience of music lovers sat enthralled under the spell of the wizardry which reproduced a human voice, the most delicate voice the gods ever lent mortals, a flute band with such fidelity that no one, hearing also the same music at first hand, could tell which was the real. The instrument was a stock phonograph intended solely for the home.

Perhaps the artistic merit of Mr. Edison's invention can in no way as well be attested as by the fact that 600 members of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston were present."

Earle Ingley, Nanuet, N. Y.



It is safe to say that no such advertisement as the above has ever appeared before. The man who received $1,000 for preparing this advertisement did not write a single word of it. The words were written by representatives of various newspapers, who, after hearing a number of artists and the New Edison's Re-Creation of their work, pronounced the Re-Creation in every case an exact counterpart of the original song. The unanimity of opinion among 1,500 newspapers here described, than a remarkable comparison and unanimous verdict, [illegible] advertisement, dictated an idea so large is composed of extracts taken from newspaper accounts of these dated comparisons.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

is positively the only sound reproducing instrument capable of sustaining the comparison described.

You owe it to yourself to hear the New Edison and to learn more about it. Our dealers will be glad to give you a complimentary concert. We shall be glad to send you the booklet, What the Critics Say, the brochure, Music of the Century, and a complimentary copy of our musical magazine, Along Broadway.

THOMAS A. EDISON INC., Orange, New Jersey

Thomas A. Edison, A PRODUCT OF THE EDISON LABORATORIES

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS IN THE EDISON WEEK PATCHWORK ADVERTISEMENT CONTEST

First Prize—$1000

[illegible]

Second Prize—$500

[illegible]

Third Prize—$250

[illegible]

Fourth Prize—$100

[illegible]

Fifth Prize—$50

[illegible]

Ten Prizes of $10 Each

[illegible]

The Inside Story of Turkish Intrigue

How the Ottoman Empire Was Tricked Into the War.

IN the course of an article on the Turkish situation in the New York *Sunday Sun*, Dr. Harry Stnermer tells of the conspiracy by which Trnrkey was brought into the war and of the central figures concerned in it. He contends, and there seems some basis for the statement, that Turkey's entry into the war was all that prevented the supplying of munitions to Russia and therefore saved the Central Powers from defeat in 1915. Dr. Stnermer writes:

There has been no lack of cross currents against the war policy of the Young Turkish Government. Ever since the entry of Trnkey into the war, there has been a deeply rooted and unshakeable conviction among all kinds and conditions of men, even in the circles of the Pashas and the Court—the people of Trnkey take too little interest in politics and are composed of far too heterogeneous elements for there to be anything in the nature of what we call "public opinion"—that Trnkey's alliance with the Central Powers was a complete mistake and that it can lead to no good. The benefit for the Entente of Trnkey's sympathetic neutrality would have been enormous. Neither in Germany nor in Turkey to



Hardwood Floors Make Your House A Home

[illegible]

George Rathbone, Limited

Established 1881

2 to 42 Northcote Ave., Toronto, Ontario



In Office, Store and Home

Everybody Appreciates Pure, Cold Drinks

Guests, customers, employees,—every one of them will thank you for your thoughtfulness if you install



A "Perfection" Beverage Cooler

which keeps water or any other beverage free from all impurities and gives you constant access to a clear, cold, refreshing, healthful drink.

The "Perfection" Cooler is made in single, double and triple bottle models. It is so constructed that no ice can reach or mingle with the drinking water or beverages.

Write for booklet showing different styles of Coolers and prices of same

Perfection Cooler Company, Limited

21 Alice St., Toronto, Ontario

there any doubt whatever in military circles that it was Turkey's entry into the war on the German side and her blocking of the Straits, and so preventing Russia from obtaining supplies of ammunition and other war material that has so far saved the Central Powers. Had Turkey remained neutral constant streams of ammunition would have poured into Russia, Mackensen's offensive would have had no prospect at all of success and Germany would have been beaten to all intents and purposes in 1915.

These are opinions expressed hundreds of times by thoroughly patriotic and intelligent Turks who saw how the ever more intensive propaganda work of the German Ambassadors, first Marschall von Etherstein, then Freiherr von Wangenheim, gradually wormed its way through opposition and prejudice, how the German military mission in Constantinople tried to turn the Russian hatred of Germany against Turkey instead, how, finally, those optimistic and jingoists on the "Committee," who knew as little about the true position of affairs throughout the world as they did of the intentions of the Entente or the means at their disposal, proceeded to guide the ship of state more and more into German waters, without any reference to their own people in return for promises won from Germany of personal power and material advantage.

These were these days of excitement and smouldering unrest when Admiral von Souchon of the *Goeben* and the *Breslau*, with complete lack of discipline toward his superior, Djemal Pasha, arranged with the German Government to pull off a coup without Djemal's knowledge—chiefly because he was itching to possess the "Pour le Merita" order—and sailed off with the Turkish fleet to the Black Sea.

Djemal Pasha learned the news that Admiral von Souchon had bombarded Russian ports—and so made war inevitable, one evening at the club. Pale with rage he sprang up and said: "So be it, but if things go wrong, Souchon will be the first to be hanged."

These were the days when Enver and Talaat threw all their cards on the table in that fateful game of To Be or Not to Be, and brought on their country scarcely yet recovered from the bloodshed of the Balkan War, a new and more terrible sacrifice of her manhood in a war extending over four, and later five fronts.

The consciousness that Turkey has committed an unbounded folly has long ago been borne in upon wide circles of Turks in spite of falsified reports and a stringent censorship.

The late successor to the throne, Prince Yussuf Izeddin Effendi, was the highest of those in high authority who openly represented the pessimistic anti-war tendency. It was for this that he was murdered or perhaps made to commit suicide by Enver Pasha.

The whole truth about this tragic occurrence can only be sifted to the bottom when the dictators of the "Committee" are no longer in their place and light finally breaks on Turkey. Whether it was murder or suicide, the death of the successor to the throne is one of the most dramatic scandals of Turkish history, and Enver Pasha has his blood as well as the blood of so many others, on his head.

In connection with this sensational event, the world has already heard how Yussuf Izzedin was kept for years under the despotic Abdul Hamid shut off from the world as a semi-prisoner in his beautiful Kenak of Sindjirlikuyu, just outside the gates of Constantinople, where he became a sufferer from acute neurasthenia.

Early one morning he was found lying dead in a pool of his own blood with a severed artery. He had received his death wound in exactly the same place and exactly the same way as his father, Sultan Abdul Aziz, who fell a victim to Abdul Hamid's hatred.

So much at least seems to be clear, that Prince Izzedin, who was naturally interested in retaining his accession to the throne undisturbed and who in spite of his neurasthenia was man enough to stand up for his own rights, foresaw ruin for his kingdom by Turkey's entry into the war on the side of Germany. He was more far seeing than the careless adventurers and narrow minded fanatics of the "Committee" and recognized that the letting go of the treasured Pan-Islamic traditions of old Sultan Hamid was a grave mistake which would lead to the alienation of the Arabs, and which endangered both the Ottoman Caliphate and Ottoman rule in the southern parts of the Empire.

Perhaps the "Committee" had something to fear for the future when the time came for the reverses now regarded as inevitable. Yussuf would then make use of his powerful influence in many circles notably among the discontented retired military men—to demand redress from the "Committee." Enver, true to his unscrupulous character, quite hardened to the sight of Turkish blood, and determined to stick to his post at all costs—for it was not only lucrative, but flattering to his vanity—was not the man to stick at trifles with a poor neurasthenic, who under the present military dictatorship was absolutely at his mercy. He therefore decided on cold blooded murder.

The Prince, well aware of the danger that threatened him, tried at the last moment to leave the country and flee to safety. He had even taken his ticket and intended to start by the midday Balkan train next day to travel to Switzerland via Germany. He was forbidden to travel.

Whether, feeling himself thus driven into a corner and nothing but death at the hand of Enver's creatures staring him in the face, he killed himself in desperation, or whether, as thousands of people in Constantinople firmly believe, and as would seem to be corroborated by the generally accepted, although of course not actually verified, tale of a bloody encounter between the murderers and the Prince's body guard, with victims on both sides, he was actually assassinated is not yet settled, and it is really not a matter of vast importance.

One thing is clear, and that is that Izzedin Effendi did not pay with his life for any disloyal act, but merely for his personal and political opposition to Enver. He is but one on this murderer's long list of victims.

The numerous doctors, all well known creatures of the "Committee" or easily won over by intimidation, who set their names as witnesses to this "suicide as a result of severe neurasthenia"—a most striking and suspicious similarity to the case of Abdul Aziz—have not prevented one single thinking man in Constantinople from forming a correct opinion on the matter. The wily Turkish Government evidently chose this kind of death just like his father's, so that they could diagnose the symptoms as those of incurable neurasthenia.

NEPONSET ROOFS

NEPONSET PAROID ROOFING — NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES

Slate-Surfaced Shingles for all Residences

NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES

SHINGLES

Size—20 inches by 12½ inches

RED or GREEN

NEPONSET Twin Shingles are in appearance soft, restful and beautiful. Their crushed slate surface defies time and wear and assures permanent color—Red or Green. They are positively fire-resisting as well as weatherproof, being made of the same materials as the famous Paroid. Their high quality and moderate cost warrant their use on all residences.

Sold by lumber and hardware dealers. Neponset Paroid Roofing is recommended for farms, factories and railroad buildings.



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The Largest Manufacturers of Roofings, Wall Boards and Roofing Felts in Canada

BIRD NEPONSET PRODUCTS

83



8 Boys Are Fed on Quaker Oats

At the Cost of Feeding One on Meat

Suppose we figure that 500 calories—the unit of nutrition—forms a proper breakfast for a boy.

In Quaker Oats those 500 calories cost less than three cents. And they come in the ideal boys' food—in the food that holds supreme place as a food for growth.

See what that same nutrition costs elsewhere.

In Quaker Oats	3c	Potatoes	8c
Meats and Eggs avg.	24c	Mixed Diet	11c

Cost comparisons are based on prices current at the time of writing

That is, a meat or egg meal averages eight times the cost of Quaker Oats.

Even bread and milk costs about three times as much.

Yet the oat is our greatest grain food—twice as nutritious as round steak. No other grain can match it in flavor, in nutrition or in balance.

Use more Quaker Oats. Make it your basic food—the entire breakfast. Mix it with your flour foods to save wheat and add a welcome flavor. That is the best way to lower cost of living.

Quaker Oats

With a Flavor That Won the World

The love of flavor is the reason for getting Quaker Oats. These are flaked from queen grains only—just the big, rich oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. The result is a wealth of flavor which has made this brand the favorite in a hundred nations. Yet it costs no extra price.

35c and 15c Per Package

Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company

Peterboro, Canada — Saskatoon, Canada



All leading Jewellers stock Standard Silver Co. trophies.

Mention MacLean's Magazine—It will identify you.



"My $100.00 Table—Saved"

"My beautiful dining-room table had been in storage several years and was in very bad condition—dull, dirty, marred, scratched. I had just about decided to sacrifice it to a junk-man. Then, suddenly, I remembered what wonderful results a friend of mine had obtained with

LIQUID VENEER

"A single application with a piece of cheese cloth worked wonders The 'bluish' smokiness, the dirt, the mars and scratches vanished and my table was restored to me in all its original lustre, beauty and newness I was truly amazed

"Now I use Liquid Veneer throughout the house on all my furniture and woodwork I *know* it will keep everything new-looking *twice as long*—will save the expense of buying new furniture and also that of having old pieces refinished"

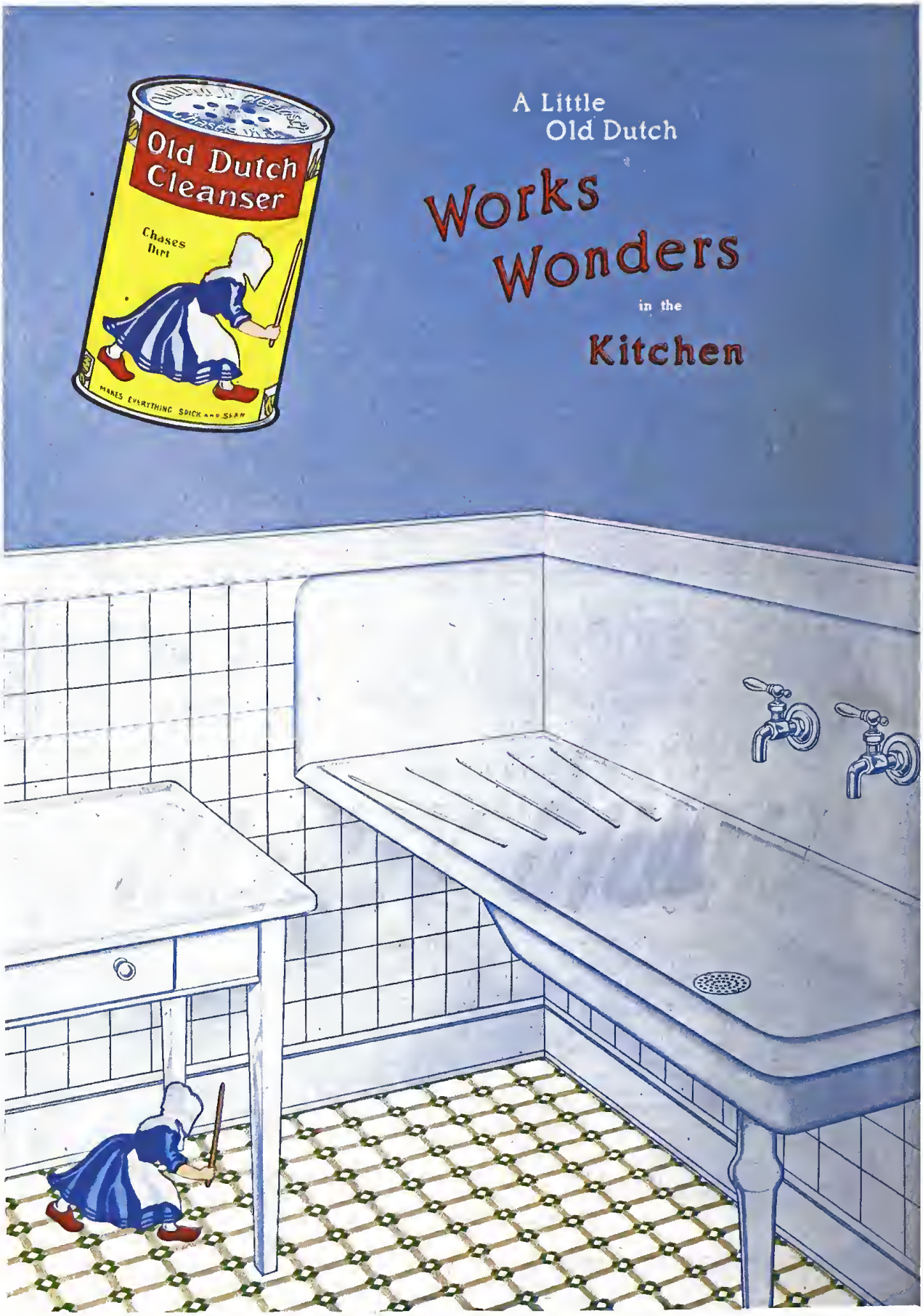


You, too, can renew and restore, saving many dollars in refinishing costs. Send for our new booklet, "The Proper Care of Your Furniture" and learn the real secrets of furniture beauty. Sent FREE upon request.

Don't forget, Liquid Veneer sells at the same old prices, 25c and 50c a bottle.

Buffalo Specialty Co., 381 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N.Y.

Canada, Bridgeburg, Ontario



MADE IN CANADA